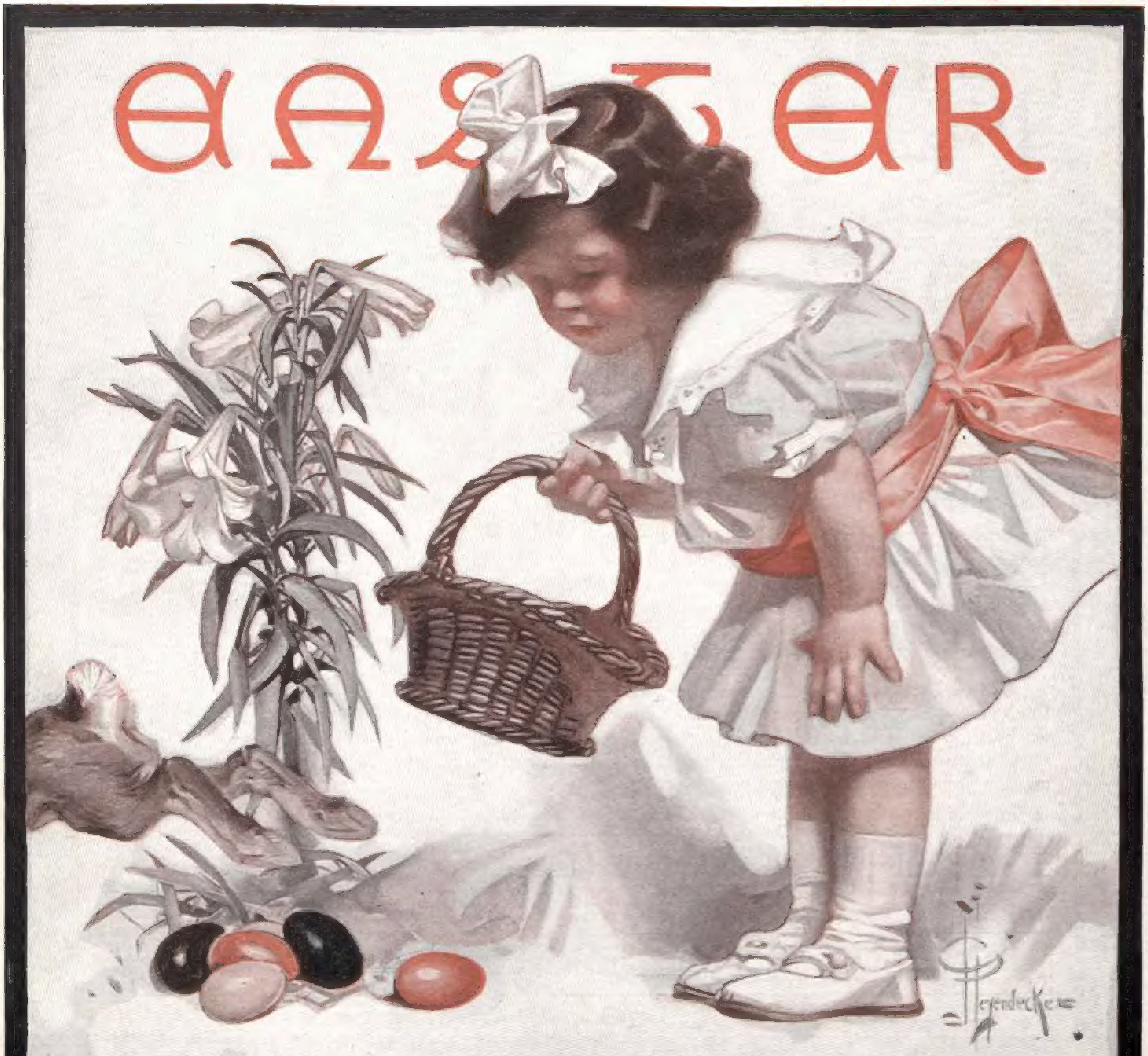
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A.º D.ⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

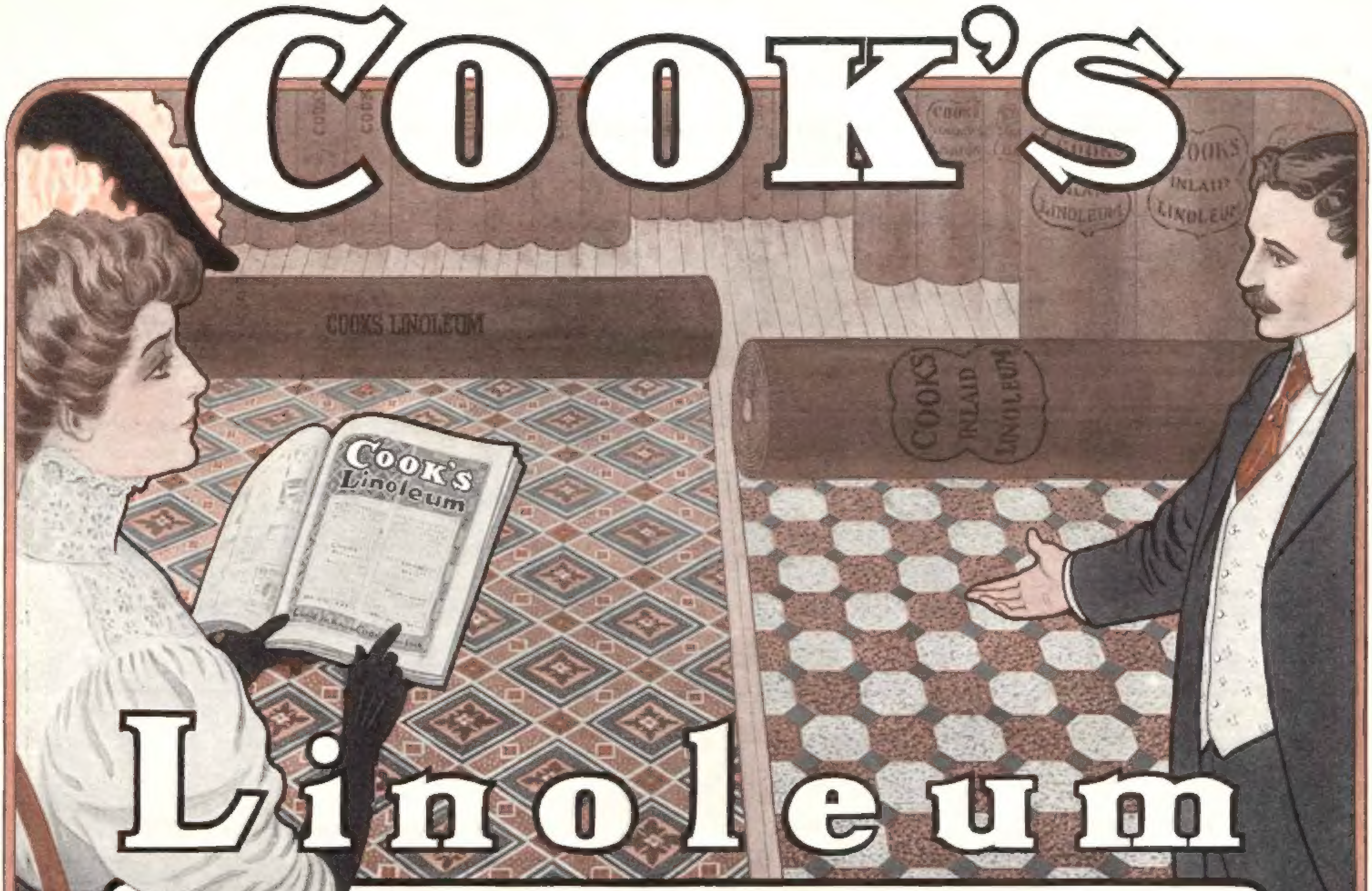
MARCH 23, 1907

FIVE CENTS THE COPY



THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

COOK'S



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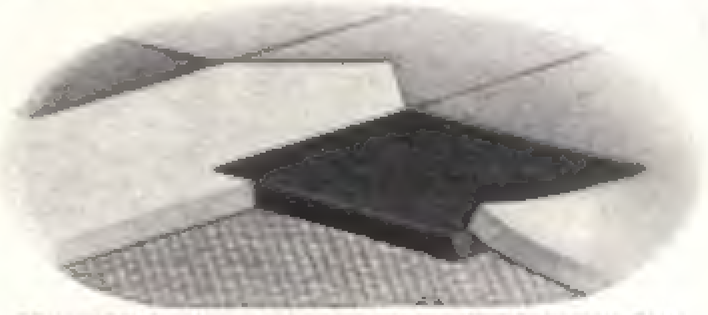
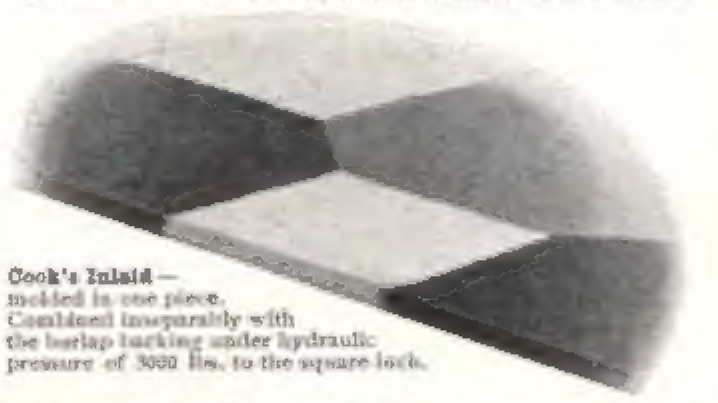


The old kind—*formed of separate dies with joints everywhere.*



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By writing for **"Cook's Linoleum Book M"** you can get complete information on linoleum; including color-plates of the newest patterns; suggestions for hall, library, dining-room, kitchen, laundry, upstairs'-hall, play-room and chambers; and hints on how to buy. *Write for it to-day.*

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If your dealer won't supply Cook's, write us for the name of a dealer who will.

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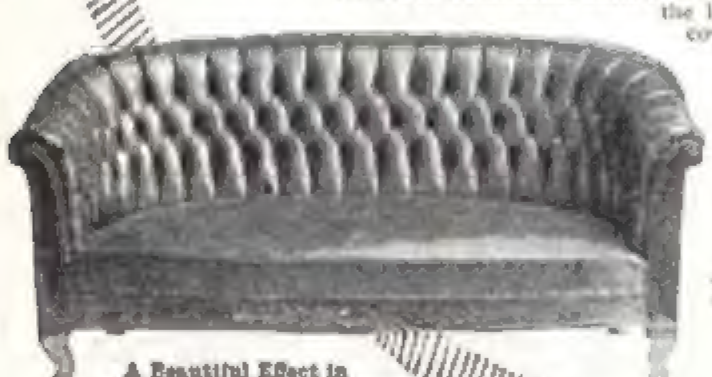

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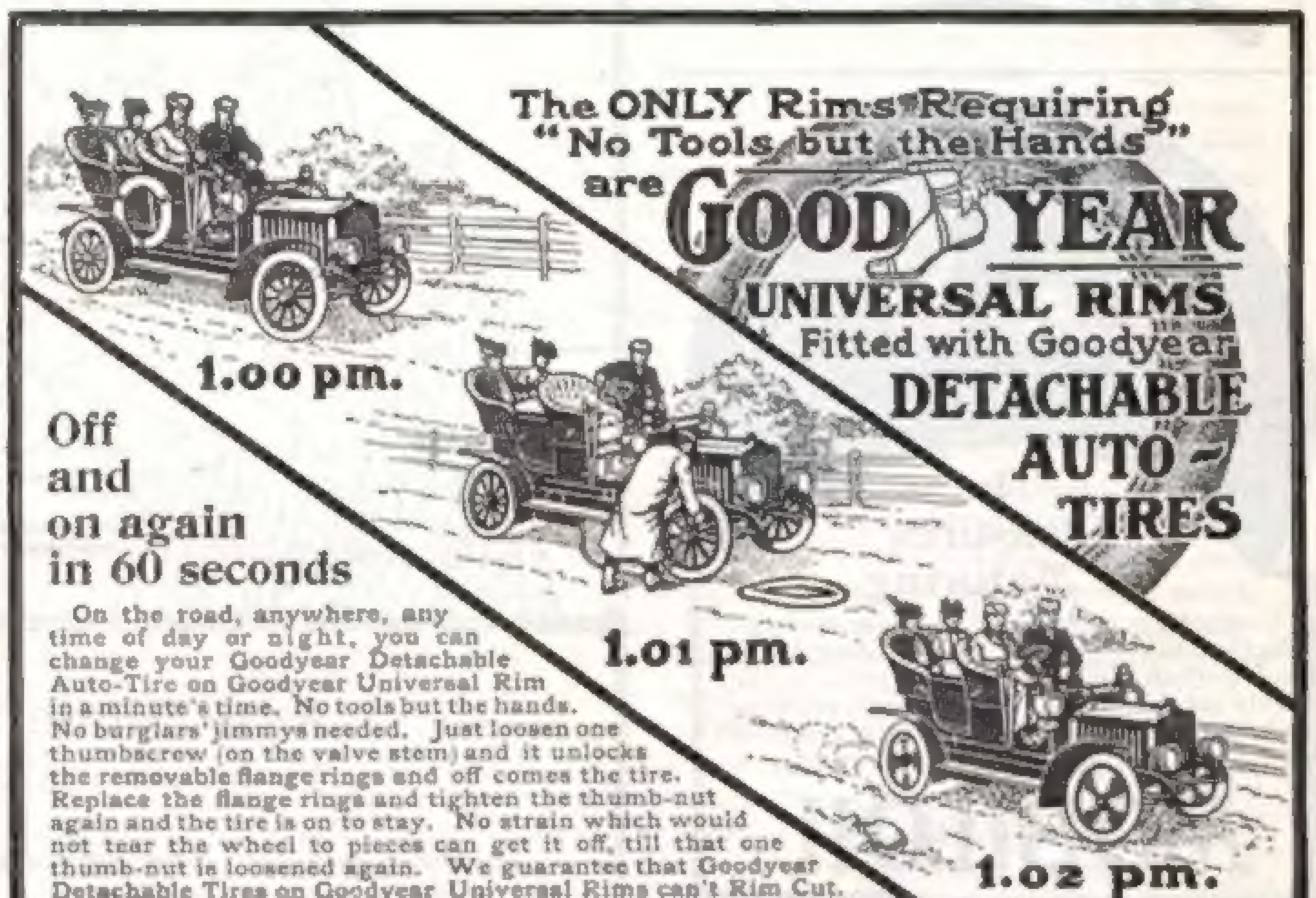
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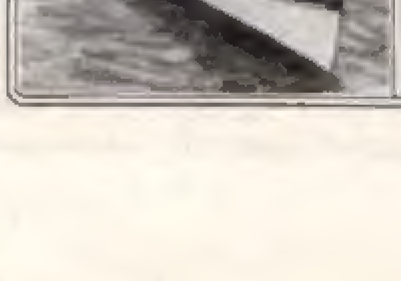

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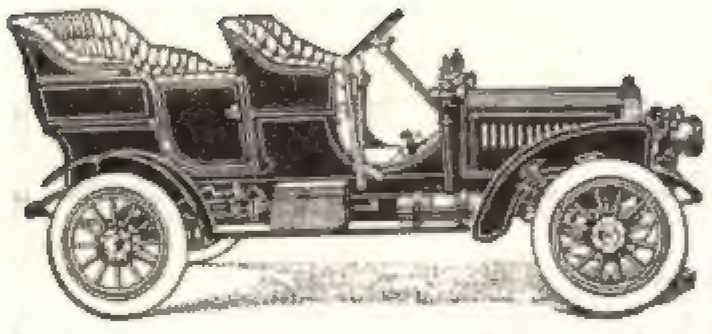

How a *chauffeur* "woke 'em up" on automobile prices

A few of his profession were oiling their cars as he glided through the garage doorway.

"Hello, Nick! I didn't hear you comin'."

"That so? Well, you should have **seen** me **goin'** yesterday.

"You remember when I 'called' those fellows about sayin' they could skin this $2000 Mitchell on the road with their $5000 wagons? Well, we went out, and you should have **seen** us — me and the Mitchell ate 'em **all** up — on the straightaways — on the hills — through sand and mud — over smooth parts, and rough parts — just **ate 'em up.**"

"When he'd gone about a mile that big car of Dorsen's was roarin' like a threshin' machine — barkin' at my heels like a big dog — but she wasn't bitin' anything but my dust. And 'Billy Williams,' he stuck pretty close till we got to Old South Hill; I left **him** there, for his big 50-horse-power foreigner bucked on the climb — she used 50-**broncho**-power for the buckin'. Gee! I had to laugh.

"There was five others started out to 'show me' that their cars were $3000 better than the boss's $2000 Mitchell, but I can't see it, for when I run in here at 9 o'clock last night I was just one hour ahead of the nearest man.

"We'd traveled 300 miles and run up against every test you can put a car to, and my motor was runnin' just as quiet when I finished as it is now. I tell you the Mitchell people have got 'em all skinned on smoothin' out cylinders. Those pistons are purty near air-tight but they work as free as your arm.

"I guess those fellows must have told their bosses how the Mitchell beat their cars. I was over to see the Mitchell agent this mornin' about gettin' a top for cold weather. He said three of those owners called him up and wants demonstrations. Say, but that fellow's doing a business — seems like lots of people are gettin' woke up on this question of prices — they're just findin' out what me and my boss have known for a year.

"Yes sir, if anyone who is in doubt about the car he wants will make a 50 or 500 mile test in a Mitchell like my boss did in **this** very car before he bought it, he'll be satisfied that the **$2000 Mitchell** is the car for **him**. It will show him there ain't any **use** in paying $5000 for a car. There ain't a car in the country can 'show me' anything this Mitchell hasn't got. I'm a professional chauffeur; I've driven 'em **all** and I **know**.

"Any Mitchell agent will take a man out if he's interested. If he don't know who the agent is he can write the Mitchell Motor Car Co., 156 Mitchell St., Racine, Wis., and they'll tell him — and they'll send him an art catalogue for 10c.

"Well, the boss is waitin' for me. So long."

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THE EDITOR'S COLUMN

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A Brief History

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued to-day from the American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette. In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has been hardly a week — save only while the British army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile — when the magazine has not been issued.

During Christmas week, 1728, Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. In less than a year he sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who, on October 2, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner, in 1765. In 1805 the grandson of David Hall became its publisher. When he died, in 1821, his partner, Samuel C. Atkinson, formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the Gazette to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Confession of a Juror

By Percival Saltus

Life or Death has been put into the jury's hands! Is there a higher law than An Eye for an Eye; a Tooth for a Tooth? Shut up in the jury-room, the doors guarded, left to themselves, the jury must decide. This is a trial for murder. A man's life is at stake, and the question which each juror asks himself is not: "Is this man guilty?" but, "Can I be one to vote for his death?" Before the eyes of each juror stands out the pale, dumb face of the prisoner. Of all that this means to the juror will be told in an early issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

As to White "Castile" Soap.

"White Castile Soap is preferable to all others"—*Extract from a text-book on the care of infants.*

Good advice! The only objection to it is, that it is not possible to comply with it.

Why? Because more than 95 per cent. of the "Castile Soap" sold in this country is not Castile Soap at all. There is not a drop of olive oil in it.

Ivory Soap is made of the best materials that money will buy. It will not injure the finest fabric or the most delicate skin. Use it for every purpose for which only a pure soap should be used.

Write for a copy of "How to Bring Up a Baby." Beautifully illustrated. Full of information that is of real value to young mothers. THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., Cincinnati.

Ivory Soap – 99 44/100 Per Cent. Pure.

Welch Grape Punch

For a dainty, unfermented punch, take the juice of three lemons, one orange, one pint Welch's Grape Juice, one quart of water and one cup of sugar. If served from a punch bowl add sliced oranges and pineapple.

What shall the Refreshments be?

The hostess will find her answer in our booklet, "Real Hospitality." It illustrates and describes forty delicious desserts and dishes all made from Welch's Grape Juice.

No juice on the market has the rich flavor, the freshness and the strength of Welch's. It is made from choice, full-ripe Concord Grapes, and is free from chemical, antiseptic or any adulterant.

Your guests will enjoy

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whether served as a beverage, a punch or a dainty dessert. Try it on the next occasion and you will see the need of always keeping a few bottles on hand.

If your dealer doesn't keep Welch's send $3.00 for trial dozen pints, express prepaid east of Omaha. Booklet of 40 delicious ways of using Welch's Grape Juice, free. Sample 3-oz. bottle by mail, 10 cents.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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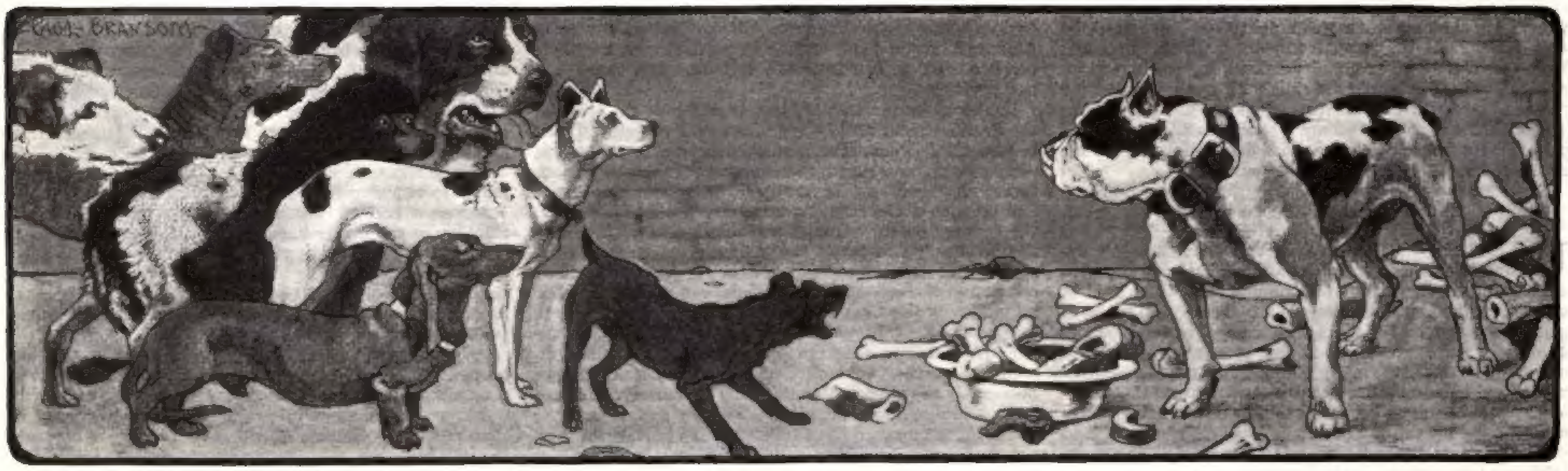
WALL STREET AND THAT MAN ROOSEVELT—By Edwin Lefèvre



WHAT between the sheared lambs and the long-haired muck-rakers, the demagogues and the ignoramuses, to say nothing of the chronic pessimists, the disgruntled and the envious, there is scarcely any crime of which "Wall Street" has not been accused. The adjectives most often applied to it are vituperative. Two words are never used: *truthful* and *stupid.* With the first we need have no concern; we may even grant that Wall Street can, on occasion, be truthful without intent to deceive. As for the other, we must accuse Wall Street, in the name of a dollar-dazzled nation of success-worshipers, of the high crime of stupidity.

Much misinformation is spread broadcast about "Wall Street." Nobody means the particular thoroughfare, which derives its name from the fact that a couple of centuries ago a fence or wall was erected there to keep the sheep from straying into the green fields and pastures to the south of especially that which is now Broad Street, where the marble façade of the New York Stock Exchange invites the lambs of to-day to come early and often. By "Wall Street" is not even meant the financial district, the section where the banks and bankers do business. Wall Street is a phrase symbolical rather than accurately descriptive. By Wall Street the average man really means the money-power, the directing spirit of commercialism, the dwelling-place of the soul of the corporations called soulless, the headquarters of the plutocracy, the business home of those men we call the Big Men of this country—the selfsame men who tell you that it is they who have built up the United States, developed its resources, made it a world-power, the richest in the history of this whirling world of ours. It is in the Wall Street skyscrapers that those great captains of to-day, whose legions are of dollars, plan their mighty campaigns.

It is the Harrimans, the Rogerses, the Rockefellers, and their field-marshals and their jackals that the country at large has in mind when it says "*Wall Street!*" and sees red.

Now, it is precisely about these men that there is an inconceivable amount of misinformation. These dozen or twenty men who are held up as pitiful examples of great brains gone wrong—that is, gone into wholesale money-making—habitually permit themselves a narrow-mindedness that is almost incredible. The qualifications necessary for a dispassionate observer to make such an assertion are not profound knowledge of financial affairs, nor long commercial experience, nor the full comprehension of the power of wealth; but rather some knowledge of human nature, some degree of psychological insight, and eyes carefully protected from the dazzle of gold.

Blinded by Gold, Deafened by the Ticker

FROM long observation, devoid of personal or business prejudice, it is possible to arrive at these conclusions:

The more powerful, financially, a Wall Street "Big Man" grows to be the more stupid he becomes about matters outside of Wall Street and the ticker. He permits himself indulgence in prejudices which are unbusinesslike and have, therefore, a direct bearing on his own business. He practices continually a form of self-deception which we are apt to call feminine; he does not believe what he does not wish to believe. This is a human failing, but these Big Men of the Street, you must remember, are supposed to be superhuman in cold-blooded brain-power.

The reason for their failing is the gradual loss of the sense of proportion—the development of certain faculties to the exclusion of others. Unused faculties atrophy as inevitably as unused limbs.

There is no big financier to-day in Wall Street who at fifty or sixty is as well-balanced, as clear-sighted, as level-headed and as broad-minded—in short, as intelligent—as he was at thirty or thirty-five years. He can do more work, or, at any rate, he can accomplish more to-day, because where once he had but two arms he now has two armies—money and prestige. These men, to be sure, all do bigger things, but by no means better things or wiser things. To make a million dollars now is far easier than it was to make their first hundred thousand. The brain-efficiency of the last exploit of Mr. H. H. Rogers is feeble compared to that shown in many of the things he did before he was a great millionaire. Incidentally, these men become less artistic, less picturesque, less like their reputation for marvelous discernment and ability.

It is true of all men, big or little, in Wall Street or out of it, that to make mistakes is easy. There is no Big Man in Wall Street who does not make mistakes, big mistakes, and make them often, and, what is worse, mistakes that are utterly inexcusable even in men of second-rate intelligence—in short, mistakes utterly inconsistent with their newspaper reputations. This does not mean that such mistakes arise from a blunted moral sense, nor from inherent inability to reason correctly, but, coming back to our old friend, from the loss of the sense of proportion.

The Golden Rule as a Money-Maker's Maxim

FOR any of the "Big Men" to talk about any of their business deals from the standpoint of ethics is as absurd as for Jack the Ripper to discuss sociology. But it is far more absurd for the same Big Men to disregard the ethical side of business. There is no Big Man in Wall Street who completely realizes what far less intelligent—and far less successful—men clearly grasp, and that is, that, when all is said and done, the Golden Rule is the best business maxim, the best in dollars and cents. Honesty is the best policy really. The instances, which come trooping to the reader's disputatious mind, wherein roguery has succeeded and deceit has coined money, are merely exceptions. Dishonesty never pays for a long pull, and many a millionaire rascal has escaped from inevitable punishment—in dollars and cents—through the door of death.

There is not a man living, however arrogant or however stupid, who will deny that Everybody is bigger than Anybody. But there seems to be insurmountable difficulty in realizing that the support of the public can be obtained by habitual honesty, and only by that. The Big Men don't see it. I do not mean that they are dishonest consciously, but that they do not understand the beauty, the eminent wisdom, the practical side of the square deal. I sometimes am forced to think after speaking with one or another of the Big Men that they have struck so fast a gait in their mad rush after wealth or power, or whatever their goal may be, that in some subconscious way they imagine they must outrace Death.

Take the case of the latest newspaper prominence—Mr. E. H. Harriman. An able man, forceful, aggressive, fearless, ambitious, a money-maker, a railroad dynast, a great man, a very rich man—and the most hated man in Wall Street since Jay Gould died. Speculators dislike him; well and good. Investors now mistrust him; not so well. His subordinates and lieutenants cannot conceivably love him—that they could do so is something beyond the reach of the wildest imagination. His closest associates have no personal affection for him, even though he makes them richer. What Harriman has done is remarkable. What he will do is difficult to say. But what could he not do if he worked for, and therefore with, the public?

It is no sentimentalism that makes wondrous visions rise at the mere thought of Harriman working with the public's support and the public's confidence. Reducing life, honor, pride, zeal to a cash basis may be practical financeering; but, in the end, it will not be wise financeering. Twenty years hence Harriman will be dead and his children will be very rich. His huge fortune may last two, even three, more generations. But if so, it will last a half-century longer than his fame. What has posterity and the public done for us that we should bear them in mind in our business deals? Nothing; especially when we know that Envy lies whenever it shouts "*Thief!*" and that it is the public that has made us rich. Virtue is its own reward. Spot cash is the best pay; take it and let the credit go.

To be sure, Wall Street's atmosphere is one of money-getting. People there deal in money. It manufactures only securities which are convertible into cash in the space of time it takes a broker to sell them or, say, from ten seconds to two minutes. There is no ore to be mined and smelted and manufactured into finished products and then sold to the jobber, and then to the retailer, and then placed on the store shelves until a consumer asks for it. The Big Man, living for years in this atmosphere, naturally enough grows to think that knowledge of human nature consists of familiarity with the psychology of stock gamblers or the semi-intelligent doubts of investors. He does not become altogether a ticker-fiend like the pikers; for, after all, he has to study general conditions; but he bets incessantly on the shortness of the average American's memory. A dangerous system that, in times of popular storm and stress. He does not say: "After me the deluge!" He assures you very confidently: "There won't be any deluge. At the most, a rainstorm which won't last long. But, if there should be a flood, my yacht will be ready." The Big Man, who rails with one breath at the rampant spirit of Socialism now "in our midst," assures you with the next that we are a sensible and law-abiding people. He himself loves to abide by the law, hence his intimate friendships with the law-makers.

Two Men with Open Minds

UNLESS the Big Men of Wall Street have astutely desired to convey erroneous impressions, I can say with candor and much pleasure that among them there are but two men who habitually speak as intelligently, on topics of general interest, as the average newspaper editorial-writer habitually writes. One is a speculator—a scientific speculator—who has made many millions by studying security values and human nature—that is, America and the Americans; and he knows both well, and he never, never, never neglects the human factor in the business equation, and yet nobody calls him "academic," because he has more cold, hard cash than all the academies past, present and prospective ever dreamt of having. The other is the junior partner of a very great banker, whose mind was trained and educated before he came to Wall Street—a man of culture, refinement and clear intelligence, who knows men—all kinds of men—and knows the science and technique of finance. Whatever his world-famous partner may do, he himself keeps one eye on the public and reads the newspapers intelligently—that is, without seeing red when they pound. Much of his sound business judgment and knowledge of human nature is racial, for he is a Jew.

But the rest of the Big Men, after their long years of vast power and prolonged money-making, really believe the public can be damned. They will deny this, for such an admission would be as stupid as the fact itself. They never heed public clamor until that same clamor begins to look like a minus sign in juxtaposition to the dollar-mark. The pocketbook, that is the vulnerable spot in a money-maker. Appeals to anything nobler, thrusts at other spots, are vain. The ostrich buries its head in the sand and defies discovery. Wise old bird, the ostrich! If instead of stunted wings it had long arms it would beyond question be a Wall Street magnate, or United States Senator from New York. Many times have the Wall Street ostriches cached their craniums in the golden sand, and, because the pursuers were too busy, being Americans, and let the psychological moment to decapitate them go by, the ostriches have acquired a profound conviction in the wisdom of the head-concealing process.

It is characteristic of all great men—and all great asses—to have a supreme confidence in themselves. The King can do no wrong. Napoleon believed in his star; also the sun of Austerlitz did not set for years. It is altogether human, perfectly logical, that Wall Street's "Big Men" should have come to regard themselves as wise, whether or not all their deals increase their bank accounts. They have illusions as well as delusions. Also, they are intolerant of differences of opinion. In their own field they may be unsurpassed. But everything that does not contain at some place or other a few dollar-signs and a great many figures—the statistics of profits—is an "abstraction" of "academic interest only." When you differ pointblank with them and endeavor to prove that since their premises are absolutely false, the syllogistic structure is worth several hundred per cent. less than nothing, they may smile or they may frown; they may answer or they may merely look. But what they say or what their look says is this:

"I have a hundred million of dollars. How much have *you?*"

And what is the answer to that, gentle reader?

Do not infer, however, that these men are imbeciles. They are able men, very able men indeed. Some of them are very dangerous men in a democracy like ours. Others are less able and a great deal less dangerous than certain hysterical observers have made them out to be. But the point to bear in mind is psychological and not financial or political or ethical—and that is, how a certain environment inevitably creates a certain habit of thought, a mental attitude, which in men who are active workers and not closet philosophers bears fruit in many acts of crass stupidity. To enumerate such acts in the lives of these great financiers would fill several issues of this paper; corroborative anecdotes could be given by the quarto volume. And it is this which makes it so curious that nothing is written of this side of these men, probably because writers and demagogues and half-baked socialists persist in regarding these Big Men not as human beings with certain highly-developed parts placed in a most interesting environment, but always as symbols, types, object-lessons, texts for sermons, subjects for diatribes, the incarnation, the animating spirit of nefarious "Wall Street methods."

And now, wherein have the Big Men of Wall Street of late months been guilty of errors of judgment, of incredible shortsightedness, of downright stupidity—to wit, in their attitude toward "that man Roosevelt," as most of them call the man who, at this writing, happens to be the twenty-fifth President of the United States of America? Apropos of nothing in particular, it may here be added that to fear is usually to hate. And hatred is a bad counselor.

It should be understood, too, that I hold no brief for the President and no bludgeon for "Wall Street." It has become the fashion in the financial district of late to assert, perhaps with more gloom than anger, that these be parlous times, that socialism is rampant throughout the length and breadth of the land, that anarchy is already in sight, the country on the verge of a revolution, etc. Similarly the hot-headed dupes of the yellow press whose understanding ill digests the "signs of the times," scream their conviction that all manner of crimes are committed with impunity by the Classes; and the greatest of these is to have money. They have set arbitrary limits to the amount of dollars a man may acquire. They are not anarchists, for they concede that a million perhaps is not necessarily the misbegotten offspring of commercial crime. But two millions is a sin; three is a disgrace; four is theft; and from ten upward the swollen fortune is everything on the statutes, everything condemned by the Bible, by Mahomet, Buddha, Confucius, Zoroaster, Socrates, Marcus Aurelius, Karl Marx, Mrs. Eddy, W. J. Bryan and Theodore Roosevelt. It has come to pass that one moment you hear the dignified rebuke of an indignant plutocracy: "Things have come to a pretty pass when the law is allowed to invade the domain of high finance," and on the next your ear is pierced by the shriek of a virtuous proletariat, now earning the highest wages on record: "Lynch the millionaires!"

Why Wall Street Hates the Big Stick

BUT there remain a good many millions of typical Americans who work hard and never go to the primaries, and say it's too bad politicians must graft and Wall Street must cheat, but who, when aroused, take a day off and go to the polls and revive our hopes that this Republic will make good, after all, with God's help and a brief halt in the money-chase. To these men there has come much well-written misinformation and some very much-needed truth. It is a wave not of reform, but of Americanism, that is now sweeping psychologically over the country. Summarized, it is nothing profoundly ethical nor thrillingly spiritual. It is merely the recrudescence of the square deal. No favors, only fairness. But the national temperament always leads us to extremes. There is nothing alarming in this over-enthusiasm. What has made humanity go forward is the Spirit of Revolt. It takes something violent to overcome inertia, and, when all is said, "God's in His Heaven—all's right with the world!"

Not many weeks ago, because security prices declined, the so-called anti-Roosevelt feeling revived strongly in Wall Street. It was an explanation judiciously fostered by the Big Men. The decline in stocks came from other and perfectly natural causes, but to blame "that man Roosevelt" saved time and speech, and, moreover, since the man is to be feared, because the public is with him, if the public's allegiance could be shaken there would be less cause for fear. That vulnerable spot, the pocketbook! It so happens that once before the same dodge was tried. A billion dollars' worth of brains looked at the ticker, and thought the country needed an object-lesson, and they not only thought this but actually talked about it. Think of the wise loquacity of that billion dollars' worth of brains! Think how certain it was that the maddened populace would tear that man Roosevelt to pieces the moment they heard that a few high financiers disapproved of the President's policy! I distinctly remember how one of the men to whom Mr. Lawson has devoted some picturesque pages told me that the country needed an object-lesson on the inevitable consequences of Roosevelt's hysterical attacks on the industries that employ millions of men.

Months later I asked another Big Man what he thought of the situation, meaning thereby what he thought about the stock market. He answered: "It all depends on what that crazy man in Washington will do next."

Of course, that could not have been meant for publication, but it could have been printed without subjecting me to the charge of violation of confidence. The only violation was that of common-sense, and I was not guilty.

A very great railroad president, one of the greatest in the United States, said not long ago: "The trouble with *that man* is up here!" and he tapped his head significantly.

Railroad presidents, especially the kind that have a ticker alongside of their desks, the heads of big industrial corporations, and the dozen men who control both the railroads and the industrial consolidations, all talk more or less in that strain about that man Roosevelt; and they represent the self-established oligarchy of the dollar.

The Men Behind the Country's Business

DIGRESSING, it is well not to minimize the importance of these men, who are the sublimated business type of a business nation. Let us not deceive ourselves; that is the kind of nation we are, and the only kind we can be. It was ordained from our birth, on July 4, 1776. Barring our little missteps from the straight business path, in 1812 and 1847 and 1898, we have been at peace with the world. Our aristocracy is necessarily an aristocracy of business. To succeed in business requires brains and means money. It is for that reason that the aristocracy of business is an aristocracy of brains and money.

To the vigorous, keen, agile American mind and determined spirit, what field offers the greatest opportunities? Business, of course. Let us spare ourselves the fatigue of thinking of the higher life and admit this average Americanism. We need not call ourselves a nation of shopkeepers; let Europe say it—the Europe that fifty years hence will wish they knew how to keep shops like the Americans. We are not morally insensible. We are a pretty fair lot, as humans go.

A great many of us have ideals to-day, just as many proportionately as in the days of our grandfathers. It need not depress us to learn that there are many men who would rather be right as presidents of big corporations than right as presidents of colleges. The joy of creating, the love of power, the opportunity to employ incessantly great abilities, all find a limitless field in this country. Hence the multitude of millionaires, the superabundance of swollen fortunes. This is a generality, but it can be maintained notwithstanding the shining exceptions that instantly occur to the keen reader's mind. It is a condition that cannot change over night. The appreciation of higher things can come only with time; and it will duly come.

In the mean time, the universal recognition that money and power are interchangeable terms, and that money feeds our body and power feeds our vanity, is at the bottom of all graft, high and low—graft which has existed wherever and whenever men have congregated for more than a week at a time. Now, the Big Men—call them, if you will, big grafters or big benefactors, there is a little of both in them—have been able to accumulate vast fortunes by the exercise of God-given abilities and man-made opportunities. For so many years have the "business interests" been highly esteemed and carefully regarded by all political parties—never mind the platforms—that the moment a President or a candidate for President did or said anything that could be construed as "a menace" to the aforementioned "business interests" several million pocketbooks shivered, and the owners thereof howled. The bigger the pocketbook the louder the howl, which is natural.

We know the fears: panics in the stock market, banking and commercial failures, depression of general business, cessation of work, low prices for farm products, reduced salaries, empty dinner-pails, etc. Living in that atmosphere, hearing and believing such things, knowing what money can do, and what certain actions can effect in the way of money-making, it is altogether logical, altogether human that the Big Men of Wall Street should have grown to regard what they call the "vested interests" as inviolable.

The glamour of gold—why deny it? It dazzles; all you can see when you look at some of these Big Men is a vast glare, like a piece of sun. The flesh and the blood, the bones and the gray matter, all are incased in gold. Those little specks that look like pores; take out your microscope and see—they are an infinitude of little dollar-signs. It sometimes takes nearly two years for some people to forget that a great millionaire ever lived. But while his pulse beat he was an Immortal—and infallible, for the million voices that money uses when money talks said so incessantly. You can't blame him, unless you are making a stump speech to downtrodden wage-earners. The only people who do not succumb to environment are those who are unimaginative, or who are constitutionally and temperamentally able to resist such temptations as do not really tempt.

The majority of men are good and the majority of men are honest. This is not optimism, but an incontrovertible fact. It is fair to add that the average man in his heart of hearts believes that the end justifies the means. The sense of duty is deep in most breasts, but duty has so many phases. Many an epitaph should read: "He died for an ideal, and his children for lack of bread." Now, what was *his* duty? Never mind the thrill when you read of the hero's death. What about *your* children? Do you understand how men can deceive themselves? Therefore there is no need to wax over-indignant, and no sense in saying that the Big Men of Wall Street are titanic crooks, creatures of blood and iron, steel-hearted, ice-blooded egotists. They are men. That is all. Don't forget it. *They* do, quite often. And their attitude toward Roosevelt merely shows how insidious is the poison that has made them lose the sense of proportion until they are capable of the thoughts, words and deeds of unintelligent people.

They dislike and they fear Roosevelt, possibly because they understand him as little as they understand the less illustrious men who voted for Roosevelt—and for Bryan—in 1904. They accuse Theodore Roosevelt, among other things, of the following:

Of creating "class" distinctions, and fomenting an intense and un-American class hatred.

Of arousing deep discontent with existing conditions, a discontent that will disappear only when soup-kitchens bring the proletariat to its senses.

Of unsettling confidence in the stability of our institutions by tirades against the corporations and long-established business practices, by hasty, ill-considered actions against the corporations which give work to millions of the sturdy but now, alas, prejudiced horny-handed.

Of indiscriminate hits of the big stick at business interests, and ill-founded accusations of corporate dishonesty.

Of having caused labor to lose its head until the unions think themselves always right and the employers always wrong, so that to-day the laboring classes demand and obtain—and obtain at times through his direct and dangerous meddling—all manner of concessions.

Of being responsible for the inflamed condition of mind which prevents labor from recognizing that capital has rights, and that capital should name its share of the profits—and the scale of wages.

Of failing to realize that, while he himself might not do irreparable damage—seeing that he does not intend to accept a third term—yet, by his words and deeds, he has set pernicious precedents and inaugurated a popular fashion, in adherence to which every little district attorney and every disgruntled legislator in the land, to say nothing of several Governors and would-be Governors, are all trying to win applause by being second Roosevelts, political muck-rakers of the worst type. That by this the spirit of socialism is made rampant and business unsettled, destroying the old American spirit of fairness and common-sense, until millions believe that all corporations are guilty, and all rich men are unconvicted criminals. There is no telling what things may come to pass before sanity is restored to the nation.

Of being utterly, completely and absolutely unfit to be President of the United States, because he is impulsive, reckless, ill-balanced, profoundly ignorant of special conditions of business, fatally imbued with a sense of his omniscience, a believer in brute force and the big stick. That he is a half-baked intellect, the most dangerous of all socialists, the kind that means well and smokes a cigarette in a powder magazine. That he is unable to secure good advisers or accurate information on matters of importance to the country; that he is stubborn, self-centred, self-opinionated, temperamentally lawless, with a penchant for theatrical effects; that he leaps before he looks; that his ideas of centralization indicate that he is a worse type of the trust magnate than any yet cartooned.

That is enough. They say other things, but their list of grievances is too long to print or to read.

Taking these accusations in turn, let us answer them dispassionately, bearing in mind we hold no brief for the President.

First. He did not "create" class distinctions. Precisely what he tells the Big Men is that there should be no class distinctions, that the law does not allow them, that a millionaire is no better—and no worse—than a poor man. Such talk of "class" began to be heard in this Republic even before the Constitution was adopted. Read the political history of the United States, beginning with Alexander Hamilton, who had "monarchical leanings." Andrew Jackson had something to say to his political opponents. Pick up at random a collection of Daniel Webster's speeches and see his remarks on the subject. Our own William J. Bryan, who did not wish the classes to crucify the masses on a cross of gold, but insisted on the masses crushing themselves to death beneath a few thousand tons of silver, spoke of the "enemy's country."

The "downtrodden" was a phrase first used in political speeches before Roosevelt's grandfather was born. The "demagogue"—word and creature alike—came down to us from the earliest democracy of which we have any written record. Has Roosevelt fomented "class hatred"? Is not that an admission that there are people who believe there is a "class" to be hated?

If Roosevelt has done anything it is to try to remove class hatred by removing class distinctions, by enforcing the law whenever the law was not enforced. And if there is such a thing as class hatred, whence came it if not from the abuse of privileges, that never should have been, by a small body of men at the expense of the majority of the citizens? This is undeniable. Even the Big Men will tell you it never existed, because there never were such privileges, and consequently they never could have been

(*Continued on Page 30*)

THE MAN AMONG THE DRUMS

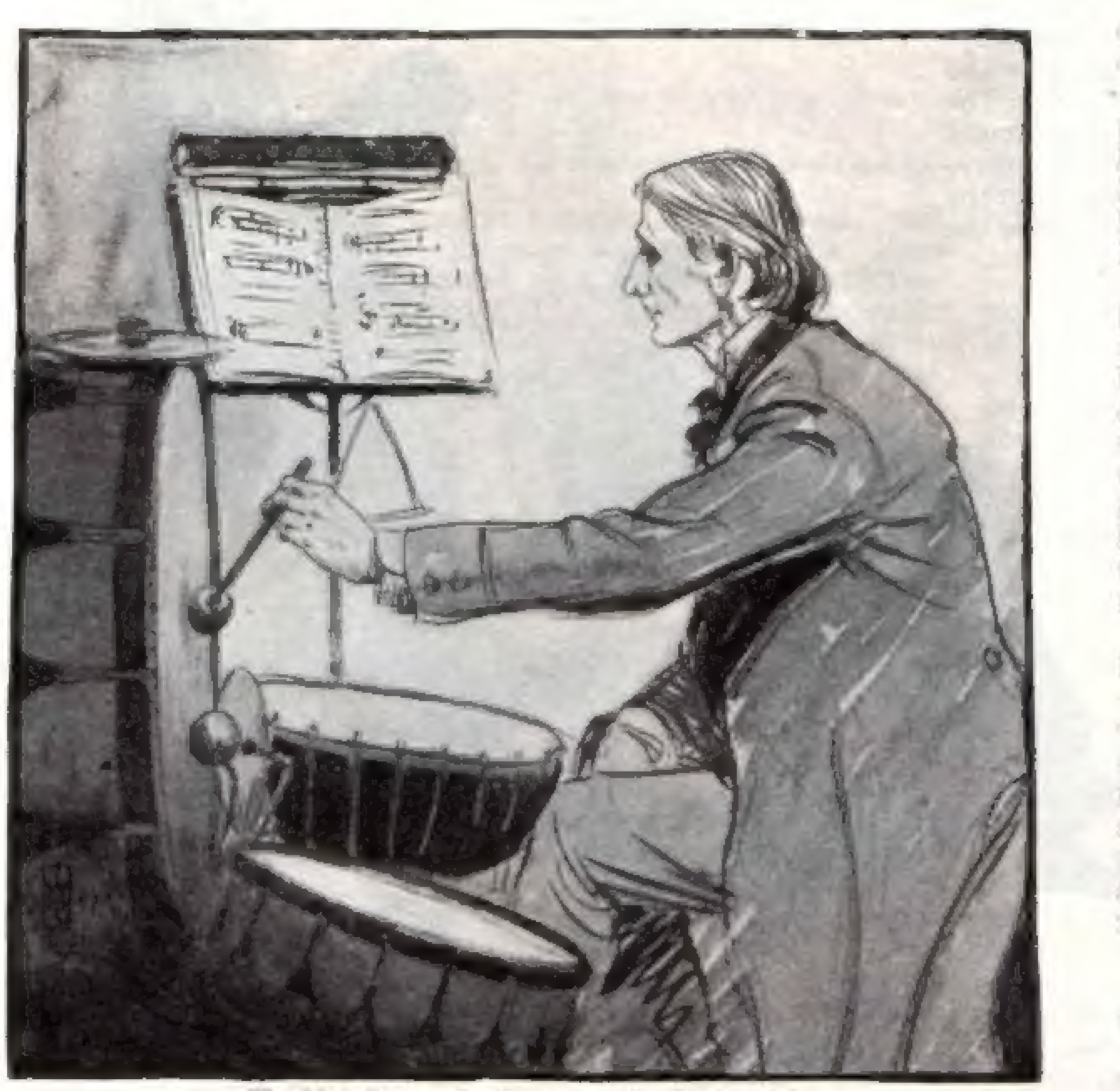
By Beatrix Demarest Lloyd

I SAW the little chap at the theatre two or three times before I got acquainted with him. He used to come down the aisle on tiptoe as the overture began, and he would sit down in the corner on the velvet base of the cord that ran around the well where the orchestra sat, in that impassable gulf between the actors and the audience.

He was a delicate boy, with soft brown hair and big eyes. You could see at a glance that what he needed was country air and country exercise and country food. Never was there a particle of color in his white little face except when a particularly martial air was being played, and then he would lean over watching the man who played the drums, and he would grow almost rosy.

His interest in the drummer stimulated my own. It was odd as I thought of it that I had never noticed the man among the drums before, when I sat near him so often. I had often myself been pleasantly stimulated by the rhythmic rattle and beat of his instrument, but it had not occurred to me to think of him. I realized then that he was in a position in some ways similar to my own, as butler, for nobody would think of noticing whose hand it was that poured the wine or passed the entrées, however much they might enjoy the meat and drink.

He sat at the extreme end of the line of musicians. The curve of Box A was just on a level with his carefully-brushed gray head. Cleverly disposed about him in the narrow space were the many instruments he had to play—a very big drum with a brass cymbal attachment, a little fat drum, a long flat one, a silvery triangle, a bell-like xylophone and lots of other things whose names I did not know.



The Man Among the Drums was the Real Article

There is one thing in which a man of my intelligence and education—yes, I'm proud of my education!—who has spent his life among gentlefolk even in the capacity of butler, never can be fooled. He knows a gentleman when he sees one and he knows the counterfeit. The man among the drums was the real article. But he belonged to that pathetic class of gentlemen who retreat before the onslaught of adversity, who have nothing for the world but their gentleness, and for whom the world has nothing but a hurried contempt. The decent black frock coat he wore, with its shining shoulder-blades, showed at the wrists his poor white cuffs, all the more worn because of his struggle to have them clean. His cravat had a sad, faded look, and above it his weak chin and oversensitive mouth were the foundation for a face any one could predict would never look at better things. He had big, drooping, brown eyes, like a dog's, but I bet there was a reason for the sad look in his, whereas dogs are mostly humbug.

But this man had just gone to the wall in the beginning, apologizing to every one who jostled him closer to it as they went by, and you could see he would stay there till he fell down and died there, and was buried where he fell.

I made these observations during the first entr'acte. I got to watching him almost as closely as the little chap by the rail. His long-fingered, gentlemanly hands flew around from kettle-drumming to sandpaper shuffling, and then snatched up two soft-tipped rods to hammer up and down on the thing that looked like a perspective drawing of a railroad bed. He certainly was a busy man, and he kept his eye on his score so closely that he never even looked up at the little chap who hung over to watch him.

The pale little fellow took hold of my sympathies from the word go. I suppose chocolate candy was the last thing he needed, but I had a small box with me, and so I offered him some as an opening wedge for friendship. He was pleased and said "Thank you."

Then we got to talking a very little, but before he had even told me his name the curtain went up on the second act with the heroine being dragged into the underground opium den by the villain; the villainess in a red-spangled gown and a sailor hat bringing up the rear. That's another thing you can't fool us about—ladies' dresses. The house hissed her, I tell you, and she deserved it for the combination of clothes she had on, if nothing else.

Well, after the villain had gone up in a balloon with the chloroformed heroine, from a vacant lot near the Astor House, the curtain went down and the orchestra began to play again. This time I moved into an empty seat next me and coaxed the little chap over with another chocolate peppermint. He hesitated and gave a shy, backward look at the man among the drums before he moved over toward me and sat down.

"You come to the theatre very often," I said.

He looked up with a laugh. "So do you, or you wouldn't know I did," he answered.

I liked that in him. He showed his mind was awake. "You are fond of the theatre?"

"Oh, yes," he said slowly. "But I don't come to see the play." The faint flush lighted his little face as he said it.

"Then what?" I naturally inquired.

He made a gesture toward the man among the drums, who was then tapping gingerly at the triangle. I followed the motion. "You like the music—the drums and things?" I said.

His little brown head went up with an odd little patrician movement. "He's my father," he said proudly.

"You don't say!" I exclaimed, genuinely interested.

"Yes," he said in a low voice, "he's my father! You know, sometimes in the night"—confidence was indeed established between us now—"I can't believe that it's true, and I wonder if I haven't been dreaming and if my father isn't a bricklayer, like Mary's, or a driver for a big store, like Jim's. But in the morning there's his violin and the piano and the music—so I know it's true." He sent a look up at me out of his big gray eyes that made me feel sort of hollow in the throat.

After another pause he leaned toward me again and said: "Have you ever heard them play that piece called the 'Happy Fireside'?"

I shook my head and looked inquiring.

"Well," he said with a quaint sigh, "my father takes a little box with a string run through it—it has a button on each end, you know, to keep it from slipping out—and he just gives it a pull and it sounds for all the world like a baby crying!" He looked up again triumphantly.

"I don't see how in the world he can do it!" I said incredulously.

It was good to see the satisfied, little, sideways nod of his head. "Well, he can," he continued; "I've heard him do it often."

The brother-dying-on-the-field-of-battle tune came to an end then and he slid over to his place by the rail. I saw a word or two pass between them, and saw the father shoot an anxious look at me. I am forced to chronicle that my appearance seemed to satisfy him, for he nodded and smiled at the boy, as if sanctioning our friendship.

When I saw him again there was no vacant place next me, but I was on the end and he came over as soon as he saw me and leaned against my chair. But, after greeting me in his quiet, quaint way, his attention went back immediately to the man among the drums.

When the music came to an end he turned to me with that enthusiasm in his face and voice that only this one subject could inspire. "Isn't it wonderful?" he asked me breathlessly. "Have you ever tried to beat a drum? It's the hardest thing! Father's trying to teach me. I asked him to; though, of course, I can never do it as he does."

I expressed my belief that a talent of that kind might be hereditary, but he wasn't waiting for me to encourage him. He went right on talking of his father. "You've noticed the other men in the orchestra? They can only play one thing, and half the time they are just sitting there still, staring at the house, or emptying their horns. But did you ever see my father sit still for more than two seconds? Huh! He keeps ten or twelve instruments going."

I don't know why the little chap's adoration of the failure that was his father should have touched me so deeply, but it seemed to me much more pathetic than the sad fortunes of the blind girl in the flaxen wig on the stage. I thought the little tragedy here in the corner of the playhouse was vastly more human than the situations in the melodrama. Yet it wasn't all tragedy, of course. The boy was utterly happy. The father, one could see, found a healing balm in the boy's adoration that made everything easier to bear. I never had any need to ask about the youngster's mother. There was about both of them the unmistakable look of being left alone together, with nobody to take care of things for them.

One day, about six months after our acquaintance began, it occurred to me to ask Julian Trent to spend an afternoon with me in the park, and I made the suggestion to him for prompt execution. Apparently he was delighted, but he slipped down to his place by the rail to wait till the music was over, when he could ask permission of the man among the drums. I did not watch them, of course, but I was conscious of some furtive whispering between them, which came to an acute end at a glance from the orchestra leader, and the youngster came back to my side.

"I swear before the just God of Heaven that I am innocent of this crime!" was the speech he interrupted by whispering: "Father says, Can he speak to you after the play?"

So I waited while the audience put on its hats and wraps and filed slowly out to the tune of the "Star-Spangled Banner." Then, when the house was nearly empty—what a curious place an empty theatre is!—and the music had ended in a defiant blare, I went down to the rail. He got up and shook hands with me. The rest of the musicians were clothing their instruments in green baize bags.

It was frankly because I knew I didn't look it that I told him I was a butler, and while a look of surprise came into his face before he could control it, my announcement apparently did not displease him.

"You have been very good to Julian," he said, his sad, brown eyes searching my face anxiously. He never could have been shrewd or keen, poor soul, but I saw that he wanted to assure himself of my worthiness before he let me have the youngster for the afternoon.

"I'd like to have him to-morrow," I said.

"Please, father?" begged the child.

The man's eyes sought the boy's eager look, and I never saw a sweeter, gentler smile than that which lighted his face then. One could see love and indulgence just flooding out of his heart. "Yes, certainly, you may go. Thank your new friend, Julian." He thanked me himself with a look as he turned to put his instruments to bed. We were the last people in the theatre except the sleepy ushers, who were banging around in search of possibly-forgotten articles.

"Now, then," said the man, holding out his arms.

Julian climbed lustily upon the velvet parapet, and his father lifted him over the brass railing to his shoulder. He held him so, tenderly close, while he looked at me. It was only my name that he wanted to ask, but the picture he made, standing there, partly borne down in his insufficient strength by the weight of the boy, and yet pressing him with a hungry kind of love against his breast, I shall never forget—never.

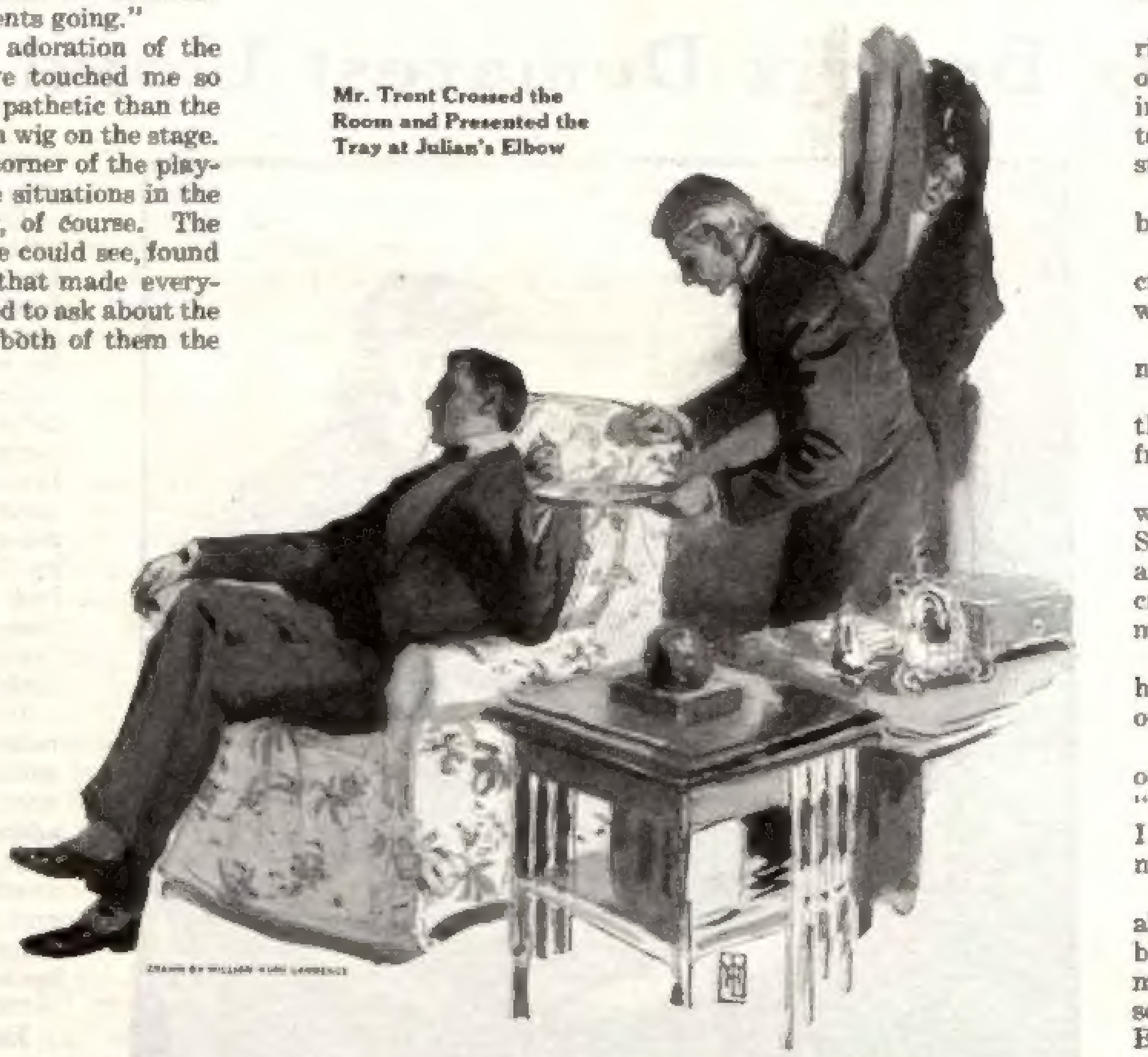
It is not with what happened the next day during our afternoon in the park that we are concerned, but what occurred when we found ourselves outside its walls, with the jangling cars about us.

Evidently the thought of the distance to his own home brought into his mind the question of where I lived, for he asked it then, not curiously, but half absently, watching the carriages pass us.

"Very near here," said I. "Just down that avenue a bit."

"Oh, really?" he asked, more interested. "Let's go and look at it."

So we went across the big plaza, and down the avenue until we came to the Winships'. He stopped and looked at the big, gray house with a polite interest. "Of course, it's not my house," said I. "But it's my home for all that—I have lived there all my life except for the years when I was at school in the country." At that moment I heard a carriage drive up behind us, and turning saw old Madam Winship get out. We were too near the steps and I drew the youngster aside, and acknowledged her pleasant nod by a bow, standing bareheaded. The boy, too, took off his hat and held it in his hand as she went toward the steps, and I was pleased with his gentlemanly manner.



Mr. Trent Crossed the Room and Presented the Tray at Julian's Elbow

DRAWN BY WILLIAM HURD LAWRENCE

She looked at him half interestedly, as if it surprised her to see a child with me. Then her look came again, and sharply, and to stay. She stopped and spoke to me, though her eyes never left the child's face.

"Nicholas," she said, "who is the boy?"

"It's a little friend of mine, Madam," I said. "His father plays the drums in the orchestra at the theatre, and I saw him there so often we became acquainted."

"What is his name?" she asked.

"His name, Madam, is Julian."

"Julian what?"

"Julian Trent," said I.

Hearing his name, as one often can when other words are quite indistinguishable, the youngster turned and met her look. She seemed to me then to be laboring under some excitement.

She and the boy looked at one another some seconds. Then she said to him, very, very slowly, with pauses between each two words, as if her breath were coming hard: "What is your father's name?"

"John Ludlow Trent," replied the youngster proudly.

Madam Winship remained immovable and unchangingly looking at him after this statement. The entrance of the house stood open to admit her. Finally she spoke again in the same halting way:

"Where do you live?"

"48 Bradford Place," said Julian.

"48 Bradford Place," she repeated slowly. Her eyes turned to me and looked me full in the face. It was all very strange to me, and I dare say that, in spite of my long training, I showed that I was puzzled. This seemed to satisfy her. Almost mechanically she turned to enter the house.

I don't quite remember how many days it was after this when Madam Winship sent me a message that she wished me to accompany her in place of Edward, the footman, that morning. It wasn't so very unusual an order, for whenever she went into the lower parts of the city on church or charity errands I went with her. Still, perhaps, I was stupid not to have suspected it, but it nearly ended my honorable career as a graven image when she said to me, as I put her into the carriage, "48 Bradford Place."

It was a narrow, dirty, dingy little street, Bradford Place, and 48 was a dull, old, brick building with rusty iron railings.

The doorway was up three steps and the vestibule was very dark and dusty. The door itself stood open. There were no bells, but a sort of directory on the wall gave the names of the tenants and the numbers of their rooms.

We went up the narrow, warped, uncarpeted stairs very slowly. Questions fairly blistered my tongue, but I did not utter them.

On the third floor we stopped at Mr. Trent's door.

"Knock," said Madam Winship. She was a little out of breath.

I recognized the voice that answered as that of the man among the drums. A wondering, "Oh, how do you do?" died in his throat as I stood aside and Madam Winship went in. She stopped on the other side of the threshold and her hand was on the panel of the door, so that she held the door open.

As Madam confronted him, Mr. Trent had risen from his place before a table covered with orchestral scores which he seemed to be copying in separate parts. He was too surprised to ask her in or offer her a chair: he simply stared at her.

"Mr. Trent," said Madam, "you don't remember me?"

He gave a jump like a horse who hears the crack of a whip. "Mrs. Winship!" he said in a whisper, as if his voice had been shouted away.

You may believe me when I say that I was never more surprised in my life.

"By the merest chance I learned yesterday that you have a son—why have you kept this from us?"

His miserable eyes looked into hers as if he were a dog and she was about to shoot him. Suddenly he sat down, almost fell into his chair, and buried his face in his hands. He wasn't crying, but it just seemed as if he wanted a few minutes alone.

After a very long pause she said: "You should have told us, as much for the boy's sake as for ours. We might never have known."

He lifted his head, and there was a new look on his face that I could hardly bear to look at. "I could not—he was all I had—I love him so—I knew you would come—I could not—I could not——" he said in a strangled sort of voice.

I didn't understand then what it was all about, though if it had been in a play I probably would have guessed at once that he was the music teacher who years ago, while I was at school, had run away with Berenice Winship. But somehow one doesn't expect things like that to happen in real life and it never occurred to me.

"I have talked it over with General Winship," went on Madam, "and we have decided that we must not visit upon an innocent child the folly of its mother. He looks like her—remarkably," she added as if to herself.

"Oh, oh, he does, he does!" Mr. Trent's whisper fairly sobbed out the words, and his head fell forward into his hands again, his forehead in his palms.

"The fact that he is half Winship," said Madam, "entitles him to a better position."

The man sprang suddenly to his feet. "After all, he is my son, too!" he cried. "He is mine and I love him, and you shall not take him away. Berenice chose me of the two of us, and so will he!"

It gave me a lump in my throat, but it didn't seem to affect Madam. "I was not suggesting that he should choose between us," she said coldly. "I am simply telling you what you already know yourself, that it lies in our power to do more for the boy than you can, and that it would be wickedly selfish of you to compel him to lead a life of poverty and deprivation when he might be happy and prosperous."

I could see that she had hit the nail on the head when she accused him of knowing it already. I saw in his face the evidence of his long, long struggle with his conscience, the battle between loving ambition for his boy and hungry need of his nearness. He stood with his hands clutching and opening painfully.

"I come to tell you what we are prepared to do. We must change his name to Winship. He must live with us absolutely—it is only fair to tell you that we are going abroad very soon to live in London for a few years, to be near Harold, my son, who is connected now with the Embassy. Julian will go with us. He will be put to school, and educated as befits our grandchild. From the day you surrender him to us he will take his place as the heir to Berenice's half of General Winship's estate. He will have every advantage, every opportunity, and our loving care."

Mr. Trent flung his hands wide. "But I love him, too! I want him, too!"

"You loved Berenice, and you wanted her. Yet you know you can't tell me—for you did love her—that you did not reproach yourself for bringing hardship and poverty upon her." She flung her words harshly at him as if she could never forgive him for taking her daughter from her.

"She bore the hardships like a heroine!" he said.

Madam's eyes flashed. "She was a Winship!"

"She loved me," retorted Trent, glowing for an instant with a pride beyond her own. "It wasn't her blood—it was her love that bore her up, and that was mine. Julian loves me too, God bless him."

There was a pause. Then Madam said quite calmly: "He is a little child. When he grows up he will understand things better and he will be ashamed of you."

I almost exclaimed at the cruelty of it. Trent stepped back as if she had lashed his face with a whip.

"Ashamed of me ——" he said.

Whether she just then remembered my existence, or whether she had intended I should hear so much and thought it enough, I don't know, but she let her hand fall upon the knob of the door as she spoke and, stepping inside, closed the door behind her. I passed a very unpleasant half-hour there alone, I can tell you, hearing the muffled tones of Madam's voice in the room beyond, and only an occasional exclamation from Mr. Trent. But after a while the door opened unexpectedly, and she came out and closed it again.

"Very well, Nicholas, we will go home now," she said. She spoke as calmly as if she had just come out of a shop after buying some gloves. I was sick at heart about the wretched matter.

Three days after this Madam Winship sent for me. "Good-morning, Nicholas," said she.

"Good-morning, Madam."

"I did not think it necessary, Nicholas, to tell you not to mention to any of the servants where we had been the other morning."

"No, Madam."

"You have not spoken of it, of course?"

"No, Madam."

She was silent again, but I waited patiently. At last she turned more toward me. "I took you to that place with me"—and here she unconsciously dusted her fingers with her pocket handkerchief—"because I thought it the simplest way of explaining the whole strange business. And, of course, it was necessary that you, having made acquaintance with these people, should understand. I can't tell you how many times, in talking this over, we have all marveled at the chance of your getting to know the boy. How was it—did he attract you by his pretty looks? Or wasn't it, perhaps, an instinctive recognition on your part of the Winship in him?"

I did not mean to anger her, but I told her the truth. "What attracted me was his loyal pride in his father."

She paused when I had said it and I thought she was going to rebuke me. The moment passed, and she went on: "You understood that we were going to take the boy?"

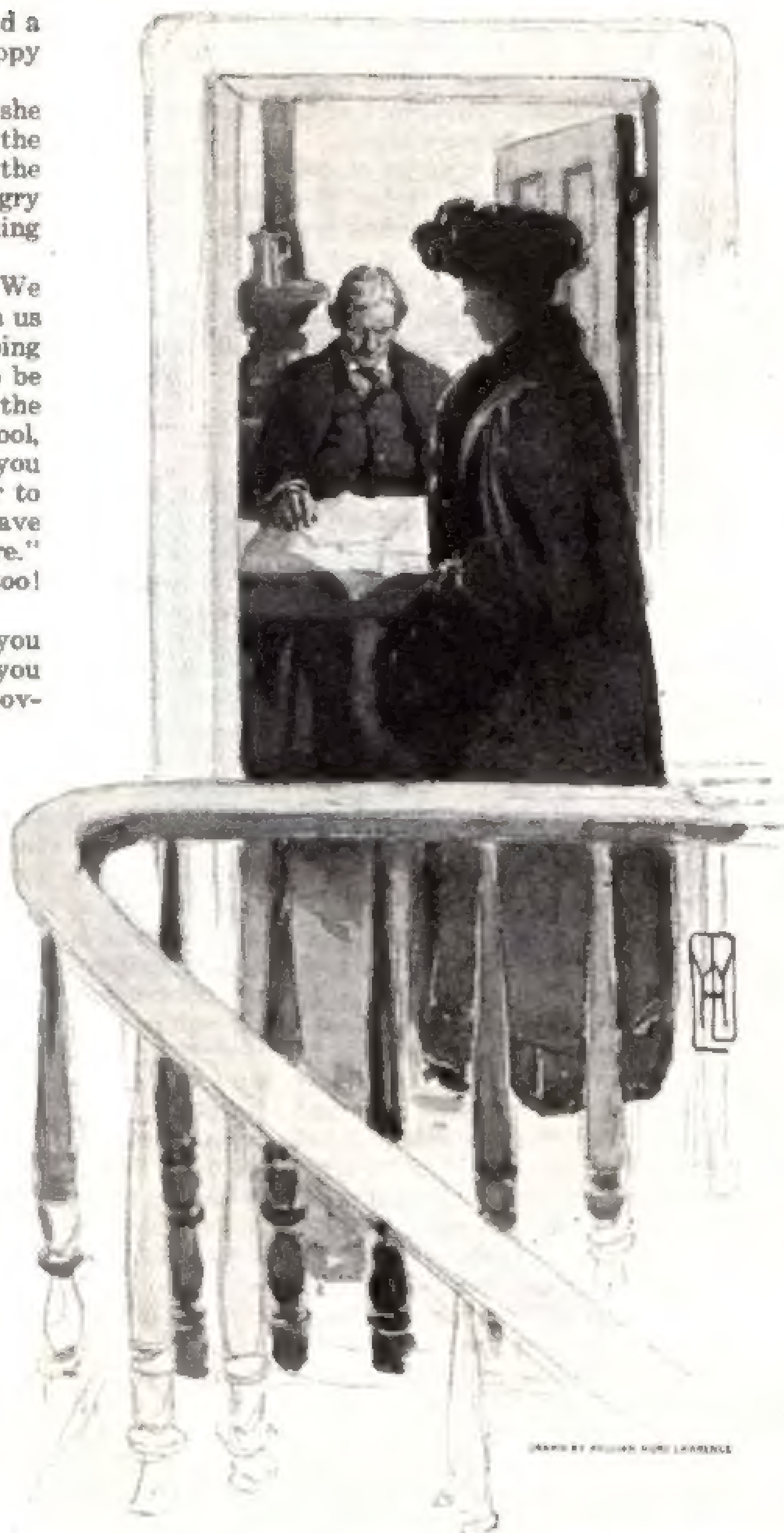
"I heard you make the offer, Madam."

"Yes. Well, the man has thought it over and agrees—although he vowed he never would. The boy will be Julian Winship from now on. He will sail with us when we sail next week. He will be your especial charge, Nicholas, and I want you to assure me that you thoroughly understand our intentions concerning the boy."

"I am not sure, Madam, that at present I do."

She faced me very squarely and held my eye hard while she enlightened me. "A child forgets things very easily if he is not constantly reminded of them. We wish him to forget as entirely as possible that he has ever been Julian Trent. We are going to make his future a brilliant one, instead of a dingy existence. We are going to love the boy and be kind to him and make him happy."

"Madam," said I gravely, "can these things not be done without teaching him to forget his father, whom he dearly loves and of whom he is so proud?"


DRAWN BY WILLIAM HURD LAWRENCE

There was a New Look on His Face that I Could Hardly Bear to Look At

She shook her head at me gently. "No—and I will tell you why. He is not going to remain a child. He is going to be a man, a rich man, and he is going to take his place in the society of brilliant men and beautiful women. Does such a man take pride in the fact that his father played the drums in a cheap theatre?" She shook her head slightly again.

"Madam Winship," said I, "you are very good to honor me with your confidence. I shall naturally do as you desire."

She nodded shortly, as if accepting my allegiance. "Will you be the one to go and get the boy?"

"If you wish it," I said.

"Very well. The boy, of course, need only be told that we are taking him abroad for a trip—children are not apt to realize that such things are unusual. He will not know that he is leaving his father forever."

Mr. Trent had borne up bravely when I went to get the boy, helping him put the last few little things into his big portmanteau. It seemed—I am such a softy—rather pathetic to me to see him giving up all the little boyish things I knew he would have been so thankful to have kept about him in his loneliness, when I knew of the boxes of new and handsome clothes and toys already on the steamer waiting for the youngster. But, of course, I couldn't say a word, though my throat choked up when I saw the man furtively slip a little, painted, wooden monkey into his own pocket.

He had refused to come to the dock, which was undeniably wise, but when the family were on board and I had gone back to the carriage for a forgotten valise I saw him in the crowd on the pier, his face upturned, his eyes never moving from the excited, wondering face of his little boy. His chin was trembling and the very droop of his shoulders in the shiny coat hurt me. There was something in my mind I wanted to say to him and had never had the chance. So I worked my difficult way through the closely-packed throng and reached his side.

"Mr. Trent," I said, "I want so much to tell you that I had no hand in all this. It was the merest accident, his telling his name and yours to the Madam."

He turned his face to look at me, but I am convinced that his eyes did not see me; almost immediately he turned back to look again fixedly at the child by the railing. But if he had not really seen me, I had seen him, and there was a look in his doglike eyes that fairly brought the tears to mine.

"Mr. Trent," said I, though I knew I was doing wrong, "shall I write you about him, say once a month?"

He turned to me with a cry of piteous gratitude.

Somebody caught me by the arm and said "Quick." I jumped to the gangway and stumbled up to the deck, the last man aboard. Not having been able to confirm my suggestion as a promise I turned to look for him, to nod or wave a signal of ratification, but when I found his face in that field of faces, he was looking not at me but at his boy, who did not know that he was near. Somehow, just then all that scene of hurry and excitement and confusion was blotted out and I saw, as in a frame, the picture of the man among the drums, sitting that night among his instruments, beating out a rakish rattle and march, with a little, painted, wooden monkey hidden in his coat over his aching, lonely heart.

You may think that since this story now practically skips the following twelve years I need not have been so explicit in detailing its beginning, but it always arranges itself so in my mind when I sit thinking it over, and the twelve years of intermediary blankness seem quite unimportant to the story.

Julian, my especial charge, grew sturdily into a great, tall lad and did well enough in college.

Julian Winship was rather far from the Julian Trent whose acquaintance I had made in the playhouse. Not that I mean to criticise him unfavorably for that. It was natural, having taken on the life of these richer folks when he was so little, that it should shape him in its own way.

The General and old Madam Winship had grown to love him dearly, but they were proud old folk, and, while rarely praising him, kept him always up to the honor mark of the family. He was well liked by his associates, by every one for that matter, men and women. The young Marquis of Staltshire was his particular crony, after having fagged for him at Eton, and the young fellow was on the way to be spoiled by having everything desirable fairly crowded into his hands. I could have wished him at least a little difficulty in the course of true love, but even that was to be made as smooth as possible.

In these years I did not forget the man among the drums. Faithfully I had written him every month at first, and while, as the years began to count up, I was not quite so regular a correspondent, I never let the quarter go by without sending a detailed account of Julian's doings to his father. His answers were pathetic enough, grateful for the crumbs of intercourse, silent upon his own affairs. "Please see that the boy has enough coverings at night—he is very sensitive to cold." Or, "Will you caution him about riding so fast?—he is growing recklessly confident, I am afraid."

At the beginning Julian talked often and at length about his father to me, though for some odd, instinctive recognition of lack of sympathy in his enthusiasm he rarely spoke of him to the others.

But little by little the beloved figure faded from his immediate horizon. Little by little our conversations grew less frequent—for, according to my instructions, I was not to wound the boy by being unsympathetic when he spoke of the father he had left, nor was I to suggest the topic when he talked of other things. Being with him so much I naturally noticed the progress of his weaning, but I never thought he was conscious of it himself, until one day, as we were walking out, three of us, Julian and Staltshire a bit ahead of me, a very elaborate carriage went by, cockades, liveries, silver emblazoned crests and all that. A handsome, important-looking man was riding therein in much state. Staltshire looked around at the jingling of the mounted harness, and then raised his hat with a light cry of "How-do, father!" The man returned the courtesy with a good-natured smile.

Julian, too, had turned to look and mechanically to lift his hat, but I saw a sudden shamefacedness cover his eyes as with a veil. And somehow I was sure, as if he had confessed it to me in words, that his thoughts had gone flying to the poor, shabby figure of a man who played a drum in a cheap theatre, and that there was something in the contrast that hurt him inexplicably. I may be a sentimentalist, but it made me feel uncomfortable for a long while afterward, the look in that boy's eyes.

That was when he was about fifteen. I couldn't make myself believe it was anything but wrong that he should have learned to be ashamed of his father, and I felt that I had aided and abetted in a wicked thing. I was fool enough at last to go to Madam Winship about it, and while she was very tolerant of my scruples and doubts I could see she had none herself.

"What can one do about it, Nicholas?" she said kindly. "I knew it would be so from the beginning. But what good would it do to teach him to brag about the man? It wouldn't restore him to his father, or make life more easy for any human being. It would only mean absolute ruin to his prospects here."

"Would it, Madam?"

"Certainly it would," she answered with conviction, but without sharpness. "Take, for example, the General's friend, Lord Bayesterton. He is interested in Julian and will be a most influential champion. And I can't help thinking that Meriel Bayesterton is not quite fourteen and will be a great catch, pretty child." She turned a bit to look at me. "Don't you think a prime minister would hesitate about bestowing his heiress on Julian Trent?" She brought the last word out softly, as if she was afraid the very air would catch it up and bear it to his lordship.

"There is nothing to be ashamed of," I couldn't help saying.

"There is certainly nothing in that direction to be proud of," she retorted. "Come, Nicholas, you are a romantic old fogy. I am sure the man himself would be the last to wish to jeopardize Julian's chances. Don't let us speak of this again." She turned away, at the end of her indulgent patience, and I withdrew.

I found out later that she had decided, after hearing my story of the boy's discomfiture, to tell him privately that his father was dead, thinking so to lay the ghost of his inferiority. I did see that Julian was suffering in some way, but, of course, the real reason never occurred to me. But the boy was young, and the world was full of absorbing enterprises. And so the wound of the Madam's scalpel healed thoroughly and it was only with memory that the boy's pride had to deal.

During the next five years things happened rapidly at home and about us. Staltshire and Julian grew into young manhood, cheek by jowl, and Meriel Bayesterton took her place among the beauties of the English court. It had become the Madam's fixed ambition that Meriel and Julian should marry, and she managed to give them plenty of opportunity to learn to love one another. This was all the more attainable because Lord Bayesterton was fulfilling the Winships' hopes in his interest in Julian, and it looked very much as if everything was cut and dried and salted away.

Beyond our domestic interests the times were surcharged with that excitement of uncertainty that anticipates the declaration of war. Africa, Boer and Cape Town were the a-b-c of conversation, and the boys were fired with the desire to go for soldiers, so that I had plenty to occupy my mind when John Ludlow Trent chose to add more color to my general surroundings by writing me an odd letter.

At first I didn't see that it was posted in London, but when I did you can imagine my breath came short out of my body. "I want to see my boy," said the letter. "I don't mean that I want him to see me, or to speak to him—no, I couldn't bear that. But I want to see him. Can you not arrange it so that I may see him, if only for a moment? God knows I could learn his face by heart in one flash."

Here was a difficult proposition. I am afraid I never stopped to ask myself whether I had the right to do what he asked. One couldn't expect a softy like me to deny a man a chance to look at his own boy. But I finally arranged to meet Mr. Trent outside the house one evening, and bringing him up the servants' way to let him into the bedroom of Julian's apartments. Staltshire was dining with him informally that evening and they were both going later to a dance at the Duchess of Freess'. I knew the interval would be spent in Julian's study, where he did so little studying, and doors and portières would afford a chance for contraband witnesses.

Mr. Trent had not changed very much. Perhaps there was a little more stoop to the sloping shoulders, a little less of the gray hair, a little more of the doglike wistfulness in the sad eyes. He greeted me with a quiet pressure of the hand and spoke calmly. But I could see that he was trembling from head to foot.

We turned, saying little, and went back to the house, and I took him through the servants' way up to Julian's bedroom. As we opened the door the hearty laugh of Staltshire rang to us and in an instant Julian's joined it royally. Mr. Trent started and laid a detaining hand on my arm. "Oh, my God—to hear him laugh again!" he whispered.

I went to the portière and beckoned. He came forward and stood at the opening, looking from our dark room into their light one, his breath scarcely seeming to come and go. I stepped aside and left him there, for the tears of an emotion too great to be denied were upon his face, and I thought he was best alone. He stood there, a motionless picture except for the trembling of the curtain where his hand held it.

Then, unexpectedly, Julian's voice called out: "I say, Nicholas—you in there?"

With a guilty start I stammered a reply.

"Look to see if my cigarette case is on the dresser. I don't seem to have it in these clothes."

I turned on the light and found the case where he suggested. Laying it on a small, silver tray near at hand I started to the door with it, when, suddenly, Trent appalled me by jumping to me, and taking the salver from me while he whispered madly: "It's all right; his back is toward me—he won't look at me—I must ——"

You may believe that I held my breath while I stood there alone, watching him cross the other room in the dangerously bright light. Staltshire I could not see, but Julian was sitting in a big chair with his back to where I stood.

Quietly, respectfully, Mr. Trent crossed the room and presented the tray at Julian's elbow.

"Of course, there's no manner of doubt the committee was quite right in asking for his resignation from the club," Julian was saying—his hand stretched out blindly toward the tray, and fumbled and found the case.

"Thanks," said he, opening it. "Just strike me a match, please. Nobody was supposed to know just what it was all about, and I'm not at all sure—thank you—that we got the real story, but the chap was certainly a bounder; anybody could see that."

"Don't believe he cared to have it known who his own father was," said Staltshire.

I could see Mr. Trent linger an instant near Julian's chair. I would have been glad to scream like a woman in my nervousness. Then, to my utter relief, I saw the man coming toward me. It was all I could do to prevent my hands from reaching out to draw him more quickly to safety.

Without a word I took him by the arm and led him downstairs and into my own little room.

"Well," said I, once we were inside, leaning against the closet door, "I thought you had finished us for certain."

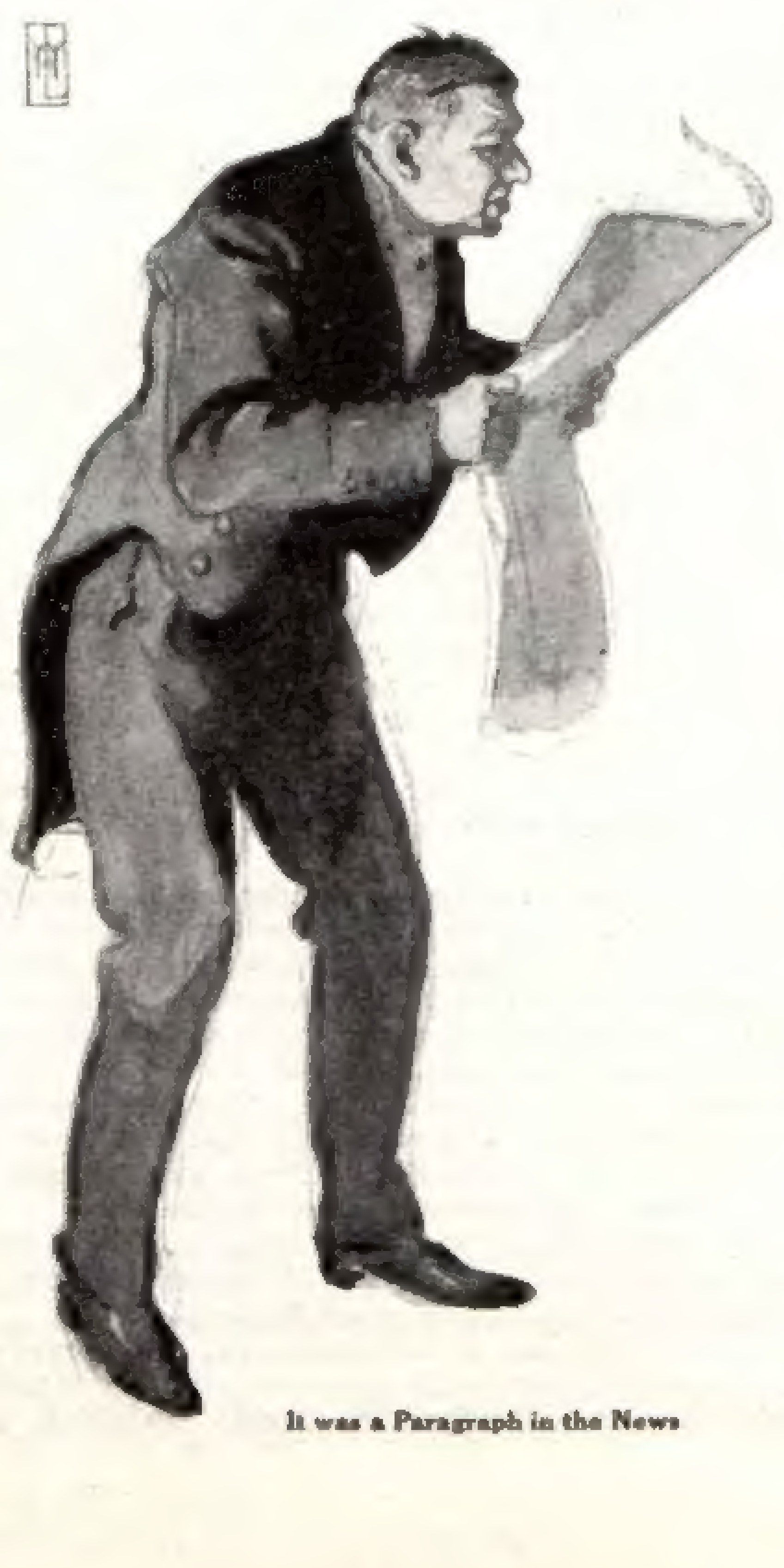
He was still struggling with his emotion. He was trembling, and his lips twitched like those of a woman when she wants to cry, or doesn't want to—I don't know which to say. "I'm sorry to have put you in such a predicament," he said. "But somehow I couldn't help it. I had to be near him just a minute, just once. Good God, man, you don't know how near to madness I have been; starved for the touch of my boy. I don't believe you people realize that you put me into solitary confinement twelve years ago."

I wanted him to sit down, but he wouldn't stay a moment longer. Still I held the door and I wanted to find out what he was going to do. "Listen to me," said I, wondering if he was paying any attention to what I said, for his eyes were clouded with a film of recollection and I guessed his thoughts were upstairs with the elegant young dandy who was his own son—"how do you come to be in London, and what are you going to do now?"

He looked up with a wistful smile. "Oh, it doesn't matter much, does it? I am not going to stay in England—don't worry about that. Of course, the temptation would be unendurable. In some starved, crazy moment I might do something irrevocably wrong. I don't know where I shall go—anywhere where they speak English; Australia, perhaps, or India, or South Africa, or back to America. It doesn't matter much, does it?"

"But you'll let me know from time to time?" said I.

"If you wish," he said negligently. I had stepped aside from the door and he went to it. At the threshold he turned half toward me. "The right kind of father makes a lot of difference here, doesn't it?" he said, half to me, half to himself. Then he seemed to forget me entirely. "Poor Julian!" he said slowly and very, very softly. "Poor Berenice! How much unhappiness I brought them both. It is very lonely for me, though, without either of them." He smiled again at me wistfully, blankly, only partly conscious of my presence. And then he went unobtrusively away.



It was a Paragraph in the News

For a long time after this things went along their old way. Julian was nearing that momentous birthday that should declare him of age. Madam Winship and the General were plotting like a pair of conspirators in a play to bring about a match between him and Meriel Bayesterton. There was no male heir to that line and I could see larger plans further along that should lift Julian into one of the oldest of English titles. They were brought together as often as the occasion was considered propitious, and I could see plainly enough that Julian was quite in accord with the family in desiring the match. In fact, when he was with her seemed the only time when he was happy—when he was quite himself. For there was at all other times a brooding look between his brows that was not the seal of a placid mind. As for the girl herself, I could tell nothing. She was proud, for all her gentle beauty, and never gave him so much as a droop of the eyelash.

Sometimes, indeed, I had to rub my eyes to believe I was awake, and that Julian Winship was really the little boy whom I had lured to my side in the theatre with a chocolate candy, and that the poor man among the drums, of whom he had been so proud, should now be a despised vagabond on the face of the earth. I had not heard one word from him since that night, almost a year since, when these two personalities once all the world to one another had stood, their bodies almost touching; one giving no sign of his nearness, the other never dreaming he was near.

For the night of Julian's twenty-first birthday a grand dinner had been arranged in celebration. During that day, when he and I were occasionally alone together, something perilously near a recognition of that forbidden presence hovered between us, and often, with that drawn look between his brows, the handsome young fellow turned to me, half breathless as if caught by the throat, his lips parted on the words. But each time he turned away again in silence.

It was strange that it should have been on this very day I should have come upon the story—the closing chapter of the story of the man among the drums. It was a paragraph in the News, but it brought me to my feet.

I was sitting in my little room, reading the papers, reading, to be more explicit, the news from South Africa, as every one else was doing in those days. For already the black badge of a nation at war had begun to be worn in the streets of London, and women who were wives became widows.

The battle near Bontekőe had been fought some days before, but the detail was just beginning to come in, and long columns with editorial comment were giving the stories of bravery and sacrifice and death. And in such a column there was this:

> What will undoubtedly prove to be one of the most thrilling incidents of the war occurred during this battle. As has been previously described, the position of this small detachment of the Ninth Lancers was perilous in the extreme, and much depended upon their holding firm while Cantry swung around Rijlandt to attack the Boers. The only hope, seemingly, was that the Ninth Lancers—what was left of the detachment—should hold the first trenches, then under heavy fire. And this was forlorn enough, for the Boer forces were six to one and advancing by charges with unbelievable bravery and rapidity. Under the third charge the commanding officer, Biston, was shot, and Bryson, who took his place, believing the position impossible, was about to give the order to retreat. Panic-stricken, the few living defenders of the trench were about to break for safety.
>
> Just before this it was that a poor devil of a camp follower, name and home unknown, who had been trailing about the country for some time earning a desultory living in and about the camps, and who had come with water for the wounded lying in the emergency hospital wagons, had a leg carried away by a ball and fell into the trench. "It's come, thank God; thank God, it's come!" he was saying over and over to himself.
>
> No one paid any further attention to him, but when the crucial moment of danger and failure came down upon the trench there, the man was discovered in a sitting position, the drum of a dead boy before him; and the brave, rattling march he suddenly flung out upon the air steadied the entire line. The men have said it was no other thing that smothered the stampede. He drummed away lustily until he fell over dead upon his instrument.
>
> Her Majesty has graciously directed that an enlarged replica of the V. C. be cut upon a stone for the man's nameless grave. Nothing is known of his identity. He was about sixty years old, gray-haired, brown-eyed, stooping in figure, and all that he carried in his pocket was a small, painted, wooden monkey, such as children have among their toys. Where he learned his unusual mastery of the drum is still a mystery.

Yes, it brought me to my feet and I started blindly for the door. This thing should be said after all between

(Continued on Page 36)

THE BIBLE AS GOOD READING

BY SENATOR ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

A CURIOUS study is that of the circumstances attending the birth of the great. It would seem that Fate plans their entrance into the world as carefully as this mistress of human destiny arranges the whole pattern of their lives. And yet it is not Fate at all. The great are made so by the vigor of parents, prenatal influences, early environment. Who doubts that Bonaparte would not have developed into Napoleon, the world conquerer, had not his mother been a woman of immense abilities and extraordinary energies? And also before he was born had she not ridden, by day and by night, with her husband in the Corsican campaigns, studying, witnessing, practicing strategy with the ablest soldiers on the field, enduring privations of march and experiencing the determined courage which the battlefield inspires?

Was not Alexander the son of Philip? Was he not born in the very whirlwind of warfare? Did he not spring from the loins of an unexhausted statesman and warrior; and are we not told that the queen dreamed that she was to be the mother of a lion? It was not for nothing that Abraham Lincoln's parents were the poorest of the poor and the commonest of the common people. It was this which gave him his blood understanding—so much deeper and truer than the brain understanding—of the masses, of their wants, needs, destiny. It was this which gave him the breadth of wisdom to know the common mind—the breadth of wisdom so much wider and deeper than that of the ablest statesman who does not have this *kinship* with the millions.

If you look narrowly you will see how Fortune marks those whom she means to make the officers of her large designs by peculiarities of their birth and parenthood. It is all quite natural and entirely scientific; but it is so striking and apparently exceptional that we cannot wonder that ruder people were superstitious about such things.

Moses in the Making

THIS same thing was markedly true of the man who is one of the greatest of all merely human personages—the Jewish law-giver, statesman, leader—Moses. In the first place, the Egyptians in their fear of the multiplying power of the children of Israel, as a means of retarding it used the very methods to advance it. They put the Hebrews at hard work in the open air. Still they waxed stronger! Of course they waxed stronger. But this astonished the Egyptians, so they set taskmasters over them, and regulated the work of the Israelites with rigid severity.

> And they (the Egyptians) made their lives bitter with hard bondage, . . . all their service, wherein they made them serve, was with rigor.

And, of course, they grew harder-muscled, steadier-nerved, and, because of the watchfulness constantly maintained over them, quicker-minded. Every year they learned *discipline* and acquired an instinct for solidarity. It was the very training necessary to produce a people from whom should spring a fearless, methodical, inventive statesman, full of initiative. And it was from parents of the more intellectual type among such a people, whose very intellectuality had been vitalized and made orderly by disciplined work, that Moses came.

He appeared, too, at a time when all of the male children of the Hebrews were to be killed under the orders of Pharaoh. That her son should escape this fate was undoubtedly the consuming thought of Moses' mother. She kept Moses to herself until she could conceal him no longer. Then she made her famous ark of bulrushes, put Moses in it and sent him afloat in the water where the weeds were thick enough to keep him from being drawn away by the current. Then comes the incident of Pharaoh's daughter finding him; unwittingly giving Moses' own mother to him as a nurse; bringing up the future deliverer of Israel in her own house; thus bestowing upon him all the instruction and training of a prince. An ideal birth and an ideal training for a great work, was it not?

Then comes the incident of Moses killing the Egyptian, which proves his volcano-like passion; the discovery of his crime and his flight, which proves his prudence; his courtesy to the daughters of the priest of Midia, which demonstrates the human touch in him; his service as a shepherd of this Midianite, whose daughter he had married (for Moses was a marrying man from the first).

The Craft of the Israelites' Leader

I AM not going to tell you all of this fascinating history of this mighty man, so full of human incident—read it for yourself in the words of the best of story-tellers and biographers. Find out how he got back to Egypt; the boldness and craft of his leadership of his oppressed people and all of the circumstances of his development as statesman and law-giver. There is not a dull line among them except the occasional genealogies—which are always dull, in the Bible and every place else.

I do not recall a more tremendous picture in any literature I ever heard of than that of the passage of the children of Israel through the Red Sea, and the catastrophe that overthrew the Egyptians following them. This whole paper might be written on the fourteenth chapter of Exodus.

How like the fear of masses of people was the terror of the Israelites when they saw the Egyptians coming after them! And how like real greatness in all times is the splendid spirit of Moses when he told them: Fear ye not; stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord!

Moses was always thus inspiring the people when they needed it and rebuking them with equal vigor when they needed rebuke.

But I will pass all this and get to a few paragraphs upon the laws of Moses—his real work and his immortal monument.

From the very day of his return to Egypt we find him giving orders of one kind or another to all the children of Israel; and, significantly enough, they are nearly all of them about eating and drinking—evidently the prime importance of the laws of hygiene impressed itself upon this practical statesman. Moses had great difficulty with the children of Israel in the wilderness. It is interesting to see him enforcing one simple commandment after another, such as the keeping of the Sabbath—Moses, I believe, was the first of the Hebrews to put that custom into actual practice. As fast as he could get them used to it he assumed a judgeship over them. The Bible says:

> Moses sat to judge the people: and the people stood by Moses from the morning unto the evening.

Moses' father-in-law objected to this; and they had an argument about it. Here is the way the Bible puts it:

> The thing that thou doest is not good (judging the people). Thou wilt surely wear away, both thou and this people that is with thee: for this thing is too heavy for thee; thou art not able to perform it thyself alone.

Decidedly the old man was wiser than Moses, as witness his following remarks to Moses:

> Hearken now unto my voice, I will give thee counsel, and God shall be with thee: Be thou *for the people* to Godward, that thou mayest bring the causes unto God:
>
> And thou shalt teach them *ordinances and laws* and shalt show them . . . . the work that they must do
>
> Moreover thou shalt provide out of all the people able men, such as fear God, men of truth hating covetousness; and place such over them to be rulers of thousands, and rulers of hundreds, rulers of fifties, and rulers of tens:
>
> And let *them* judge the people at all seasons: and it shall be, that every great matter they shall bring unto thee, but every small matter they shall judge: so shall it be easier for thyself, and they shall bear the burden with thee.

Moses saw the good sense of that, and instantly adopted the idea. There again was greatness. A great man is not he who thinks up everything for himself. The great man is he who is hospitable to ideas, no matter from what source they come.

So this was the origin of the judicial system of the Jewish people.

Very soon Moses saw that practical judgments were not enough. The people must have moral laws and observe them from generation to generation until they were transformed into human character. So God delivered to him the Ten Commandments, which he delivered to the Jewish people; and these commandments, handed down from Sinai, are, with the modifications which the Savior made, the foundation of the morality of all the civilized world in the twentieth century.

The Ten Laws of Righteousness

THAT is a vast thing, when you think about it. All the righteousness of the world is condensed into a few sentences given to a semi-barbarous people thousands and thousands of years ago, and perfected by our Lord two thousand years ago. I defy any man to read the Bible without being immensely interested, and also without acquiring a respect amounting almost to awe for the mind and conscience that could have devised it—this at least, if indeed, like myself, you do not come to see that it was more than a human wisdom; it was entirely a Divine Wisdom.

Now we get to the laws of Moses. I do not think that the lawyers that are being developed now are so good as our earlier lawyers; because not many of them read the Bible, and very few, indeed, are well grounded in it. In a former time, boys who afterward became lawyers were really deeply read in the ordinances of the first and greatest law-givers of the world—the ancient Hebrews. You will be astonished to find how the roots of our law run back to the Hebrew encampments in the wilderness. But there is not time to trace out that most engaging connection.

Let us take a few of these statutes as examples of wonderful and exceedingly practical human wisdom. The very first thing we notice is a tendency toward liberty—even toward democracy; for you must know that the Jewish people were the first champions of liberty the world ever saw. Don't forget that it was a time when slavery was universal. Yet, here is this law:

> If thou buy an Hebrew servant, six years he shall serve: and in the seventh he shall go out free for nothing.

There are many and rigid laws against murder, wounding and fighting of all kinds—evidently Moses' people were

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Editor's Note—This is the second of two papers on the Bible as a piece of literature.

very hot-blooded. Here again the tendency toward freedom occurs—Moses never lost an opportunity to make an excuse to set servants free. For example:

> And if a man smite the eye of his servant, or the eye of his maid, that it perish; he shall let him go free for his eye's sake.
>
> And the same of a tooth.

The law of damages is minute; and up to a hundred years ago the preceding thousands of years had wrought very little improvement in it. In some respects the laws of Moses were better than ours.

> For all manner of trespass . . . the cause of both parties shall come before the judges; and whom the judges shall condemn, he shall pay double unto his neighbor.

In the more delicate affairs of human life the laws of Moses were most humane, considerate and just—in some respects much more so than our own to-day. And occasionally he rises to the heights of Him of the Mount of Olives, as, for example, in his famous ordinance:

> Ye shall not afflict any widow, or fatherless child.

And this was not only moral law, but a practical rule of action and punishment rigidly enforced. And his laws against usury are equally effective.

For the Health of the People

THE foregoing laws are pretty good, are they not? But, mind you, they are only the beginnings—the first attempts of Moses. Here are some examples after he got thoroughly trained to his work. We must note that the very first and most numerous of these concern the health of the people. From the time of Moses until this day, the most perfect laws of hygiene ever developed were the health ordinances of the great Hebrew law-giver:

> Whatsoever parteth the hoof, and is clovenfooted, and cheweth the cud, among the beasts, that shall ye eat.

But they were forbidden to eat anything else, and, as we know to-day, for most excellent scientific reasons. And as to water-animal life:

> Whatsoever hath fins and scales in the waters, in the seas, and in the rivers, them shall ye eat.

But everything else in the waters were "an abomination." Then he enumerates all the kinds of birds they may not eat. Every kind of scavenger on water, on land or in the air was condemned. Moses was so particular about it that he commanded that

> Whosoever toucheth the carcass of them shall be unclean until the even.

Even to the varieties of fowl, fish and beast to which Moses confined the Israelites he applied the most searching methods to determine whether even these were in good health. I know nothing more impressive than this fact, that down to twenty-five years ago the most perfect method to determine whether any bird, fish or animal was healthful was the Jewish method of Moses. In America, up to the time of our Meat Inspection Law, passed at the last session of Congress, the Kosher slaughter-houses were the most scientifically hygienic in all the thousands of years from the time of Moses.

Take, for example, the precautions in determining the wholesomeness of beef. In the Kosher slaughter-house the animal is elevated by the hind quarters, so that all the blood runs toward the head. Then the throat is cut by a single stroke of a long knife, designed for this purpose. And every drop of the blood is drained away. The animal is then cut open and the hand inserted and the sides within carefully felt to see whether there are any adhesions. If a single one develops the animal is condemned. The lungs are blown into, and if the least air escapes the animal is condemned. And so on with other like precautions, every one of which, as we now know, being entirely scientific. And yet this practice is not one whit different to-day than it was in the days of Moses.

The truth is that the Jews are the only people who as a people, and speaking by and large, have been eating wholesome meat for several thousand years. Sometimes this entailed sacrifice among the poor. For example, I know of one instance where a Jewish family in Germany had fattened a fowl for one of their holidays. As they were required to do, they took it to the priest, who, upon examination according to the Mosaic rules, found it unwholesome. This family immediately sold it to Christians in open market, as they had a perfect right to do, because the Christians were then eating, and have always been eating, a good, fat fowl without ever thinking whether there was anything the matter with it or not.

We sometimes wonder at the amazing vitality of the Jews—their physical persistence as a people—but if you read the laws of Moses and reflect that they have been observed rigidly even to this day, wonder begins to dissolve.

Of course I cannot take up all of this paper with the laws of Moses; but suffer one or two further examples. Nothing shows the deep statesmanship of this wonderful man and his craft in the service of liberty so much as his institution of the year of the Jubilee, which came every fifty years. In that year every bondsman went free and every man returned to his own possessions.

> And ye shall hallow the fiftieth year, and proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof: it shall be a jubilee unto you; and ye shall return every man unto his possession, and ye shall return every man unto his family.

Everybody set free; all debts discharged; all mortgages lifted. It was something for the people to look forward to. They were not to be eternally chained to existing conditions. There was to be a new deal all around. What a large wisdom—what a far-seeing justice! It is far beyond anything of which we are capable to-day. Any person preaching that doctrine to-day would surely be called an anarchist.

The large tolerance and nobility of mercy in the laws of Moses, even with all of their rigor, are inspiring. For example, if a man got to be so poor that he had to sell his possessions, any of his kin could come around to the buyer and redeem them. With us in this twentieth century when a man sells anything it is gone for good and all, no matter why he had to sell it. The Mosaic law of redemption applies now only to tax sales.

Justice to the Wife and Husband

THE Mosaic laws on divorce contain the highest justice toward woman the world ever saw down to the time of Christ. Before Moses (and, excepting only among the Jewish people after him, for that matter), a man took or put away his wife at will, and she was more or less an outcast. But with Moses there was a regular bill of divorcement. Everything is so full of common-sense. For example, take these statutes concerning the honeymoon:

> When a man hath taken a new wife, he shall not go out to war, neither shall he be charged with any business: but he shall be free at home one year, and shall cheer up his wife which he hath taken.

This was not only kindness and an understanding of the situation; but it was great shrewdness, also. The man would probably be worth very little that year, anyhow. I must again repeat the element of mercy running through the laws of Moses, and in an age, remember, when mercy was very little heard of or understood. For example:

> Thou shalt not lend upon usury to thy brother:

or,

> No man shall take the nether or the upper millstone to pledge: for he taketh a man's life to pledge:

or,

> If the man be poor, thou shalt not sleep with his pledge:
>
> In any case thou shalt deliver him the pledge again when the sun goeth down, that he may sleep in his own raiment, and bless thee:

or,

> Thou shalt not oppress an hired servant that is poor and needy. . . . At his day thou shalt give him his hire, neither shall the sun go down upon it; for he is poor and setteth his heart upon it:

or,

> When thou cuttest down thine harvest in thy field, and hast forgot a sheaf in the field, thou shalt not go again to fetch it: it shall be for the stranger, for the fatherless and for the widow:

or,

> When thou beatest thine olive tree, thou shalt not go over the boughs again: it shall be for the stranger, for the fatherless and for the widow.
>
> When thou gatherest the grapes of thy vineyard, thou shalt not glean it afterward: it shall be for the stranger, for the fatherless and for the widow.

This mercy extended even to the animals, as, for example:

> Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn.

Or take this, at a time, remember, when everybody thought it perfectly right to cheat—even the ancestors of Moses himself, as witness the deceit of Esau and the trick of Jacob played upon Laban. Moses would have none of that, and said:

> Thou shalt not have in thy bag divers weights, a great and a small.
>
> But thou shalt have a perfect and just weight.

In short, go over the laws of Moses. They will surprise you much more than any flimsy sensation that you see in the newspapers, and they will instruct you mightily. They are golden hours indeed one spends with this master wise man of the ancient time, statesman and law-giver, dreamer and man of affairs, physician and poet.

After a Hundred and Twenty Years

FINALLY, Moses came to his end. How grandly tragic was his final day! He never set foot in the promised land toward which he had led his people. But he was permitted to look upon it. Indeed, that is the most, it seems, that is permitted to the vastly great. They see the vision; they plan the march; they captain the advance—but they enter not into the fulfillment. And so Moses, the greatest of the great, went up into Mount Nebo, and the promised land unrolled before him. And then the great one fell. His work was finished, and he fell. And, a hundred and twenty years though he was, "his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated."

Stories of adventure never lose their fascination. Indeed, Mr. A. Conan Doyle, in a thoughtful essay, says that there is an increasing love for tales of this kind, and explains it upon the ground that it is a reaction against our neurotically complex civilization. The Bible is full of these narratives. As I pointed out in the first article, there is not a Hebrew to-day who does not glory in the craft, courage and inspiration of Gideon. Who can forget the exaltation of Disraeli, that greatest of English statesmen, when speaking of the princes of Israel, always naming Gideon! The famous night attack of this Hebrew captain has always reminded me of Washington's night passage of the Delaware and his thunderbolt assault on the Hessians at Trenton. The Israelites had fallen into bad straits.

> And the children of Israel did evil in the sight of the Lord; and the Lord delivered them into the hand of Midian seven years.

And the Midianites "didn't do a thing" to the Jews. They

> destroyed the increase of the earth, till thou come unto Gaza, and left no sustenance for Israel, neither sheep, nor ox, nor ass.

In that black hour a leader arose for the oppressed people, just as leaders for the masses always rise when their situation becomes desperate. It is true that the Bible says that "God sent His angel to Gideon"; but for myself I believe that all great leaders of the people always have been and always will be directly inspired from On High. I find no difference between the Divine Guidance of Moses and a like direction of Washington and Lincoln.

It is picturesquely characteristic that the angel found Gideon "threshing his wheat by the winepress to hide it from the Midianites." Nearly all the great leaders of the people are found thus in the common occupations of the people when they are called to lead the people. So with Jackson and with Cromwell and with Joan of Arc; and the mighty Peter threw aside the barbaric pomp and luxury of Czardom to work as a common laborer in a humble shipyard of Holland. Gideon himself says:

> My family is poor in Manasseh, and I am the least in my father's house.

Nevertheless, the angel hailed him, "Thou mighty man of valor!" for he saw quite through the externals into the soul of the man. It is a curious thing how the mysterious quality of daring is almost impossible of discovery until occasion develops it. The quiet man may have it, and, on the contrary, the most ostentatious and vain-glorious man may have

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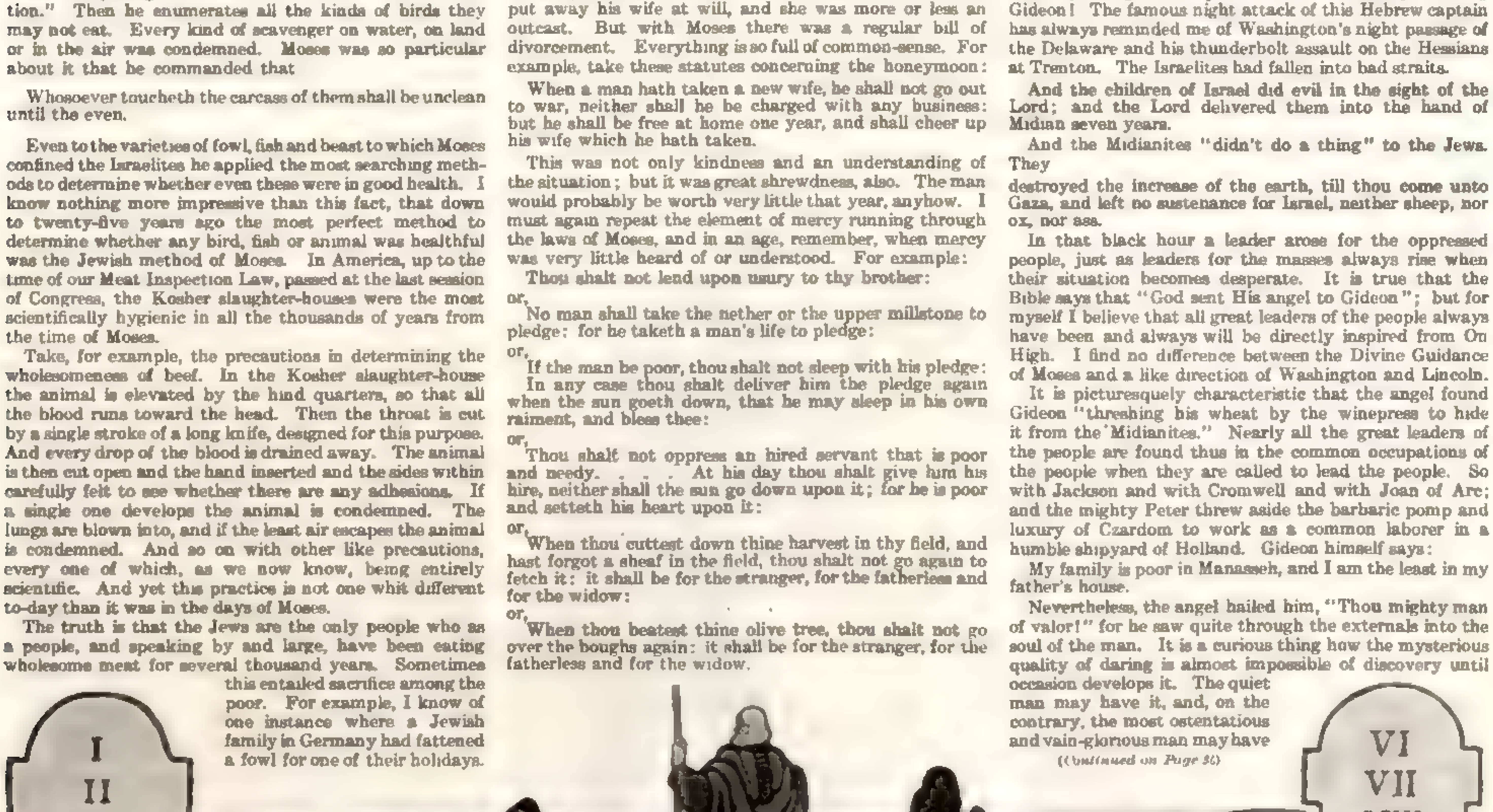
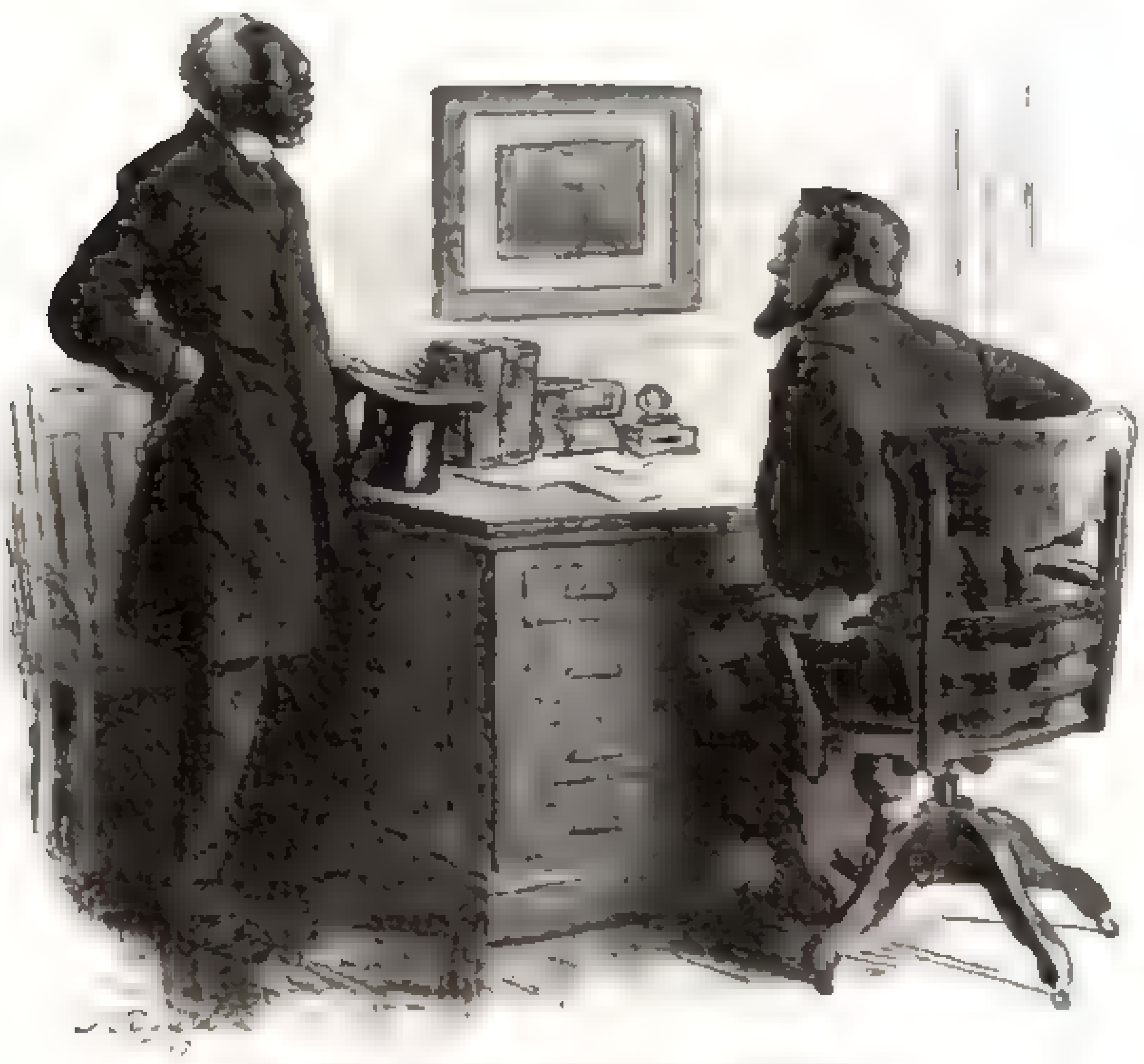


LETTERS TO JAY COOKE

Chase as a Prophet, Jay Gould as a Bargainer
Grant, Childs and the Lobby

Edited by Ellis P. Oberholtzer, Ph. D.



"But, Marse Cooke, dat Book wah Not de Bible"

II

THAT Chase did not expect or desire to leave the Treasury Department in 1864 when he resigned because Lincoln would not let him choose his own man as Assistant Treasurer of the United States at New York to succeed John J. Cisco, is a well-known fact. He had resigned two or three times before, but now as then he had no notion that the President would be willing to do without him, although he openly dared to be a candidate for the succession in the White House. Immediately after leaving his office he wrote to Cooke on July 1, 1864:

"*My dear Mr. Cooke*:

"When I found that upon the question of Mr. Cisco's successor I was not to be left free from all other considerations except simple fidelity to the general cause and fitness for the place, but was expected to take into consideration questions of local politics, I felt myself constrained to make it a turning point. I had been so much embarrassed and injured by the standing of one of the members of the Cabinet that I could not feel at all safe unless that office was in hands on which I could personally depend. The President differed with me. I tendered my resignation and he thought it best to accept it. I could not remain and feel that my Department was really under my own control or that I had any real ability to serve the country in it. The President did not see the matter as I did

"It was very painful for me to resign, especially at a moment of peril, but at moments of peril the pilot must have command of the ship, whether the best pilot that can be found or not. If the captain won't let him have charge the pilot cannot be expected to be willing to do the piloting. I don't know that I could do the piloting and have nothing to complain of, if when I tendered my resignation it was accepted.

"After all, I did not know but it would later, if not then. It was very doubtful whether Congress would give the additional taxes necessary to a firm basis of credit, and I am tired of expedients. I want something solid. Congress, you know, did refuse the tax on State banks necessary to compel them to assume the burden of contracting circulation, and so put that burden wholly on the Treasury. Congress refused also to give the Treasury the benefit of the whole tax on national banks as a basis for loans. I felt, therefore, that if Congress should refuse also taxes sufficient to produce at least half the expenditure of the next fiscal year that I could hardly remain, anyhow.

"These considerations made me more than willing to resign. After all, I should have held on as long as I could hope to be useful had not I feared that my insisting on what I thought the true and only safe principle relating to the appointment of Assistant Treasurers made my position disagreeable to the President, and that I must hold my office, if I retained it, either by surrendering a point which I thought vital, or against his inclinations. I therefore tendered my resignation and feel its acceptance as a real relief

"I am still ready to do all I can for our country and hope some pilot will be found able and willing and permitted to command the ship. God will yet bring us through.

Your friend,
"S. P. CHASE."

On August 15, at Litchfield, Connecticut, six weeks later, Chase continued his observations on the political situation in a letter to the Philadelphia financier as follows:

"*My dear Cooke:*

"Yours of August 3 only reached me last Friday in Boston. As I came here Saturday I have found time, even for a short reply, only this morning.

"I knew you would do all you could to aid Mr. Fessenden [Chase's successor in the Treasury Department] He is worthy and should have all the support we can give him. I feel especially bound to give it, as he says it was mainly on my advice that he determined to accept office.

"That advice was prompted by a sincere desire for the success of the Government in this great trial. Had Mr. Lincoln's desire been equally strong he would hardly have preferred the acceptance of my resignation to allowing me to name the officer for whom I must be responsible, without attempting to subject me to the political control of such Senators as Mr. Morgan or of anybody except himself, and even his own should be limited to seeing that I named only fit men. I doubt if I should have advised Mr. Fessenden to accept had I not believed that those banks and bank officers who had chosen to take hostile positions toward me would probably, and almost certainly, take the opportunity of giving such aid to him as would make his success more conspicuous than mine. But they have given him only fair words. They offered little more, and not much either, if he would violate the law and every principle of sound policy and make them depositories and use their credit as money. This he would no more do than I, and they are now practically as hostile to him as they were to me, while he has disadvantages in regard to their hostility which I had not. So that he is now really in a harder place than I should have been, which certainly, had I foreseen, would not have allowed me to urge his acceptance.

"There is a great and growing distrust of Mr. Lincoln among the people, and the future does not look cheerful to me. The fall of 1864 seems likely to resemble that of 1862. The army and navy may bring the Administration through. Nothing else can, I fear."

The situation as the campaign of 1864 progressed was truly critical and there was much doubt of Lincoln's re-election. When past masters in practical politics like Thurlow Weed and Lincoln himself, who had no superior in this field, felt dismay there was good reason to fear the result. Lincoln was so much exercised, indeed, that he sent for Judge Cartter, of the District of Columbia Supreme Court, according to W. B. Shaw (who got the information from Cartter), to see if terms could not be made with Chase. As Taney, the old Chief Justice who had rendered the Dred Scott Decision, would soon retire, Cartter was authorized by the President to hint to Chase that he might have this place if he would stump Ohio, and some other Western States where his influence was strong, for the Republican ticket. The ex-Secretary of the Treasury agreed to do so. Lincoln was elected, and Chase, the Cookes and others in that group were then afraid that something would occur to change the President's mind.

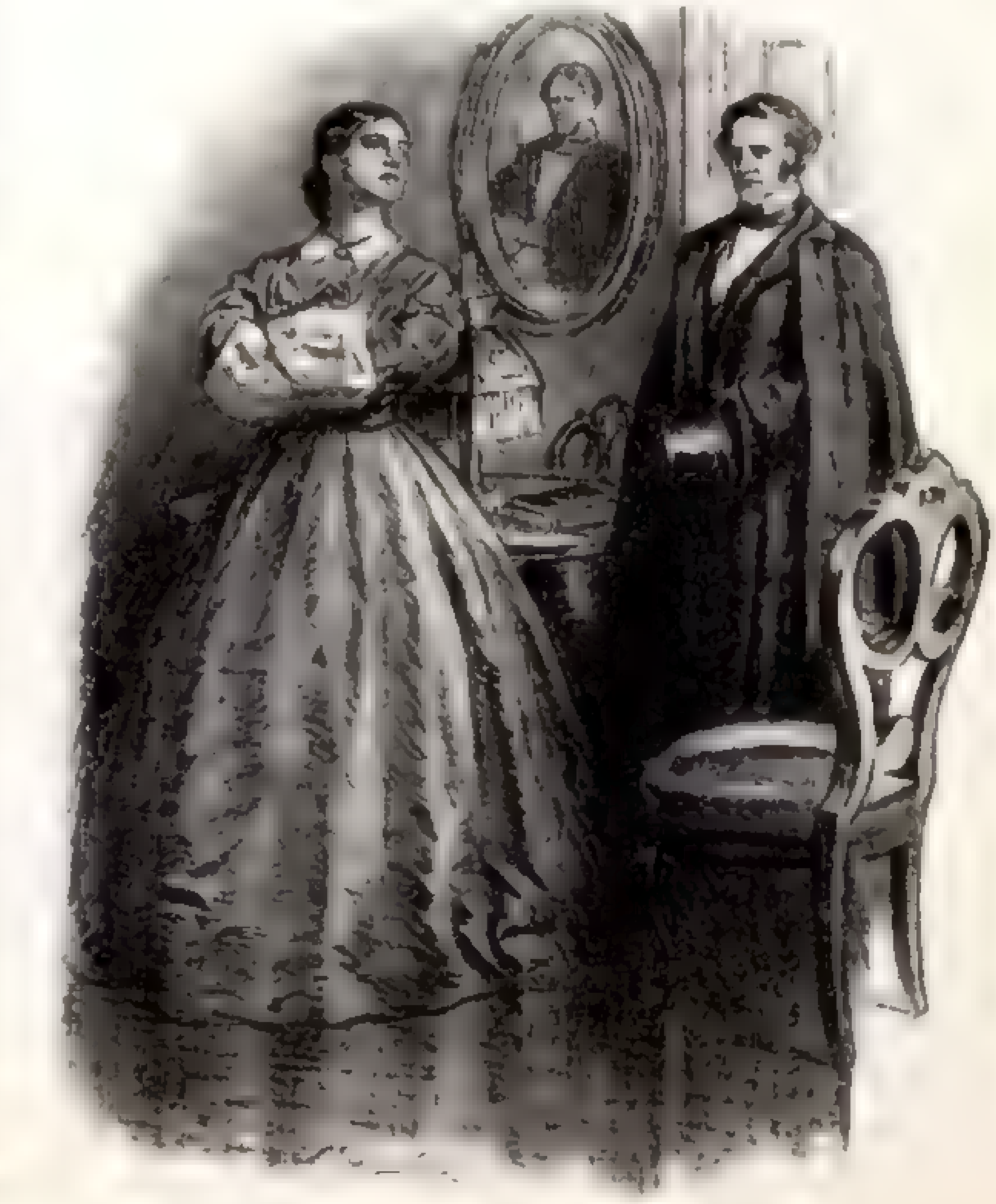
It is often said that Chase was disinclined to accept the Chief Justiceship, fearing that such action would give a quietus to his Presidential ambitions. The story is told of his aspiring daughter Kate that, when Charles Sumner came to announce to her the confirmation of her father's name in the Senate, she said: "And you, too, Mr. Sumner. I had thought much better of you. You, too, trying to shelve papa!"

No illusions about the office seeking the man can be entertained after a reading of Chase's letters to Jay Cooke in the autumn of 1864. On November 16 he wrote to the financier from Cincinnati:

"Would it not be well, if our leading friends in Philadelphia and Pennsylvania are really desirous that I be appointed to the vacant place on the Bench, that McMichael, Cameron, McVeagh and others go to Washington and strongly represent the case? I know the President intended to offer the appointment to me, but those who persecuted me in the Treasury Department seem to be doing their best to make him change his purpose. This, of course, to you alone."

Mr. Cooke and his brother Henry bestirred themselves in a number of directions, and it was a pleasant relief to Chase and his friends when his name was forwarded to the Senate.

With General Grant and his family the Cookes were warmly intimate also, and they often visited at each other's homes. Grant had as little appreciation of music as it is possible, probably, for a human being to possess. While to it is attributed charm to "soothe the savage breast," and some animals are known to come under its spell, the General was entirely unsusceptible. Indeed, he seems to have prided himself on this detail of his nature. He was wont to say, "I know two tunes. One is Yankee Doodle and the other isn't." Once Jay Cooke's niece, of whom one of Grant's sons was an admirer, was a guest at the President's cottage at Long Branch. She, being an accomplished singer, was invited to the piano. After entertaining the company for some time Mrs. Grant turned to her husband and remarked: "Isn't the singing lovely?"



"And You, Too, Mr. Sumner. I Had Thought Much Better of You"

"I believe I have heard worse noises," the President responded dryly.

In 1880 Cooke had just recovered his fortune by an almost miraculous stroke of speculation after several years of poverty following the panic of 1873. He took hold of a silver mine in Utah, and to reach it and make the investment profitable nearly two hundred miles of railroad had to be laid across the desert southwest from Salt Lake. In this work he met Jay Gould, then dominant in the affairs of the Union Pacific Railroad. Wharton Barker had been an influence in the Republican National Convention of 1880 to defeat Grant for a third term and nominate Garfield, and he afterward set out to collect $400,000 to prosecute the campaign and asked Cooke to introduce him to Gould. Barker, oddly enough the grandson of Jacob Barker, the financier of the War of 1812, was accompanied by the financier of the Civil War to New York. They called at Gould's office, and the banker peered out at them through an aperture in the wall the size of a man's hat. When he saw Mr. Cooke he invited them in and asked what they wanted of him.

"I would like to have some money for the Republican campaign fund," said Cooke.

"Well, I'll give you $100,000," Gould replied promptly, "if you'll let me name two Justices of the Supreme Court."

Cooke looked at his companion for a moment with the old twinkle in his eye, and said:

"Well, Wharton, can we do that?"

Barker thought that such a promise might better not be made, and they went away without the contribution.

How the Darky Bested Cooke in a Deal

JAY COOKE was besieged throughout his life by the poor and the unfortunate. He denied himself to none. Even at the busiest periods of his life all the clerks knew that they would merit his displeasure if they sent suppliants away without telling him of their visits. Such a spirit caused him to suffer much imposition from frauds and charlatans. He often told a good story upon himself. For a long time a clerical-looking old darky was accustomed to call at the bank at irregular intervals in behalf of a church in Virginia. His face was well known to the clerks and they distrusted him. Mr. Cooke gave him five-dollar bills so frequently that his own suspicions were at last aroused, and he asked a friend to ascertain if there really was any such congregation. The word came back that there was not. The next time the negro with the high collar and the white tie came in to seek a contribution Mr. Cooke was ready for him. The man began as usual:

"Knowin' how you was interusted in de spread uv de Word of Gawd I has come, Marse Cooke, to ask you for a kindly subchristun to de chuch."

"That church of yours is a fraud," said Cooke emphatically. "There is no such church;" and he explained how he had investigated the question and was displeased at such deception.

"Oh, Marse Cooke," the negro protested, "dah must be some mistake. Dat's a fac'. Dah's a mistake dah somewheah, shuah."

The man pleaded so warmly that the financier finally agreed to give him another five-dollar bill if he would take an oath never to come in again to interrupt a banker who was very busy with his own affairs. The darky hemmed and hawed at such a restriction upon his privileges, but he at length accepted the onerous condition, and Cooke shouted to a clerk to bring a Bible. None could be quickly found and another book was pressed into the service, when the banker administered the oath:

"You do solemnly swear on the book that you will never come in here to bother me again!"

The man responded in the affirmative and went out. In a few days, upon looking up from his work, Mr. Cooke again saw the familiar face, and exclaimed:

"What do you mean, you old scoundrel, by coming in here when you swore that you would not disturb me again?"

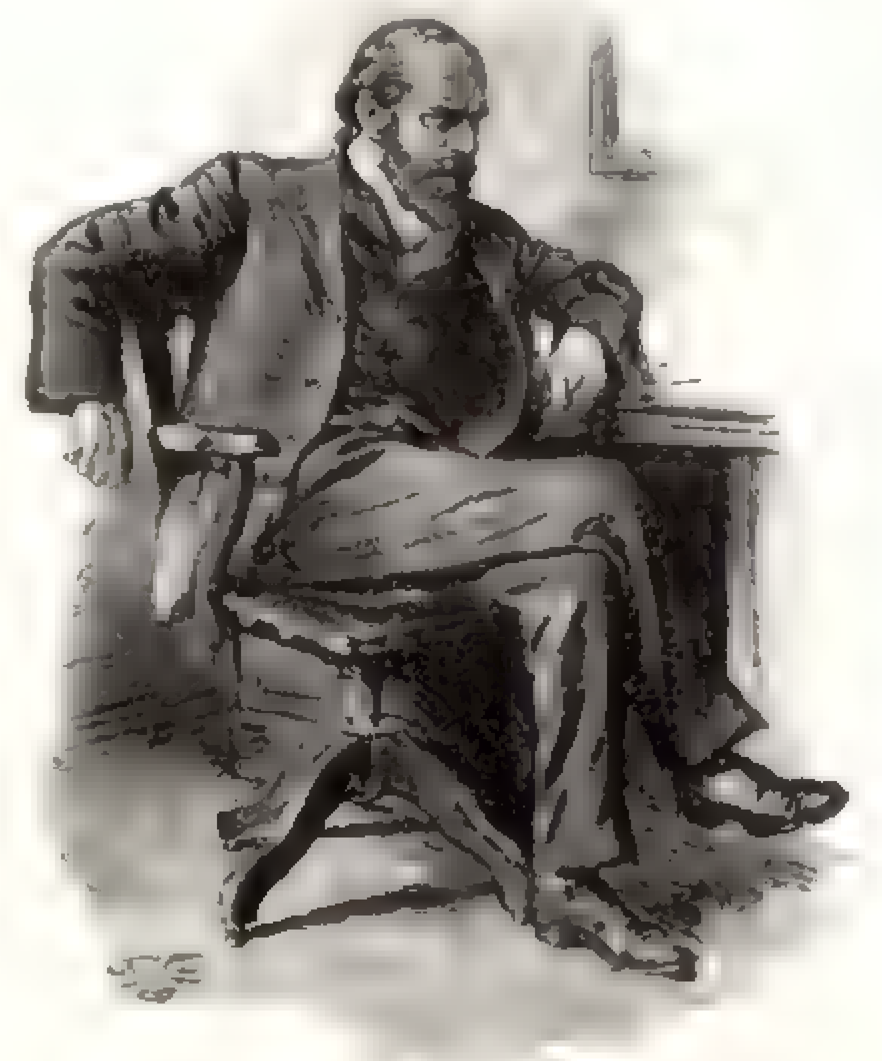
"I did sweah, Marse Cooke," the man explained imperturbably, "but, Marse Cooke, dat book wah not de Bible."

So unexpected a reply melted the financier again and he handed the man another five-dollar bill, this time following the gift with an oath taken on a real Bible with great solemnity, in the presence of the clerks.

Once again the man invaded the office, but upon seeing him Cooke shouted to a clerk to call the police, and the fellow flew out into the street as fast as his legs could carry him, never to return.

The one antipathy of Jay Cooke was George W. Childs, the editor of the Philadelphia Ledger. The trouble between the two men began during the War, when Childs refused to print notices of the Government loans. In antagonizing Cooke, Childs conceived that he was aiding Anthony J. Drexel, who owned the Ledger and who was at the head of an older and a rival banking house. Although it is said by one who was present that the clerks in Drexel's bank threw up their hats when they heard, on September 18, 1873, that Jay Cooke & Co. had failed, Mr. Drexel himself wrote a letter of regret to Cooke, and the latter always believed, though perhaps mistakenly, that "Tony," as he called him on the strength of their long and intimate acquaintance, was at ground a friend.

But Childs was openly and virulently hostile. Every day after the Northern Pacific Railroad scheme was launched the Ledger bristled with ugly attacks upon it. Mutual friends interceded. George Jones, of the New York Times, reproved Childs for his incivility. Other newspapers in Philadelphia publicly charged him with a personal animus, but fair promises were followed by even worse offending. Childs in his bland way continued to cut the articles from his own paper, ran off slips and employed men to translate them into German and other languages, posting them then far and wide in this country and Europe at a cost of thousands of dollars. He established an editorial connection with the London Times, thus influencing its policy regarding American finance, and finally made up to the President. Grant, however, was of another mind regarding the railroad. He told Henry Cooke that the Government would be "repaid pecuniarily in the saving of the cost of transporting troops, and in the speedy settlement of the Indian troubles which railroads will put an end to in a few years, thus rendering an army unnecessary. Even taking the worst view of the opponents of the road," he continued, "it is a choice—the monopoly (as they call it)—of a grand railroad or the monopoly of a howling wilderness."


"Well, I'll Give You $100,000 if You'll Let Me Name Two Justices of the Supreme Court"

In 1871 Jay Cooke offered a high-salaried position in connection with the Northern Pacific Railroad, which he was then building, to Schuyler Colfax, the Vice-President of the United States. He declined it with many regrets, being unwilling to leave the Vice-Presidency, though the compensation of his public office was relatively small; but he suggested ex-Senator Wade, of Ohio, of whom he wrote:

"He is in high favor with the President and the Administration, and popular with Congress. He has the disadvantage of years, but is vigorous; if being now a Government director of the Union Pacific I know he is warmly friendly to the Northern Pacific Railroad. He and Delano have been in the past political rivals in Ohio, Delano nearly beating him for the Senate, and this may have left a trace of feeling, but I do not know of it. He has been a judge and an able lawyer in his prime and has the confidence of all for rugged, unimpeachable integrity, frankness, etc. The President likes him very much and has great faith in him, even more now than ever before.

"Mr. Wade wrote me about the holidays and in the letter expressed his warm regard for General and Mrs. Grant (with whom he and I had dined and spent an evening a week or so before), his admiration of his Administration and his feelings as to those who have calumniated him. It was a hurried letter, written in pencil, but I read it to the President one day and he desired me to give it to him to preserve and read to his family, which I did; and he asked him to come to Washington at once, when he appointed him Commissioner to St. Domingo, and consulted with him about his colleagues on the most confidential and cordial basis."

A very remarkable secret chapter in the history of the Washington lobby after the War, when political corruption was running at high-tide in Congress, is revealed in a statement made to Jay Cooke by Sam Wilkeson, of the New York Tribune, who later became the secretary of the Northern Pacific Railroad. He was a skillful manipulator, and he related the facts to the financier many months after the adventure without arousing very much admiration. The revelation would have caused the dismissal of the delinquent bank cashier if his death had not intervened, for Cooke would not tolerate such employees. Wilkeson told the story as follows:

"In the failure of the Merchants' Bank here [Washington] last year was involved the question of the responsibility of the First National Bank of Washington for the loss of the $200,000 of the public money let out of its safekeeping and put into a depository known to be bankrupt upon, as alleged, the sanction, advice and encouragement of your agent.

"Influential men, jealous of your house and hostile to it, were not wanting to sharply press upon the Banking Committee of the House of Representatives their sense of that loss and that responsibility. Within the committee were men personally and politically unfriendly to you. The circumstances of the failure and the facts of the release of the great sum from your bank and its deposit in the Merchants' were thoroughly investigated by the committee. Every person connected with and cognizant of the transaction was subpœnaed and searchingly examined under oath. The case made by the testimony was a bad one, a very bad one. The whole disaster that threatened was greater than I will tell. But right before me was the imminent peril of a reclamation on your bank for the vast sum of $200,000."

Some Committee-Room Secrets

"WITH every prospect that it would be successfully made I went instantly to work through carefully chosen agents. The preparation of the report of the committee upon the testimony taken was in hostile hands. The chairman of the committee [Theodore M. Pomeroy, of New York] was persuaded first to take it to himself. It was not an easy labor to persuade him next to commit its preparation to a friend, who had more time than himself to bestow upon it, but this was done. The unfinished work of the committee's clerk came into my hands. It was hostile and mischievous in every paragraph. The chairman was next persuaded to reject the partially completed report. He was next persuaded to permit the report to be drawn up for him outside of the committee-room.

"I sat in my hotel unseen, ready to write it. It was written and it exonerated your agent and relieved your bank from responsibility.

"But this conclusion was adverse to the judgment and feelings of a majority of the committee. The chairman objected to it. A majority of the committee was then worked for and got. Still the chairman insisted on modifying the report in logical subjection to the sworn facts of the case. It was modified for him, not by him. Thus rewritten it was still unacceptable. It was written anew and rewritten and rewritten. Five different reports were framed to evade his objections and yet save the bank. And times to see this chairman and read the reports to him when he was most pliable and least likely to assert his independence and act for himself had to be carefully chosen—weary hours better given to sleep abed than spent in exhausting labor in a hot Washington summer.

"He was captured at last, but on the very threshold of success Samuel J. Randall, of Philadelphia, rose in the committee and ruined everything. The chairman was instructed to report a resolution requesting the Attorney-General to bring a suit against your bank to recover the $200,000. The resolution was reduced to writing and the chairman stood in front of the Speaker's desk to offer it.

"The misfortune was boldly and promptly averted. He was decoyed from the floor of the House and held in conversation in a corridor till the opportunity to offer it was lost in the regular order of business.

"The resolution was then got out of his hands. Delays then were prepared to wear out the hostile feeling in the committee-room. Then Randall's absence in Philadelphia was waited and watched for. When it occurred the report of the committee was flung into the House, and your bank was saved.

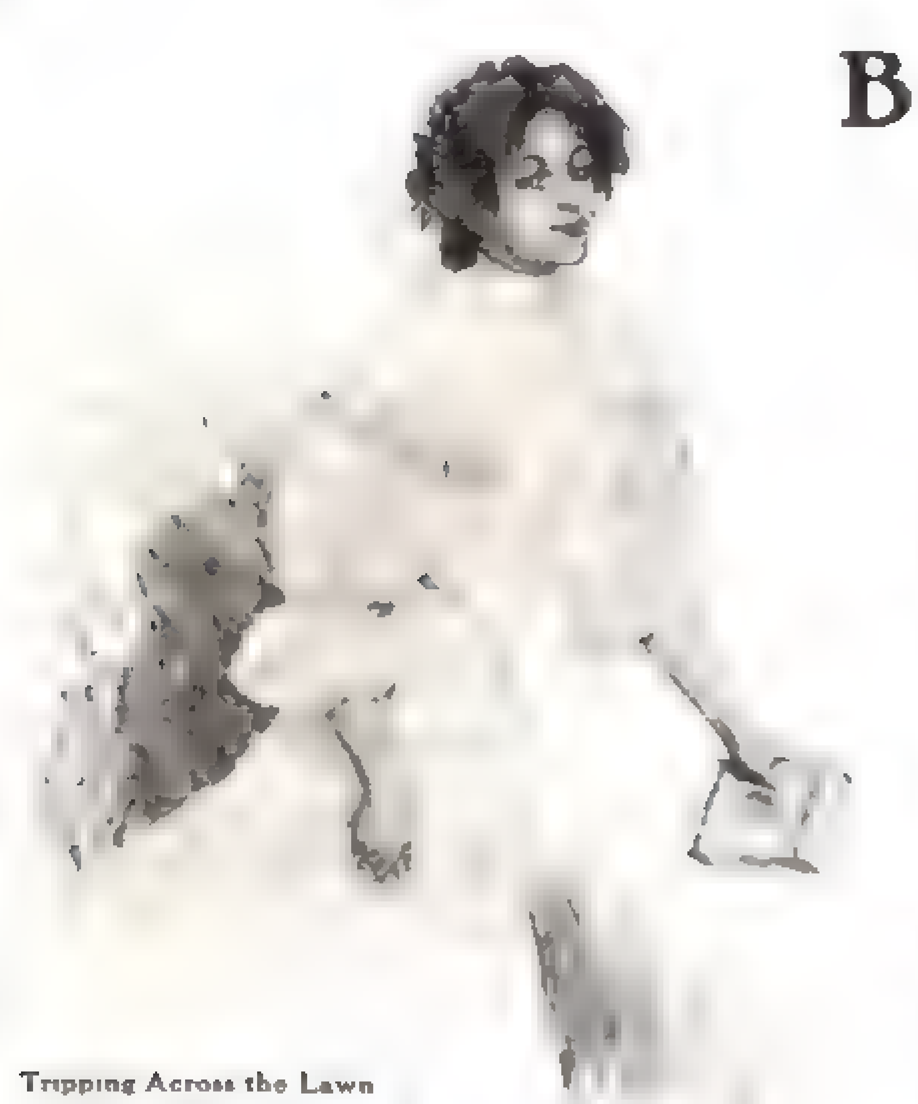
"But that was not enough. Randall on his return swore in a rage that he would at least have the satisfaction of spreading before the country the testimony in the case. On his motion it was ordered to be printed. The printing was held back at the Government printing office until the last night of the session. Then, in the turmoil and haste, on a petition, which I drew in the gallery at two o'clock in the morning and got a reporter and a doorkeeper to sign in conjunction with me, the order to print was revoked by the House. That testimony now lies within my reach. It was a great work, Jay Cooke. Few men could have done it."

Before the appearance in the field of several wealthy Americans the rich name of the world was Rothschild. It inspired something of the awe of Carnegie's and Rockefeller's at this day.

(Concluded on Page 40)

PUPPY LOVE

BY EDWIN L. SABIN



Tripping Across the Lawn Straight to Him, Like a Loyal Comrade

Oh, secret from the world apart!
Oh, stammerings unpaged!
Oh, chesty thrill and groping heart,
That time we were "engaged"!

ALL the world breathed deep of May and was vibrant with sweet thoughts. The day through the birds had been building their nests, and the mated robin's uplifted evensong of promise had yet scarcely died away. Stirred by vague but poignant emotions, of unrest, longing, dissatisfaction—the "hankering" emotions of youth and spring—Harold went strolling through the balmy gloam, a knight errant, his motto "*Ich Liebe —?—*," the charge upon his shield being a heart rampant upon a sleeve, surmounting the figures 18½.

To be young, to be well, to be out of school, to be of good attire, to be of the springtide, and a free-lance—that is much; but something lacked. It was girl. Harold's instinct led him on, shaping his steps. From within the Emerson palings reached him Beulah's merry laughter; the hammock beneath the apple-tree was already occupied. Humph, somebody had got ahead of him, and there was no room for him here; he passed on, until upon the Howland lawn he saw Mistress Dorothy hovering over a petunia bed. Suddenly relieved, as by a sedative, he said "Hello." At Dorothy's clear response he gladly entered.

Dorothy drew the back of her hand across her forehead, to rebuke the straying wisps, and received him frankly.

"I'm weeding," she chirped. "Isn't this a heavenly evening, though?"

Harold agreed. How subtly enticing appeared Dorothy, with her round, slender figure and her ruffly white dress; her lightish, fluffy hair, and her innocent gray eyes, and her smooth, soft cheeks. His heart strangely warmed and thumped. 'Twas good that he had come.

"Let's sit in the hammock," she proposed. "It's on the back porch, because mamma thought she heard thunder. You hang it up and I'll go and wash my hands."

"All right," he agreed willingly.

It imbued him with a pleasant sense of proprietorship to stalk around to the porch and bundle the hammock out to the cherry-tree, there to hang it, as a matter of course, for Dorothy and himself. A dandy girl was Dorothy. After all, it's a girl like this, who meets a fellow half-way, that counts. And there she came, bless her, tripping across the lawn straight to him, like a loyal comrade. He had not been appreciating Dorothy as he should.

"Here," she proffered, sinking in beside him. "Want some?"

She invitingly held out a box containing fudges. He accepted one.

"I made them for mamma's Shakespeare circle tomorrow, but don't you tell. She'll wonder where they went. I can make more, maybe."

No, he wouldn't tell. He thrilled a little at their common secret. The deed established a special bond of union between them, seemed to him. Together they munched.

"I love chocolate fudges better than any other kind," vouchsafed Dorothy. "Don't you?"

He did. He also resolved that he would get her some chocolate creams very soon. She deserved them. The fellows out at school used to send girls boxes of candy, even up to five pounds at a whack; and he bet that none of those girls could be prettier than Dorothy, to-night, or nicer.

The hammock swayed contentedly under their combined weight; the dusky, glamourous spring was around them; in their own nook they swung and munched and chatted.

"There's just one left. You take it," bade Dorothy, thrusting the depleted box into his hands.

His courtesy rebelled.

"No, indeed. You take it yourself," he protested.

"I've had all I want."

"So have I."

"Well, I don't care, then. I expect to be an old maid, anyway."

Defiant of fate, she took. But the idea was monstrous, even pathetic. Dorothy an old maid? Never!

"Here—I'll give you half. You aren't afraid of my fingers, are you?"

Afraid of her fingers—those taper fingers, never so taper as this evening? Well, he should say not!

She girlishly tossed the empty box away, and wiping her fingers daintily, proffered him now the handkerchief. It was a small, filmy, scented fragility, that handkerchief. The favor, and the touch of the soft fragment as he ventured to use it lovingly, sparingly, set him indescribably to tingling; his fingers lingered among the folds and caressed them. Wonderful handkerchief!

"I want it again, please," prompted his companion, extending her hand for it.

Very well she knew that he would not surrender it—didn't she?

"No, I'm going to keep it," he bantered, giddy with his daring, but true to masculine traditions in such a crisis.

"Give it here, please. You must."

She certainly was insistent. Did she mean it?

He tucked it into his side pocket.

"Now, Harold!" she protested prettily.

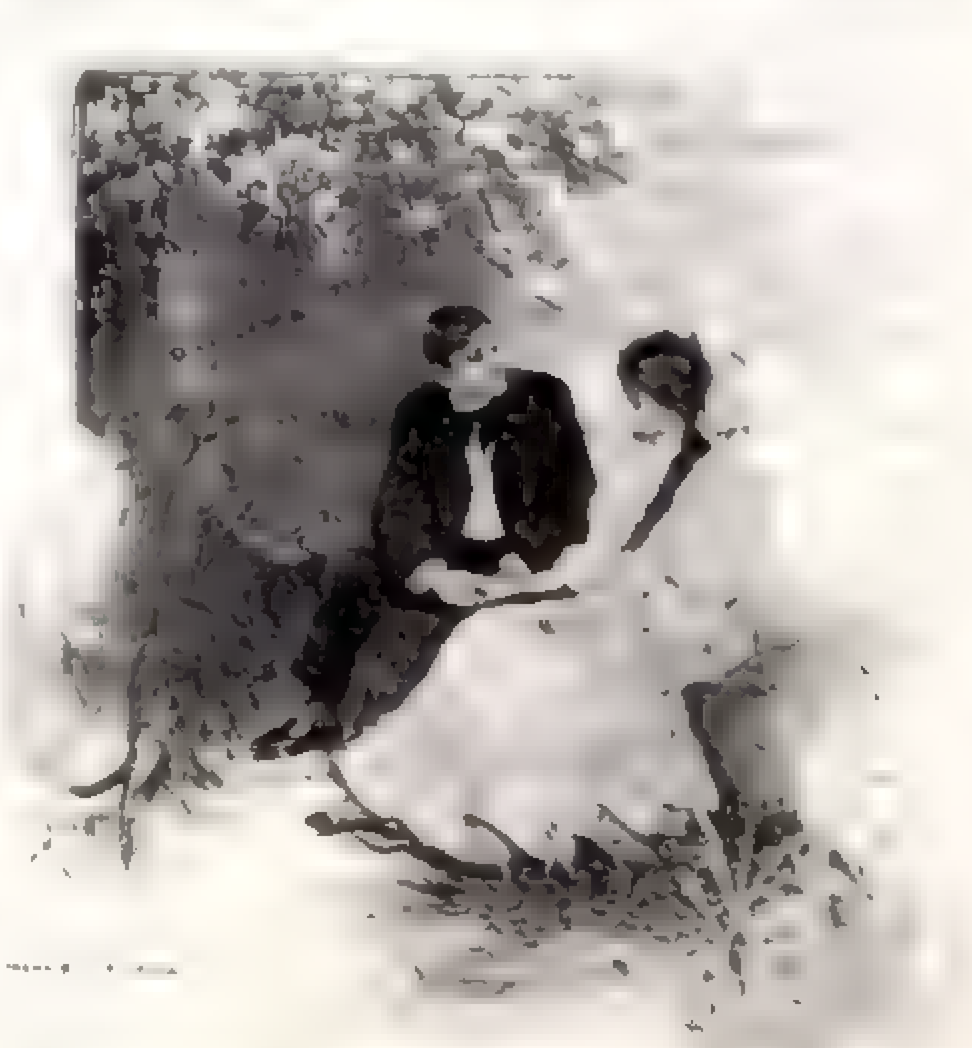
"Let me have it," he pleaded, foolish, exultant. And in bravado he added: "I'm making a collection."

"But you sha'n't have this one. I need it. Now, Harold, give it to me. Please, Harold."

He was obdurate. The little hand which had delightfully been tugging at his abruptly left.

"Well, you must give it back to me before you go to-night. It's real lace and awfully sweet, and I want it," she sighed resignedly.

The filmy fragment lay snug and warm in his side pocket, and occasionally he pressed it. He even squeezed it. A kind of calm, settled bliss emanated from it, permeating his system. The hammock gently swayed, the air was mellow and dusky; a crescent moon made tender passage through the western firmament, and overhead the cherry-tree was bursting into significant bloom. A stripling figure skirted the premises, along the walk without.



"Dorothy, Let's—Will You—Will You be Engaged to Me?"

"Sh!" warned Dorothy in whisper restrained; her soft hand closed over his, between them, admonitory. "If that's Rob Davis I know he's coming here, and I don't want him. I don't like him—he's so stupid."

They sat in covert, waiting, scarcely breathing. But the figure continued on. Dorothy's hand was removed, casually. Harold's hand, suddenly cold, sheepishly followed, protesting.

"You mustn't," rebuked Dorothy.

"What?"

"Do that."

"Please."

"No. It isn't nice. If you're going to act like—so silly, I'm going in."

"But it doesn't do any harm."

Husky with emotion at flood, he stammered. Oh, she mustn't be in earnest. The hand—the new-feeling hand down there; far better than the handkerchief! She would not deprive him of it—would she?

"I'm going right in!"

"Dorothy?"

Mrs. Howland was calling from the house. The hand ceased struggling.

"Dorothy? Hadn't you better come in now? Isn't it damp?"

"Oh, mamma!" protested Dorothy. Her hand tightened in his, with alarm delirious in its reassurance. "It isn't damp a bit! Is it?" she appealed, lower, for confirmation.

"Well ——"

Mrs. Howland was only half convinced; but she retired.

Silence ensued for a minute; silence, save for the beating of two hearts. 'Twas a silence awkward, momentous, with the cherry-tree listening. The hand was still retained, down there; the fingers even had closed upon his, a mite. Harold choked.

"Dorothy."

"What?" Her voice, like his, was queer and unsteady.

"Dorothy, let's—will you—will you be engaged to me?"

Having said it, Harold held his breath; the hammock ceased swaying, and appeared to hold its breath; the cherry-tree also arrayed itself. The fingers within Harold's hand twined and twisted as if perplexed and debating.

"Please, Dorothy," he besought huskily.

"Really engaged?"

"Of course. Do you c-care for me, Dorothy?"

"Do you—for me?"

She was watching her free hand plait and replait a fold of her skirt. About her was a hesitant, sweet shyness.

"Lots."

"Then I do for you."

"You—you don't mind our hands being—this way *now*, do you?"

"Uh, uh. Not if we're engaged."

"It's a real engagement, for keeps, remember; like anybody else's."

"All right."

She was still invested with that new shyness.

"But it may be for a long time." He thought it only chivalrous to warn her.

"How long?"

"Oh—until after I get through college, and begin to earn money for us to live on."

Silence—but with her fingers close about his.

"You won't mind that, either, will you?" He put the question anxiously.

She darted a glance at him.

"Uh, uh. It will be fun. It's lots of fun to be engaged."

"But we won't tell anybody for a while."

"Sha'n't I tell mamma?"

"She might not like it. She might think we were too young. But we aren't."

"Some girls are engaged when they're only sixteen."

"I know it."

"Harold."

"What?"

"If—if mamma objected, would you want to elope?"

"Y-yes." Oh, for a million dollars! "Would you?"

"I'd rather wait and have a church wedding."

"So would I." He was relieved. "We *aren't* too young, though," he assured bluffly. "If we c-care for each other this way, what's the difference?"

"Did you intend to—to ask me before you came to-night?"

"Uh, huh."

Oh spring, oh velvet gloams, oh magic 'teens, oh puppy love that flows and ebbs and flows again, yet leaves no wrack of jetsam on its beach. Dear me.

Dorothy settled back with a snuggling, contented little sigh.

"My, but it's nice to be engaged," she confided. "All the girls will be jealous. They think you're just a dandy fellow."

"And the fellows will be mad. They think you're just a dandy girl," he asserted generously.

"You must give me chocolate creams by the bushel."

"And when I'm at college we'll write every day."

"Harold."

"What?"

"You never were—were—to any other girl, were you?"

"N-n-not in earnest. Were you ever this way, to any other boy?"

"No; I never was. Really."

Oh, mutual confidences, unique, first-born, patented by two; confidences such as in all the centuries the world never had discovered.

"I thought maybe you liked Beulah Emerson—better than me."

"But I don't, Dorothy. You're the only girl. You are, truly."

O tempora! O mores! Oh, rapt asseveration, heritage of man's first spoken language.

But Harold meant it. He *meant* it. *He* was one of the *few* who *have* meant such things! Yes.

"I didn't know but what—because your brother is engaged to Beulah's sister."

"No, sir!" He was stanch. "I'll never go with any other girl, and you mustn't go with any other boy."

Thus Adam spake with Eve.

"Of course not."

Thus Eve responded.

"Dorothy."

"What?"

"Nothing."

"Oh."

"C-c-can't I kiss you?"

"N—I don't care."

"But we're engaged."

"Well—if you want to."

He trembled, and advanced his head. Humph!

"You act afraid," he complained.

He tried again.

"Don't you like it?"

"Um-m-m hum-m-m," faintly.

"Then you mustn't be so afraid."

"I'm not afraid. There."

How brave she was.

"It's all right to do, when we're engaged. I—I wouldn't ask you if it wasn't."

Oh, honest lad!

"I know it." Faintly.

Oh, trustful maid!

"Did any other boys ever kiss you, Dorothy?"

"Rob Davis did, once. But I didn't like it—really I didn't, Harold."

That villain Rob! Harold's soul swelled with wrath against the graceless pillager. However, 'twas a satisfaction to learn that the Davis caress was repugnant—probably repulsive.

"I kissed Beulah—once," he confessed. "But it was just in fun."

"I don't care. That makes us even, then."

What sweet charity; what generosity! He squeezed the little hand, to let it know that he appreciated.

"I wish we could be married to-morrow; don't you?"

"And take a big wedding trip! Where will we go?"

"Oh, to Europe."

She sighed pleasurably.

"I hope we can travel lots."

"Why, of course we can." There was not the slightest doubt. "When we get tired of staying at home we can skip out and see some of the other countries."

"We'll have a tiny little house—a regular bandbox, Harold! I can cook—oh, the best cake. And we'll make fudges."

"You won't have to cook unless you want to. We'll keep a girl."

"And you must go into some business that you won't have to go downtown to only once in a long while."

"I'll get you a ring—an engagement ring, you know, pretty soon, Dorothy."

"*Will* you, Harold?" The hand squeezed his. "Oh, goody!"

. . . .

But 'twas time to part. Reluctantly the slim crescent moon of May had been obliged to drift on to other scenes; now hammock and cherry-tree, abandoned to their own company, exchanged amenities, while, at the temporary dividing of the ways, lingered palpitating, regretful twain.

"You must go, Harold. Please. If I stay out any longer mamma will be angry. I know she will."

"W-well."

"You can come again first thing in the morning."

"But we ought to—ought to—good-night—right; oughtn't we?"

"If you think—nobody'll—hear."

"There. Good-night."

"Good-night."

"Harold."

"What?"

"You know that handkerchief you have?'

"Yes."

"It isn't mine. It's mamma's. Wait a minute and I'll get you one of mine."

She flew within, and up the stairs. He could listen to her steps through the door left open. She came flying down again.

"Here," she offered, breathless.

He surrendered the false and took the true.

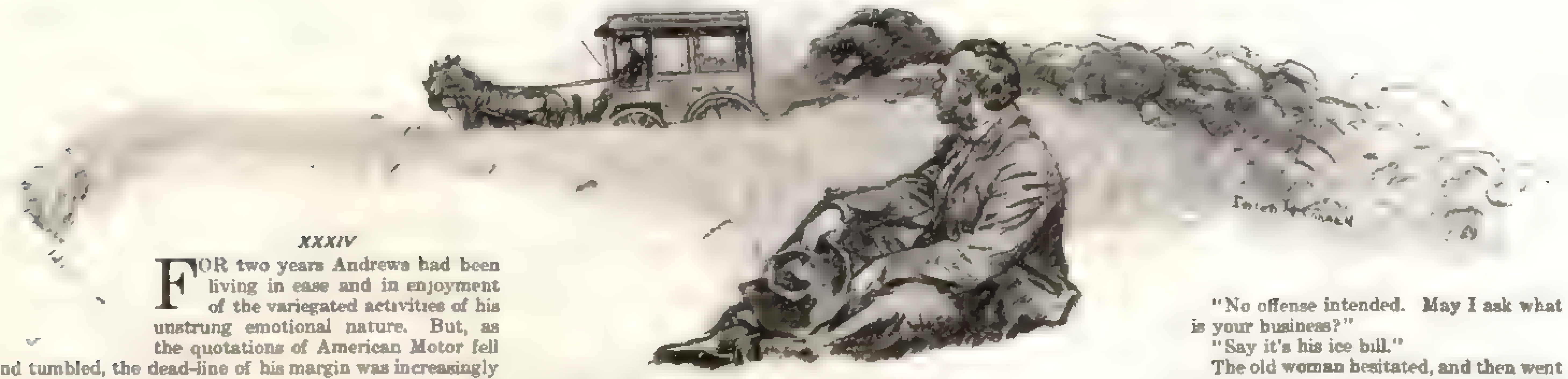
"Good-night," she called, scurrying frantically for the within.

"Good-night."

Safeguarded by the talisman bestowed upon him (only her mother's handkerchief, that other? Zounds!) he wended homeward-way; triumphant, treading mightily, occasionally floating and landing a little frightened. But he had done it. He had wooed and won. W-w-well!

THE CAVE MAN

BY JOHN CORBIN



XXXIV

FOR two years Andrews had been living in ease and in enjoyment of the variegated activities of his unstrung emotional nature. But, as the quotations of American Motor fell and tumbled, the dead-line of his margin was increasingly in danger. Native shrewdness, eked out by his partial knowledge of the inner workings of the company, was not long in putting him in touch with the situation. His first impulse was to curse Penrhyn for his greed and stupidity in pushing Wistar too far, and he yielded to it eloquently. But before long he turned the torrents of invective upon himself. He was possessor of information fatal to the fortunes and good name of two men of wealth and position, and he had used it to no better purpose than to gain a monthly stipend and a few thousand dollars, both of which, if the worst came to the worst, were now in danger. Clearly, he had lacked decision and initiative. Now, if ever, was the time to redeem himself.

Waylaying Penrhyn at his office door he dogged him to his train at the Grand Central. Before he could engage him in conversation, however, the young financier had ensconced himself in one of the Colonial armchairs in the baggage-car, supplied to card-playing commuters by an indulgent baggage-master, and was beginning a game of bridge.

Penrhyn got off at the station of his country club; but Wistar also, Andrews found, was in the knot of men that alighted from the train. There was something in the man that always brought Andrews as much of shame as he was capable of feeling, and in his brief moment of irresolution Penrhyn chartered the one land-faring hack at the station and drove away up the slope past the club.

Andrews started after it afoot, and, when he reached the highway that skirts the club grounds, saw the vehicle in the distance turning up a road that led to the heights commanding a view of the majestic Hudson. He followed to the turning, and sat down by the roadside. It is the adage of children of the nursery and of Wall Street that what goes up must come down, and when the land-faring hack came down Andrews gave the driver a quarter with an easy air and in return learned whither he had driven Penrhyn.

Half an hour later he labored up a flight of stone steps that led from the road to the grounds of a little summer cottage, which from its lordly altitude commanded the full sweep of the river, shimmering in the late afternoon sunlight beneath its high green palisades thirty miles and more to the statue of Liberty attempting to enlighten New York. Mounting the ivied veranda, he pressed the button at the door, and, as he waited, turned and encompassed the view with an eloquent sweep of his hand.

In the ancient serving-woman who answered his ring he recognized Mrs. Boyser. "Tell Mr. Penrhyn," he said with admirable poise, "that a gentleman here wants to see him on business."

"Begging your pardon," the old woman answered with a no less admirable circumspection, "is the gentleman you?"

Andrews clouded. "I won't stand for none of your guff," he said.

"No offense intended. May I ask what is your business?"

"Say it's his ice bill."

The old woman hesitated, and then went in. Andrews turned, and, his eye lighting on a rustic seat that encircled an old elm on the lawn, he sat down with a determined air.

"Blast your impudence!" said Penrhyn, coming down the steps with resolute strides. He was in dinner-dress, and the sight of his broad shirt-front awed Andrews for a moment. But it was only for a moment. "Same to you," he vouchsafed without rising. "What I want to know is what's all this monkey tricks on the Street?"

Penrhyn paused the fraction of a second, and then, "Only a little flurry," he ventured.

"Flurry? Less than a week ago my shares was worth big dollars. Three days more o' the same and they won't be worth doughnuts."

"Well, suppose you do get it in the neck?"

Andrews surveyed him coolly. "No danger to my neck! Two years ago Wistar asked me who bribed me to crack his safe. Suppose I go and tell him, heigh?"

Penrhyn smiled carelessly. "I wouldn't take the trouble."

"'Cause why?"

"He knows."

Andrews gave a start of surprise, more convincing perhaps than if it had been genuine. "Wistar is on it was you?"

Penrhyn's smile broadened, though not with geniality. "Your blackmailing graft is played out." Then he took on a threatening tone. "If you don't get out of here and stay out, I give you fair warning, it's off the ice-wagon for you, and on to the water-wagon. Are you on?"

Andrews relapsed against the tree with thoughtful satisfaction. "Just what I wanted to make sure of—what raised such a row." Then he leaned forward, held out his open palm, and with a few telling strokes outlined the course of recent events.

Penrhyn looked ugly. It was not a pleasant way to be reminded of his past blunder and his present plight.

"Who did you say got it in the neck?" Andrews triumphed. "Clever stock juggler, Wistar, spite of all his chesty nonsense about trusts."

It took but a moment for Penrhyn to regain control of himself. "You're off," he said nonchalantly, "way, way off!"

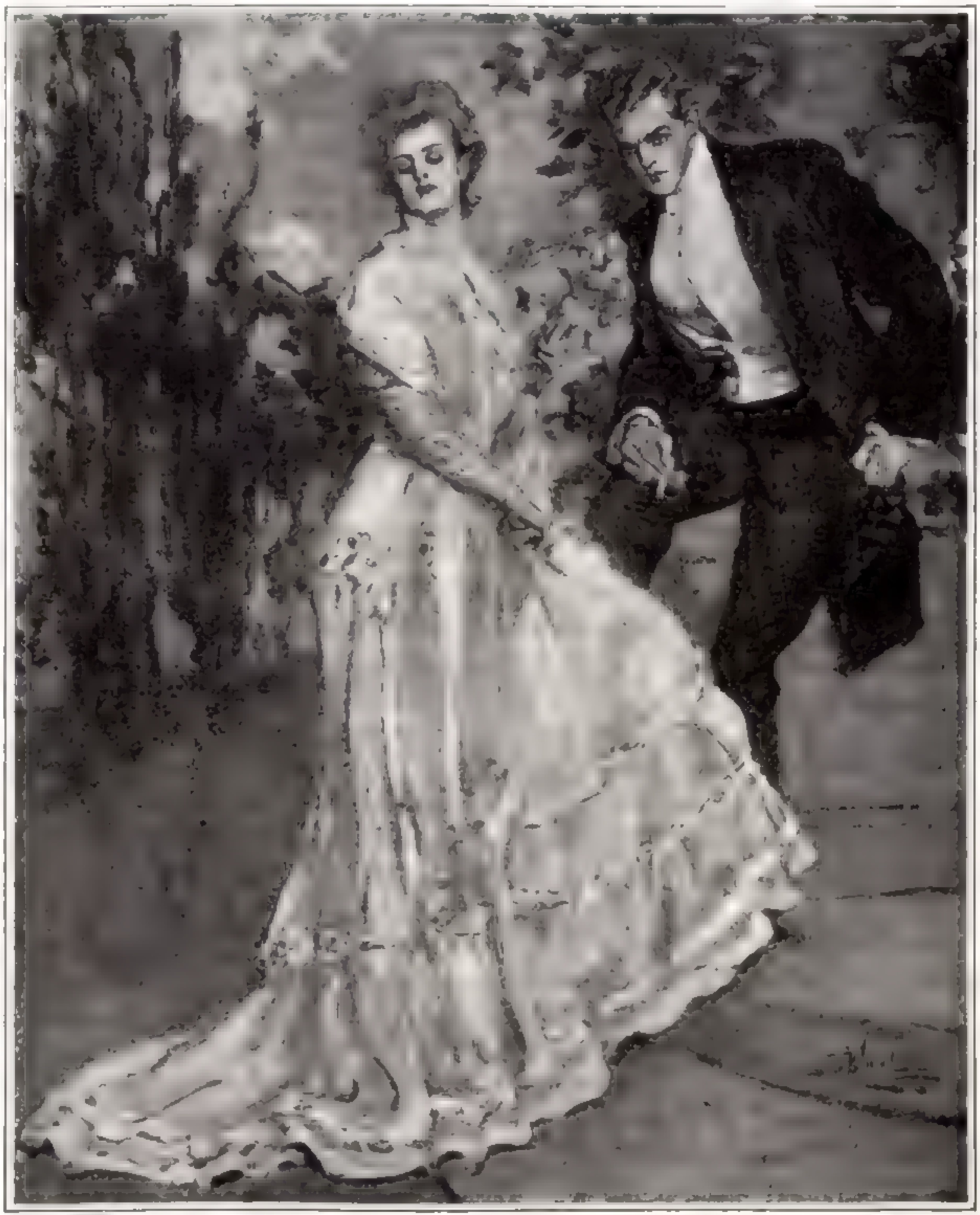
"Am I? Then why is it worth your while to interrupt your supper and pass the time o' day with a poor working-man? Why is Wistar selling out? 'Cause he's bolting to join Minot and the rest of the independents to smash the trust." As he spoke he watched Penrhyn's face narrowly. "Between Mr. Wistar and this here Eu-ro-peen combine, they'll sock it to youse, both goin' and comin'!" He took from his pocket the certificate of his stock. "In six weeks this here won't be worth the paper it's printed on to. I'm on—way, way on! I've got the reason why!"

Penrhyn answered with jocular indulgence. "Then you know what you could get cold thousands for on the Street. All you've got is cold feet. If you're afraid the slump is going any further, I'll advance you a few hundred on your ice bill to tide you over."

"So, after all, my graft isn't *quite* played out, heigh?" Andrews laughed. "You want me to wait till you've busted Wistar. And where'll I be if he busts you? Work all the week, and preaching in Madison Square to drown the hot coppers in my gullet! *I* guess *nit!* I know both o' you, and the man gives me cold feet is Wistar. It's up to you to give me the cold thousands for these here shares." He paused a moment, and then concluded with resolution: "Unless you fork over, here and now, I tell what I know to my broker. See?"

"Believe you—a jailbird!"

Penrhyn's tone was still jocular and indulgent; but the striped suit is not a jest to those who have been inside it. "None o' your insults!" Andrews cried. "Suppose I agree to sell that story to the newspapers? You and the old man traitors and thieves! My broker could go short and make thousands! Your game and the old man's reputation knocked higher than a kite, heigh?" His resentment spent, he paused, and watched Penrhyn's face with intense cunning. "The mere price o' the shares is a song. Give me five thousand dollars for 'em, or I peach to-morrow!"



DRAWN BY A. B. WENZELL

"But I Am Sorry, Very Sorry, that You Waited to Tell Me All This Until Matters Had Come to Such a Pass"

Penrhyn did not speak.

Andrews saw his opportunity. Thrusting the certificate into his pocket, he strode toward the gate. "Good-by," he said, over his shoulder. "I hate to do you dirt, Penrhyn, but you've had your chanct."

"Wait a minute!" Penrhyn called after him, alarm overcoming his inward rage. "I haven't the money here. What do you want me to give you? A check?"

"Why not? You're in the mud as deep as me. Only, not to be promiscuous with my signature, you'll have to cash it for me in the morning, and let me tear it up."

Glancing about to make sure they were alone, Penrhyn took out a pen and a check-book and wrote.

"That's the ticket for soup!" Andrews applauded.

"Wait a minute!" Penrhyn said. "I'm getting tired of that little matter of the ice bill." He held out the check to the other's view. "I've made it for six thousand. I'll give it to you and cash it in the morning if you'll sign some little papers that will close the books between us."

Andrews thought a moment. At the outset he had been amazed at Penrhyn's amateurish neglect in failing to protect himself against blackmail. Now that Wistar had learned the truth his secret was clearly of value only in a crisis like the present. "Sure, Mike!" he concluded. As he pocketed the check he smiled complacently. "The trouble with you, Penrhyn," he said, "is that you haven't quite got your hand in at this sort of thing. What's that the poet says? 'Oh, 'tis a tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive.' But when we've done it onct or twice, we learn the trick that cuts the ice."

As Andrews was turning to go, Boyser came out and announced that coffee was served in the library.

Seeing her, Andrews dug his heel in the turf and swung about.

"I ain't had my supper yet," he said in a low voice to Penrhyn. "Her nibs here wanted to know just now if I was a gentleman. When this sort of thing passes between gentlemen, they gen'lly wet it, don't they?"

In another minute the entire party would be sitting behind the open windows on the porch, if they were not already there. It was not the time to stand between a dog and his bone, and Penrhyn could not hustle the man away without attracting notice.

"Oh, Boyser," he said, "here's a man who has brought me a message from town. Give him a bite in the kitchen, and let him out the back gate."

He offered her a bill, but she turned her eyes from it, and, coming out on the lawn, led Andrews about the house to the back door.

As he disappeared in the shrubbery, Judith came out on the veranda, with a dubious glance at Penrhyn. "Andrews!" she said. "Here—with you?"

It was a matter of months since he promised her an account of the situation that had led Wistar to rise up from his sick-bed in protest; and, though he had since been with her constantly, he had not offered it. Nor had she asked it. At first he had assured himself that her silence was a piece of good fortune, but he was too astute to continue long in self-deception. Hers was a nature of rare dignity; and, their relations being what they were, she disdained an act that implied a lack of faith in him. But the code that restrained her to silence commanded him to speak. From day to day he had intended to make what explanation he could. He had it on the tip of his tongue. But no one was more conscious of its inadequacy than he, and there was something in the clear rectitude of her mind that had kept the words unspoken. Now a thing had happened which put him almost hopelessly on the defensive.

"The bad penny," he said. "You know the proverb."

"'The proverb is somewhat musty,'" she quoted, looking him gently in the eyes. "You have asked me to give up forever the hope of love," she added, laying her two hands on his shoulders. "Be sure what you offer is true comradeship."

"As for Andrews, he's been speculating in our stock in a small way, and his margin is in danger. He followed me up here to get a tip." She was silent. "Of course, I couldn't advise him; but he's a poor devil, and I gave him enough money to buy him a meal and a bed till he can get work again."

Still she was silent, and he felt impelled to go on:

"As for Wistar, what he wants is you. It was to please you he came in with us, giving up his principles, about which he talked so loudly. And now that has failed, he has made this grandstand play to save Minot, in the hope of impressing you and discrediting me."

"That is not like him. Are you quite fair? How can it be right to ruin Mr. Minot in cold blood?"

"Ah, that's the question I've feared! The question that I've hesitated, all these weeks, to take up with you! You know something of evolution in biology. The same laws operate in society and business. Minot is one of the unfit." As they were talking she had passed to a bed of roses that lay along an old stone wall by the roadside, and was now plucking a cluster to carry into the house. "When these first began to bud," he said, "I saw you cutting off the small early buds—to make these larger and more beautiful."

"It's a very pretty simile for a very ugly thing. And Mr. Wistar—is he also one of the unfit?" She smiled at him, at once subtly and frankly.

"When he takes sides with Minot he becomes so! It lies in our power to develop this industry like the American Beauty rose—to meet our foreign rivals, even to beat them. Progress by the death of the unfit—if any man had invented it, it would be called murder and greed! But it was ordained by a power as much greater than our own as it is unknowable. All we can be sure of is that it is the only means by which the wise and strong survive. These are your father's ideas, and I count it an honor to be associated with him in realizing them."

She glanced at him ruefully and shrugged her shoulders. "But there's always the question—just who are the unfit? I don't think you feel as fit as you did a month ago. The old look has come back into father's eyes. For myself, I feel as if I had hung up for weeks, like a suit of clothes in a Bowery misfit-shop. What does it all mean?"

Penrhyn's face became hard and set, but when he spoke it was with courage and conviction. "It looks now as if Wistar intended to join Minot in his fight against us. It will be a hard fight and a long one. But we are right and we are stronger. In the end we shall win!"

"For father's sake, I hope so. But I am sorry, very sorry that you waited to tell me all this until matters had come to such a pass."

She started toward the house with the flowers, and was met at the door by Boyser.

"That man, in the kitchen," the old woman said, "he's drinking up the whole bottle and insultin' of Mary."

By this time Penrhyn was not in a pleasant mood. "I'll settle him!" he said, between his teeth, striding toward the back door.

"Wait, Stanley!" Judith cried after him.

Penrhyn stopped short. "Is it quite the place for you?"

"I am the mistress of the house," she said. "In this matter you might at least consult me." Then, as if to soften the rebuke, she added: "Don't you think it will be easier for me to shame him into behaving? If not, then you can use stronger measures."

XXXV

IT WAS the evening of the wedding rehearsal; but as Mr. Sears sat in the library sipping his coffee it became evident, even to the eager and light-hearted May, that he was in no cheerful mood. With the imperfect sympathy of girlhood, she endeavored to gladden him by talking of the event that to her was all important and all joyful; but his response, she found, was not all the subject deserved. Even Onderdonk was glum. Slipping her arm into his, she led him out of doors.

"What is it all about?" she demanded. "If I had stayed in there another second I should have been stifled!"

"A little business worry," he said evasively, fingering his unlighted cigar.

She looked at him reproachfully. "Remember! We're to share everything, troubles as well as happiness, little and big!"

In their long engagement Billy had learned to play a good husband-like hand at affectionate dissimulation. "Stocks are down," he said, as if imparting a secret of state.

"But aren't they always going up and down? Isn't that what they're made for?"

"You're right there!" said Billy.

"Well then, you might be just a little cheerful for my wedding rehearsal!"

He laid his arm about her shoulder, and, with his head well above hers, risked a smile.

She slipped away from him, and, with an enraptured glance at the heavens, exclaimed, "What a perfectly lovely night for it! I *do* hope it'll be like this next month!"

Beyond the distant palisades the sun had set in clear splendor. Upon the verdure-covered crags beneath the western heavens a crimson mantle had fallen, like the bloom of a damask plum.

"It certainly is a corker!" said Billy, sitting on the bench beneath the tree.

May slapped a mosquito on her delicately modeled and athletic forearm.

"Come along," Billy said, starting toward an arbor on a knoll out beyond, "I'll smoke up and drive away the mosquitoes."

But May did not go, for just then the silken purr of a motor stole up through the gathering dusk from the sunken road beneath them, and presently Wistar mounted the stone steps. He wore a dinner-jacket and straw hat, and held a cream-white motor coat over his arm.

May blew him a delighted kiss. "Now we're all ready!" she exclaimed, and ran into the house.

"Any news from the Street?" asked Billy. Even when he had left the office to catch an early train everybody was talking Motor, and he had run a gauntlet of reporters.

"The same, only more so. And they're having no end of trouble with that plunge in rubber. It looks now as if it were off."

According to Wistar's reports from South America, Ryan and his associates were throwing down their hands in disgust. It is one thing to buy a Latin-American republic, and another to make it stay bought. Wistar had done his best to noise abroad the rumor of the proposed monopoly, and the effect was what he had planned. Already in two cases the very men who had profited by the sale of a concession had headed a revolution against their own government for the purpose of capturing it and selling the concession again. The great rivers of the rubber countries were bordered with quicksands for the sinking of American millions.

"If we keep to our plan," Wistar concluded, "we shall have to come out in the open to-morrow and sell to bust them. Are you still game?"

"Still game. And you?"

"I should like to put it up to Mr. Sears once more."

The door opened, and May came out, leading her father by the hand "Where do you think Judy is?" she cried. "In the kitchen, arguing and persuading with a tipsy tramp. Wait just a minute till I get her!" And she vanished into the house.

"Can you leave us just a minute?" Wistar said in a low voice to Billy.

Billy started to follow May, but with a glance at his cigar he lighted it, and, thrusting his hands in the pockets of his dinner-jacket, turned on his heel toward the arbor.

The two men faced each other in silence. The lines about the old man's clear-cut and delicate lips were drawn and haggard. The soft wrinkle that once had pleasantly framed his refined and pointed chin had become a furrow, and his mild blue eyes were without expression

But it was he who spoke first. "Your promise not to tell Judith," he said, in a dry, metallic voice—"you have kept it, and I thank you. You have fought hard, but you have fought fair."

"Did I promise?" Wistar asked. "I'd forgotten." The fact that Mr. Sears had treasured such a promise would have seemed contemptible if it had not been pitiable. Two years ago he would have known that there was no need of such a pledge.

"All the more," Sears said, "I thank you for sparing her."

"Sparing her?" Wistar cried. "Do you realize what it is costing her—what life will mean to such a woman, married to such a man!"

A look of surprise came into the pale old face, and with it a look of terror. "She can't care for him!"

"She has told me that she does! I have no right to warn her. But you have. More than that, if you will permit me to say so, it is your duty!"

The old face became tense with pain, but at the same time set with obstinacy.

For a moment Wistar regarded him with unmingled scorn. Then he commanded himself, and delivered his ultimatum and Billy's. Another day would see the ruin of all Mr. Sears had hoped for, striven for.

"Billy would do that?"

"He insists on it. Once your sole aid was all we needed. I asked you for it, and you refused it."

In the pause that followed, May led Judith and Penrhyn out to join them.

From time to time the old man had been mechanically brushing the mosquitoes from their attacks on his delicate skin—a gesture which to Wistar's mind had lent a not inappropriate touch of triviality to his figure. Now he made an excuse of the pests to go indoors, and with a low-spoken word bade Penrhyn to follow. Wistar could not help hoping that his words had had weight.

"Poor father!" said Judith, as she gave Wistar her hand. "He got all the people in the country round to combine in a trust against the mosquitoes. But there's one obstinate farmer won't let us put a drop of kerosene on his marsh. Our neighbors over on the Pocantico Hills—Standard Oil, you know!—they've tried to bully him into selling his land, and he's using the mosquitoes from his marsh to get even. Another of father's poor syndicates bust!"

They laughed, with what gayety they could command.

"It's worse than pigs in clover," May complained, "to get you all together. Now where's the Bishop to stand?" She took up a garden rake, and stuck it upright in the bed of roses. "There," she said; "that's the Bishop!"

"That!" laughed Wistar. "The good Bishop a rake! You slander the lawn sleeves!" Taking his overcoat from the bench, he draped it over the head of the rake, and then paused, a smile beaming in the hollows of his cheeks. "Yet we need just a soupçon of the rake!" He spread the collar so that the teeth were visible. "There!" he said "No! Wait!" He picked up a flower-pot and perched it on top. "There you have the Bishop to the life! Now we *shall* be married!"

"First," said Judith, looking mysteriously at a card in her hand, "I think we'd better be invited! The engravers have just sent this back to know if it's all right."

May looked at the card with a critical eye. "Stupid!" she said. "Of course it's all right. I wrote it out myself! 'The wedding of his daughter, May Honoria Rhinelander, at Suncliff, Ardsley-on-Hudson'—I think it reads beautifully!"

Judith looked over her shoulder. "Is it your idea that at a wedding a groom is superfluous?"

A look of horror came into the girl's face. "I clean forgot to put Billy in! That's why they sent it back!" She took a pencil Wistar offered her and scribbled in, "to William Van Rensselaer Onderdonk." Then she cried, "Well, now everything's ready!" She ran up the steps and called, "Come, father! Come, Mr. Penrhyn!"

"Is *everything* ready?" asked Wistar.

"Except the cup, and Boyser is mixing that!"

"And the music—I brought it from town with me; it will be here in a minute. And is that everything?"

"Music?" she cried. "How *sweet* of you! It's more than I dreamed! You regular lambkin pie!" She leaped lightly up on her toes and kissed him on the lips.

With his two hands on her shoulders he held her on tiptoe a moment. "Now I agree with you," he said. "At a wedding a groom *is* superfluous!"

She sank to the ground in consternation. "Billy? Isn't he here? I *know* Donkey will spoil my wedding! Where did he go!"

"He seems to be aware how superfluous he is," Wistar laughed. "Perhaps you'll find him out in the arbor, smoking!"

She stood still, half afraid to leave them. "Until I come back, don't you dare stir from this spot!" Then, with her lithe, girlish stride, she fled toward the arbor.

"We'll call you," Wistar cried after her, "when the music comes!"

Then he turned to Judith, and in the moment his mask of gay spirits fell from him

XXXVI

JUDITH smiled at him a little sadly. "It pleases my lord to be merry. Very soon, now, they say, you will stand alone again, your own master, and fighting against us, as you were before we came meddling by. Don't you expect to win?"

"Unfortunately, I do!"

"Unfortunately?"

"Times have changed—and I with them. Oh, I have learned something. The things I have been able to do, and the vastly greater things I have come to hope for—they make my old ambitions seem petty enough. I have known the strength and security of well-regulated industry and I have to go back to the old, haphazard conditions. Worse than that, I am driven to violence—to slaughter! Day and night I think of you—in poverty!—of myself, when I have brought you there."

The crimson of the sunset had deepened to purple, and now the twilight was rising from the valleys like a mist, dim and mysterious, in the increasing effulgence of the moon.

From the road below them came low, guttural voices, and presently the musicians panted up the steps toward them, carrying their instruments beneath their arms.

"A lidtle mooseek, poss?" asked the leader, puffing.

Wistar distrusted German bands. "Yes," he said, "but don't make a racket."

"Racket! And sooch an effening!" He disposed his men at a distance in the shrubbery, and struck up an old, soft evening song—so poetically, so exquisitely attuned to the moment that it seemed like the very atmosphere transmuted to sound.

Judith had passed to the bed of roses, and her long, agile fingers were busy among them. The perfume from them seemed to Wistar the perfect attar of the hour, and of her.

"What would you think," he said, "if to spare you I were to join them in ruining Minot?"

She did not cease plying her fingers. "That you cared for me very much," she said

"And now you think——?"

She glanced up at him archly, yet sadly. "What do you suppose?"

"I am a man, and I am striking at those you love best—at you!'

"And I am a woman! If I choose not to say what I think?'

"You told me once—the cave man, brutal and merciless!"

She looked at him, wavering between her old fear and a new audacity. Audacity conquered. She plucked a rose and, standing straight beneath his chin, guided the stem through the loop in his lapel, her draperies brushing his coat. But in a moment her coquetry vanished in an outburst of comradely good-will.

"No! Not brutal, not merciless! Poor father—I have always loved him above everything else in the world. But to save him by making you false to what you hold right—by making you ruin your friend, my friend . . . you have not offered to do that for me, and I thank you! Blow after blow, as it falls—it will be terrible—terrible to feel your hand in it all! Yet I shall not blame you." She gave him both hands impulsively.

The passion of the blood faded before the mightier passion of the spirit. He took her hands, and looked down into her eyes, shining with moonlight and with tears. "You are a woman!" he said, his voice vibrating like a viol. "How you make me love you! For your justice and your honor, for your grace, your beauty, for your loyal heart! Always I shall love you! Miserable as I am, more miserable as I shall be, it means much that with every thought, every feeling—I don't use the word lightly—I worship you!" His voice choked, but he presently managed to say: "You forgive me for telling you this?—It is our last hour!"

"If you are so determined to say good-by——"

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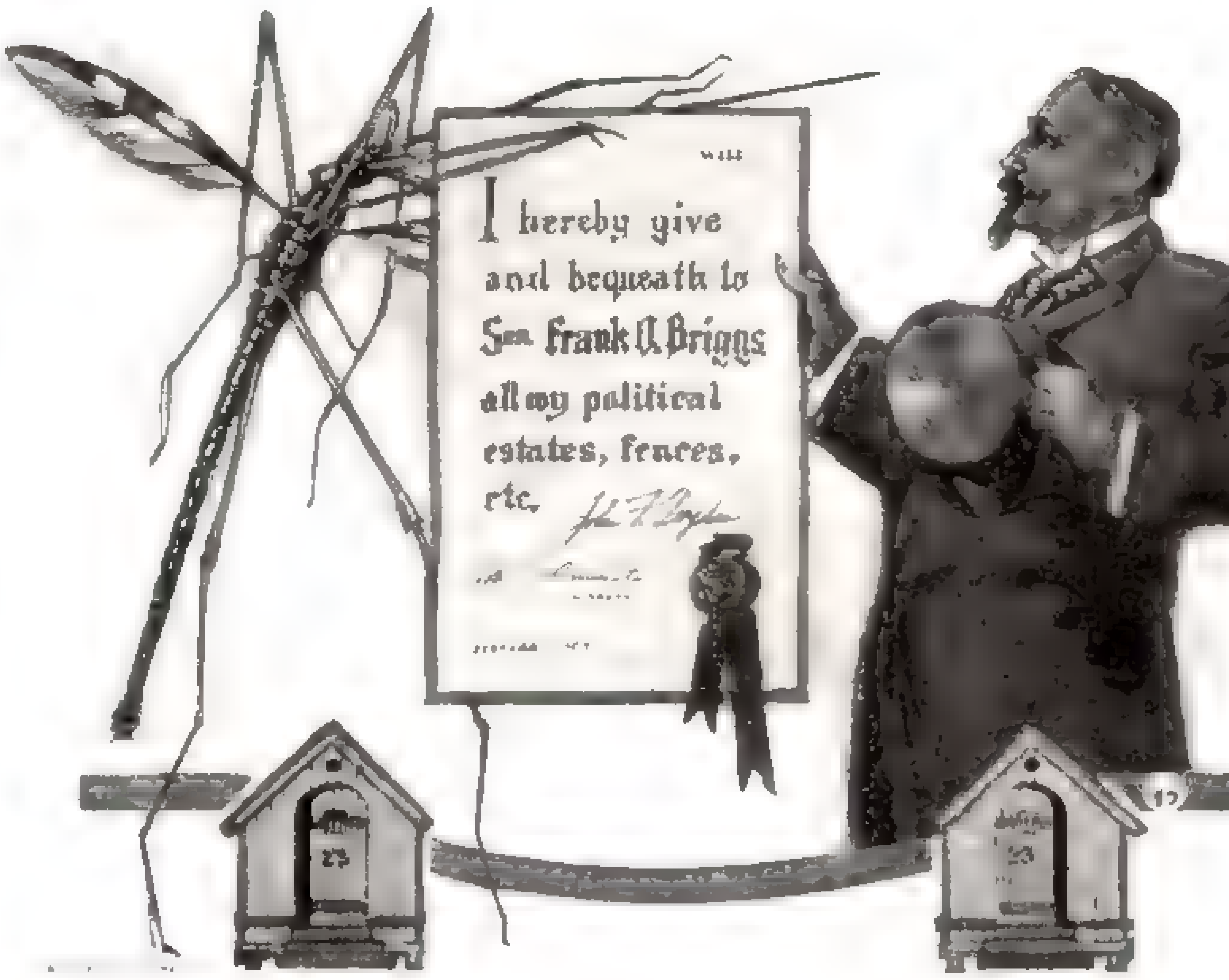
WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Briggs: An Easy Fit



AS THE Briggs is bent so the Senator is inclined, and as the bending of Frank O. Briggs, the new Senator from New Jersey, was done by his predecessor, John F. Dryden, there isn't much doubt about the Briggs inclination.

Dryden couldn't succeed himself. A few stiff-necked Jersey legislators fixed that. Dryden chose the next best thing and picked out his successor. Now Dryden, to look at him casually, is as mild-mannered a statesman as ever sat in a Senatorial chair. He has a serene gray beard and an air of general humility and goodness that give a Santa-Clausy impression, but he is hanging no togas on Christmas trees for the general public. He wanted to come back to the Senate, wanted to come back so badly that he sat up nights worrying about it and projected himself around days in vain communion with the New Jersey recalcitrants. There were six or seven of them who were elected on the platform of "No Dryden for us," and no influence Dryden could bring to bear bore anything but frigid refusals to get into the Dryden bandwagon. That was the situation when Briggs was brought into the limelight. What Dryden couldn't get himself he could bestow on another, and he took exceeding pains to pick the right man. He canvassed the field. Briggs got all the votes of himself and his friends in the little caucus that was held in Newark. Therefore Briggs was presented to the New Jersey Legislature as the proper successor, and the Legislature, which balked at Dryden, galloped for Briggs.

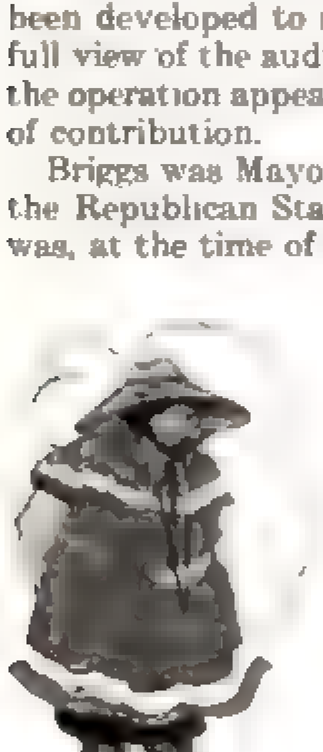
Advantages of a Mauve-Colored Disposition

ALL this shows the advantage of the mauve-colored disposition. Briggs has accomplished some fifty-odd years of life without ever sending up a skyrocket. He is a calm, dispassionate, placid man, who thinks it is fine because he has no enemies. In a reflective mood, after his election, he said: "Perhaps I was selected because in this emergency a man was needed on whom the factions could unite. You know, a man of forceful, combative character, one of strong and positive assertion, is certain to make enemies as well as friends. I cannot recall a single enemy that I have."

That is the reason for Briggs. Dryden wanted no man of strong and positive assertion. Dryden didn't want an individual. He wanted a successor. And Briggs—without an enemy—will be on tap for Dryden in the Senate.

New Jersey politics is intertwined with New Jersey business to such an extent that it is hard to discover where the politics ends and the business begins. The art of making the political hand wash the corporation hand has been developed to such an extent that it is carried on in full view of the audience and no one is much the wiser, for the operation appears to be one simply of ablution and not of contribution.

Briggs was Mayor of Trenton once, and is chairman of the Republican State Committee, and State Treasurer, or was, at the time of his election. He is a West Point man who resigned after a few years of service in the army to go into business with the Roeblings. He has been with the Roeblings ever since. His particular concern has been the accounts of that great institution. He has dealt in figures and balances and been in politics in a negative sort of a way. So far as has been learned he never made a speech on a public question, and never interested himself beyond the routine of his offices as State chairman and State Treasurer. He will come into the Senate with a fallow mind, unhampered by preconceived opinions and not embarrassed by theories of government. He will want to do what he is wanted to do. Thus he will be a valuable New Jersey Senator.



Briggs is a conservative. He deplores radicalism. He believes in corporations and their right to continue untrammeled in their own peculiar ways. He shudders at the thought of independence in politics, although he was willing to take the votes of a few of the independents who would not vote for Dryden. His shudder is a broad, general shudder; not a private, personal shudder, when he has something to get—like a Senatorship, for example. He has no sympathy with the general tendency of the Government to interfere with the corporations, and is as entirely incrusted and partisan as could be wished.

A Connoisseur in Party Food

PERSONALLY, Senator Briggs is a most genial and companionable man. He has the reputation, throughout New Jersey, of being able to order a better dinner than any man in the State, and the further reputation of being able to eat that dinner with a discerning taste that is envied by his associates. He is not rich. His entire fortune will not total more than one hundred thousand dollars. He likes good company, likes good stories, likes the social side of life and, in working hours, attends most strictly to his business.

He will add another to the imperials in the Senate. His own imperial resembles that of Napoleon III. It isn't so long as Senator Pettus' paintbrush nor so elusive as Senator Dupont's dainty affair. It is a good, Napoleon-like imperial, more of the style of Admiral Schley's or Buffalo Bill's. Next to the trade of looking like Abraham Lincoln, the trade of looking like Napoleon is most practiced. From a statesman's reasoning point—if it is reasoning—it is better to look like Napoleon I, and Senator Knox, of Pennsylvania, has a patent on that for Senate purposes. Still, if Napoleon I is impossible, there is always a chance to take a whack at Napoleon III, if the whisker material is available, and Briggs will bring to the Senate that completing touch to the set scenery of that dignified and august assemblage.

Out of the Frying-Pan into the Pot

HIS fad is books. He has a large library and is a collector of history and biography. He specializes somewhat in the revolutionary history of New Jersey, and particularly in books relating to the operations around Trenton. His education made his military sympathies acute, and he follows the movements of the army with as much interest as he did when he was in the service. He resigned from the army because of the hopelessness of promotion. Had he remained he might have been a colonel now, or, if he had exceptional fortune, a brigadier. As he didn't remain, he is a United States Senator, which is a sizable job.

Everett Colby, the Newark reformer, sized up the situation when he said, in discussing Briggs' election: "We might as well have had Dryden." And at that, so far as Dryden is concerned, New Jersey could have been far worse served than she was by Dryden. That Senator was constantly at his desk. He worked day and night. Some of the people opposed to him had a search made of the records of the Senate to prove that he did nothing. They were amazed to find that Dryden was on hand at every important roll-call, that he fathered a great number of bills of interest to New Jersey, and that his committee work was constant and arduous. He did the mechanics of the place with the utmost industry.

What defeated Dryden was his outside interests, the Public Service Corporation and other dragons the New Jersey reformers are constantly trying to play St. George on. Conversely, what elected Briggs was this same list of corporations.

Whereupon, if Dryden labored in vain for himself, he put in a few good licks when he picked out Briggs, for Briggs hasn't an enemy on earth—he says—and he is not likely to begin making enemies at this late date, especially not enemies in the sovereign State of New Jersey.

A Lawyer, a Letter and a Lapse

THERE lived in Detroit a man who was the original Pro Bono Publico. He was the champion letter-writer to the newspapers and to the heads of all public enterprises. One of his fads was to write every day to President Ledyard, of the Michigan Central Railroad, and tell Ledyard wherein he was failing in his conduct of the road.

There was a letter for Ledyard every morning. They annoyed him, and he sent for his general counsel one day and said: "Russell, I'm getting tired of these letters. I will give you three thousand dollars more a year if you will find that man and stop him for twelve months."

Three thousand dollars more a year appealed to Russell and he went out to find the letter-writer. He found him and made a business proposition: "Now, see here," he said, "I want you to stop writing letters to Mr. Ledyard. If you will quit for a year I will give you fifteen hundred dollars."

The letter-writer consented gladly. Things went along swimmingly for eleven months. Ledyard was happy and Russell was happy. Then there was a wreck on the road. The letter-writer could not resist the opportunity, and he wrote to Ledyard and told him what he thought about the road and its president and its management.

Ledyard sent the letter to Russell with this indorsement: "Here is where you lose $3000." And it was.

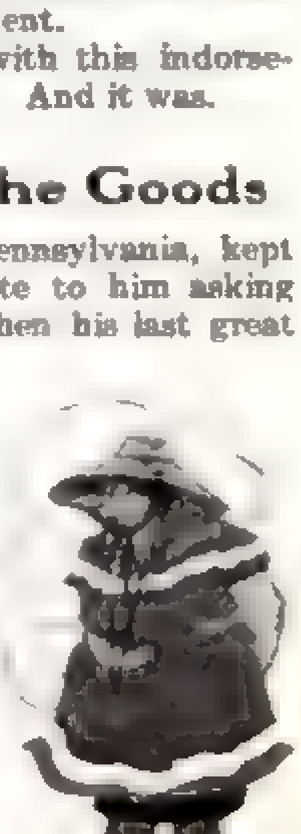
And John Delivered the Goods

THE late Senator M. S. Quay, of Pennsylvania, kept all the letters his constituents wrote to him asking for favors. He had stacks of them when his last great fight for the Senate came along.

Then he sorted out the letters, eliminating those from people who were dead, and on the back of each letter he wrote:

"*Dear John or Bill:* Do you remember when you wrote me this letter and do you remember that I did what you asked? I want your help now in my fight for the Senate. Can I have it?"

The politicians in Pennsylvania say those letters, mailed to the original senders with Quay's request on the backs of them, had as much as any one thing to do with Quay's winning his fight.



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The Rôle of Expert Witness

THE position of the expert witness and the reasons for his being are generally misunderstood. Under our system each side hires its own corps of experts who swear on the side that pays them. Thus the jury has two opposite sets of scientific dicta. Obviously, it might as well have had none.

Innocent people often ask why, then, the court does not appoint an independent commission to explain scientific points. If the object were to enlighten the jury, no doubt this would be done. But have you noticed that, nine times out of ten, the lawyer on each side appears to know a lot more about the business of the expert on the other side than the expert himself does? "What!" he cries, "you have never read McSwat on cerebral scallops? You have the audacity to tell this jury you are an expert when you are not acquainted with Schmittelburgher's test for water on the brain? Do you mean to say that you are unfamiliar with Durante's law of ambidextrous mental impulse? Come, now, answer yes or no; are you a quack and ignoramus? If not, produce your authorities."

The real reason for the expert is that he makes a fine butt for the lawyer. The essence of the bargain with him is this: "For a fee of one hundred dollars you will go on the stand and let chief counsel for the defense see whether he can make you look like an ass. Your direct testimony will amount to nothing, for the other side will offset it. What you are really hired for is to run a verbal gauntlet so the lawyers on the other side may see how many times they can trip you up. This will amuse the audience and redound to their glory. Meanwhile we, of counsel on this side, will have our fun with the experts on the other side."

It makes a rather neat sport for the lawyers. Perhaps that is why the public tolerates it.

That Plausible Railroad Explainer

MR. HILL still explains. But the breakdown of the transportation system of the Northwest has evidently left a rather deep impression in that region. Elsewhere, too, the congestion and thorough demoralization of railroad service has set people to thinking. Sometimes thought, on the part of the people, is an untoward condition for big business interests.

We knew before that railroad morals were, on the whole, rather low. The roads exerted an influence on politics which did not make for the higher life. They were persistent law-breakers when that seemed profitable. We knew, also, that one of the most important of all their activities had been conducted not only with dishonesty, but with gross stupidity. By their own showing the making of freight rates was a mere muddle of fraud and incompetence. But they had one strong card. They were great operators. They could handle traffic with a skill which was the marvel of the world—as they modestly confessed upon all occasions. In the main the public accepted this claim in good faith, and was impressed with its great importance. In the matter of government ownership this one point was fairly conclusive. Whatever else happened, we simply could not take the risk that the Government would ball up the operating department.

For weeks last winter North Dakota farmers, with money in the bank to pay for coal, burned straw and grain. The railroad could not haul in the fuel. Farmers' wheat lay on the ground. The railroads could not haul it out. Like conditions obtained in many places.

Of course, the railroad managers explain it. They didn't think it was going to snow. They had no idea traffic would be so heavy. But the Government, if it had been operating the railroads, could have explained also. People wanted cars, not explanations. Explanatory facilities at Washington are admittedly unsurpassed.

No explanation can affect the fact that the operating department—the especial stronghold of private ownership—did break down. It is not remarkable, therefore, that the experiences of the last four months have, for many people, robbed the notion of Government ownership of one of its chief terrors.

Dark-Lantern Reform

ONE cogent reason advanced for the defeat of the reform party in Philadelphia at the late election is that it was responsible for tarnishing the fair name of the city. In Philadelphia there were certain complicating circumstances; but this particular charge is one that lies against practically all reform movements.

Everybody is in favor of reform. Abuses must be corrected, wrongs righted. There is no difference of opinion about that. The only difference arises over methods. Those who take upon themselves the name of reformers are a clamorous lot. If, for example, they discover a little band of patriots unostentatiously making off with a gas plant, they point the finger of alarm and give a loud shout. This attracts public attention, and the reputation of the city suffers. There was really no objection, it will be remembered, to reform of life insurance. The objection was to the disagreeable notoriety which so seriously damaged the reputations of the companies. In view of latter protestations, we have often pictured how much nicer it would have been if somebody had just quietly pointed out to the managements that they were plundering the policyholders, and the managements, with a glad and noiseless alacrity, had corrected all bad practices!

This is the way truly conservative reformers would always proceed. They would wait until after sundown, pick up the abuse gently, tiptoe into the back room with it, carefully shut the door—and reason with it. They love reform, but abhor noise and violence. They rely on moral suasion, always reforming the corrupt body from within. If the town's politics is rotten, work, they say, for reform exclusively within the old party organizations, which are the sources of the corruption. Whisper gently to the boss that there is graft. No doubt the news will astonish him. If gentlemen seek to swipe the gas plant, drop them a note about it, marked "Confidential."

This noiseless method is considerably slower than the other, we judge—being unable to discover any data which would enable us to gauge accurately its rate of progress. But it injures no reputations.

The Vexatious Mr. Hitchcock

WHILE Secretary Hitchcock was actually catching the land thieves and proving that they were thieves, safe and sane statesmanship obviously couldn't interfere. When the process was over, however, it could throw a brick at him. The copious shower of missiles which followed his tall, retreating form is a touching testimonial to the depths of its irritation and its previous helplessness.

There is some reason for being vexed with Hitchcock. High finance in certain sections of the West was confronted with a trying problem. All about it lay immense stores of public wealth, without a policeman in sight. But this wealth was in the crude, unmanageable form of land. To sequestrate wealth in this form all the subtler devices are useless. You cannot absorb it by means of a high protective tariff. Railroad directors cannot hand it over to you by giving you the freedom of the public highways while excluding your rivals. You cannot extract the value by issuing some reams of watered stock and unloading same upon trusting investors. No amiable city councils can help you to the pie by giving you a twenty-year franchise on your own terms. Actually the only thing you can do is just to go out and grab it bodily.

Needless to say, several gentlemen rose to the occasion. They were getting off very nicely with the booty when Hitchcock appeared and upset all calculations. What made it so annoying was, doubtless, the fact that other sequestrations of public wealth were proceeding all the time with the smoothest uninterruptedness. Brickbats being handy, it was hardly in irritated human nature to withhold them.

If anybody else would like to heave one, by all means let fly.

Let Us Have Peace, Says the Cat

ELOQUENTLY addressing the Iowa Society of New York, Mr. Shonts said that what the large corporations want is a "square deal."

Mr. Shonts, it will be remembered, threw up his Government job on the Panama Canal to accept the more lucrative presidency of the Interborough-Metropolitan Company, combining the subway, elevated railway and street-car lines of the metropolis. The backbone of the merger is the subway, which the city built at its own expense, and leased to Mr. Belmont for fifty years. The lease proved very profitable. So the lessees issued over a hundred million dollars of stocks and bonds on the sole basis of earnings that will accrue from carrying passengers at five cents the next half century. This transaction was greeted with a loud roar of protest. But the lessees merely smiled. Some seven years ago an aged gentleman named Hart was crying aloud for a square deal for his Third Avenue railway, which was being wrecked before his eyes. But the crowd calmly proceeded to scoop it in. The process of boosting Metropolitan capitalization to about three times the cost of the property contained deals oblong, three-cornered, cylindrical and pyramidal—one might almost say in every geometrical form known to man except the plain square.

Having taken a strangle hold upon city transportation for the next fifty years or so, and floated a few hundred millions of heavily-watered stocks and bonds on the strength of profits that will accrue therefrom, Mr. Shonts' large corporation may now be yearning for a square deal; especially, as he says, for freedom from the irresponsible agitator.

Having eaten the canary and licked its whiskers, the cat says: "Let us have peace. Why stir up trouble?"

No Money to Waste on Beauty

CHICAGO typifies very much that is American. Her troubles over a city hall will strike a responsive chord in most Western towns. A new hall is badly needed. The present seat of government is a dismal pile, ill-lighted, ill-ventilated, ill-arranged, about half big enough for its purposes and periodically alleged to be in danger of falling down. But it is universally admitted that the new structure must be most parsimoniously erected—just a plain, steel-frame skyscraper, indistinguishable to the eye from any vast dry-goods box that is put up to get the last possible inch of rentable space from the least possible investment. There must be no jimcracks, no fancy business. That extravagant jade Art must be sternly shooed off the premises.

Because Chicago, the municipal corporation, is desperately poor; is fairly at her wit's end, in fact, to find money enough for the huge shoebox; will be mighty thankful to get a rain-tight roof over her head, she couldn't dream of such luxuries as architecture, statuary and painting. Of course, Chicago, the city, is very rich. Her banks can hire painters and sculptors to adorn their business houses. Plans are making for a structure, to be paid for out of a single Chicago fortune, in which beauty will receive the amplest consideration. Among the units which make up the whole are very many blessed with plenty of spare money to commemorate themselves in marble, bronze and pigment. But the whole is flat broke—or next to it; must live in a barn and thank goodness if it be weather-proof.

This may seem an odd predicament. Yet it is very common, especially in Western cities. The children think that the municipal mother works better when she is kept on bread and water, with one plain calico gown. If there are any luxuries to be indulged in, they will do the indulging themselves.

Autonomy on the Warpath

SPEAKING of primary election reforms, the estimable Washington Post sadly observes, "This craze of government by the mob must run its course."

This is probably the most unfortunate aspect of our political system. There is no way of stopping government by the mob. Once it begins, it must run its appointed course. All one can do is to sit back and sigh over it. Supreme political power is vested in the people. The people are the mob. Thus we must be liable at any moment to have government by the mob. There appears to be a very general agreement that this latter is an odious and intolerable thing; but under our defective system there is no way of preventing it.

We all believe in popular government; all thrill to Lincoln's noble statement of it; yet accept the other noble statement that of all tyrannies the tyranny of the mob is most hateful.

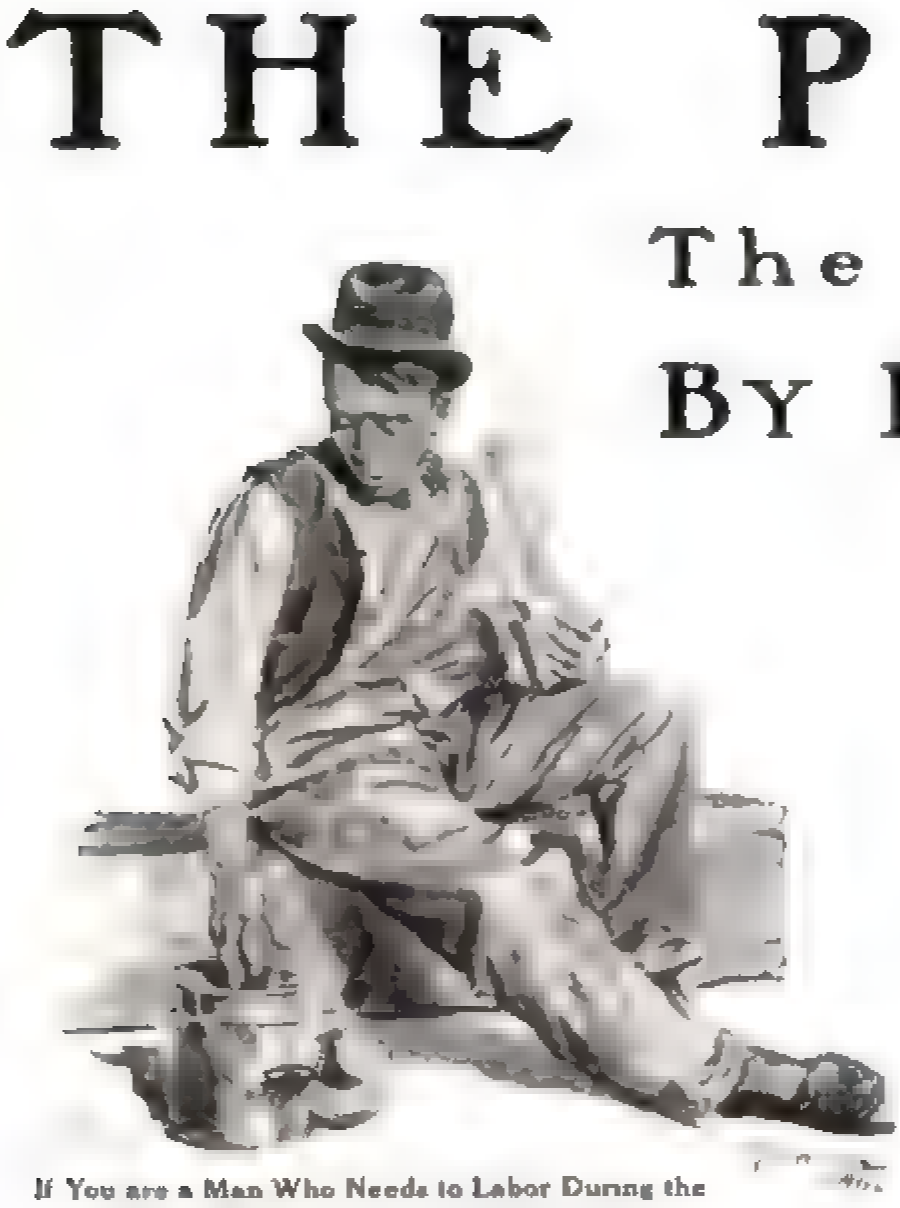
Personally, we have given much study to this matter. By carefully collating the evidence, we find that, so long as the people govern themselves in the way they are told to, they are the people, and are fully justified in ordering their government as they see fit. But when they take to governing themselves in some other way, they become the deplorable mob, ruthlessly tyrannizing over themselves. And as the people are constantly told at all points to govern themselves in different ways, it follows that always and everywhere the people are ever sinking into the mob—or, if the editor happens to take the opposite view, they are continually emerging from the despised mob to the beloved people.

This is a regrettable condition. But, as our contemporary observes, you can't stop it.

THE PRICE OF BEEF

The Innocent Consumer

BY EMERSON HOUGH

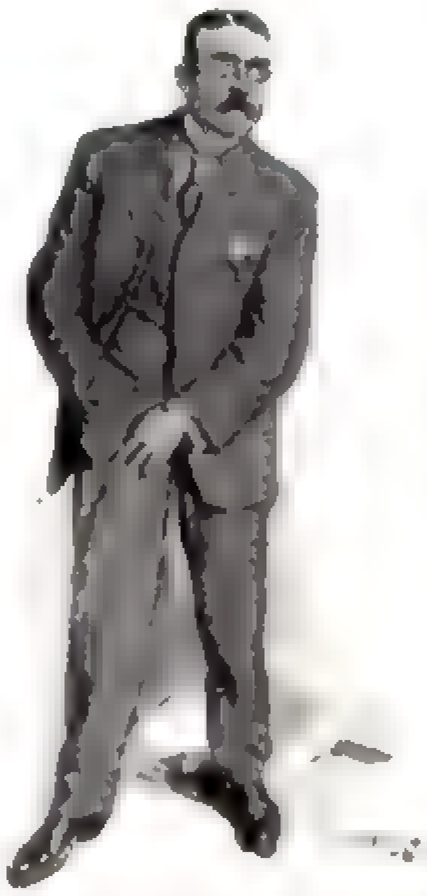


If You are a Man Who Needs to Labor During the Day, What was in Your Dinner-Pail?

THE history of the American steer, so far from being open, obvious and easy to learn, is in large part secret, baffling, cryptic. His trail concerns itself not merely with the Western plains, but crosses field and farm, packing-house, counting-room; runs past departmental desks in high places and arrives even at Cabinet offices. Longhorn or shorthorn, the steer roams not only through pleasures and palaces but also into humble homes. Indeed, so far as that is concerned, almost the only definite and certain thing discoverable regarding this steer is there, in home, sweet home.

It was much hoped that, as to the question of high-priced beef, a good case could be made out against the packer; but the packer put up a remarkably convincing defense. "I am innocent," said the packer, "as innocent as the breeder or feeder. If you want to find the responsible party, go talk to the innocent consumer." Here, then, in the home of the innocent consumer, ends the trail of the great American steer.

Perhaps, innocent consumer, when you were engaged in your toilet this morning before breakfast, you saw near your dresser a picture of your dad or your dad's dad. Rather a tall man; looked as though he could walk. He perhaps had this daguerreotype taken when he went to Washington to call on Millard Fillmore, or some other forgotten President. You might take another look at the old daguerreotype. You see there about the only innocent consumer of the past hundred years of American life.



John Feels in His Pockets for the Fifty or Sixty Cents She Needs to Pay for Her Sirloin Steak

Your dad's dad moved out into the wilderness, his long rifle in hand, sweetest weapon ever laid to a man's cheek, while his wife stayed at home and pounded the breakfast-food of lye-leached hominy on top of a stump, with a spring-pole pestle. Dad's dad, tall and something of a walker, went out on the Appalachian slopes, found his own wild meat, killed it, skinned it and carried it home, and put it on the table with the hominy. He and his wife were innocent consumers. Their life was very simple. They did everything for themselves.

Dad himself moved farther West, farmed it a little, and ate buffalo; after which he raised a few head of cattle for himself. He was less innocent. He scorned the buckskin and linsey-woolsey of his father, and aspired to cassimere trousers on Sunday. He had sugar on the table when company came. He went to a tailor for his clothes, instead of having the tailor, the shoemaker, the hatter, the dressmaker come to the house and make things for the family, as they did in generations previous. Yes, dad was some luxurious. But when the time came when he did not like his neighbors he could still get up and go West by means of an unsuspected railroad which had not yet been "combined" by some Wall Street king.

But you, dad's son, how about you? If you wore your dad's clothes to-day, or used his business methods, or were content with his scale of living, you would be hooted out of society. Times have changed. We and the steer have changed with them.

Not long ago I heard out in Colorado that the sheriff at Colorado Springs fed his prisoners on two-cent beef. The cheapest thing you and I could do would be to break into his jail. Multiply that two cents by ten, and it will not cover the price of the beef you eat. This morning when you had breakfast did you have beef? Did you have nice, boracic-acid sausage, that cost so much you felt guilty about taking that last piece? Did you perchance, for financial reasons, confine yourself to what is sometimes called the Continental breakfast of coffee and rolls, and sometimes the newspaper breakfast of coffee and sinkers? If you are a man who needs to labor during the day, what was in your dinner-pail—plain, strong food, or a lot of delicatessen stuff which comes high in small lots? Ah, you say, all that was the business of Madam; and, in good sooth, much of the high price of beef to-day is due to Madam. It is Madam and this American steer who are in collusion, not the packers, nor the farmers, nor the range men.

In the first place, Madam, whether rich or poor, with or without vassals and serfs at her side, ought to be able to do the marketing for her family, just as the mother bear or mother deer passes judgment on what her family eats. What does this American Madam do? She buys just as good a beefsteak as anybody else buys. She wouldn't be American if she did not feel that way, and the newest Americans presently feel most that way.

Madam goes over to her first-class shop and asks for first-class beef, and she thinks she gets it; but she doesn't. Sometimes she thinks she is getting steer beef when it is cow beef. Until she has studied domestic matters *au fond*, as we say in Chicago, she can't tell the difference. Perhaps she buys for her guests some evening a tenderloin of beef, thinking it a delicacy; but it is no delicacy. It is the tenderloin of an old canning cow, the rest of which could not be eaten by any human being—whose carcass, thin, almost black in color, would be almost impossible to sell to any who saw it with the naked eye. If she were to buy that tenderloin of prime, native, corn-fed beef it would cost her about one-third of the price of the entire steer, or say something like forty dollars. Perhaps Madam has not studied the physical composition of the steer.

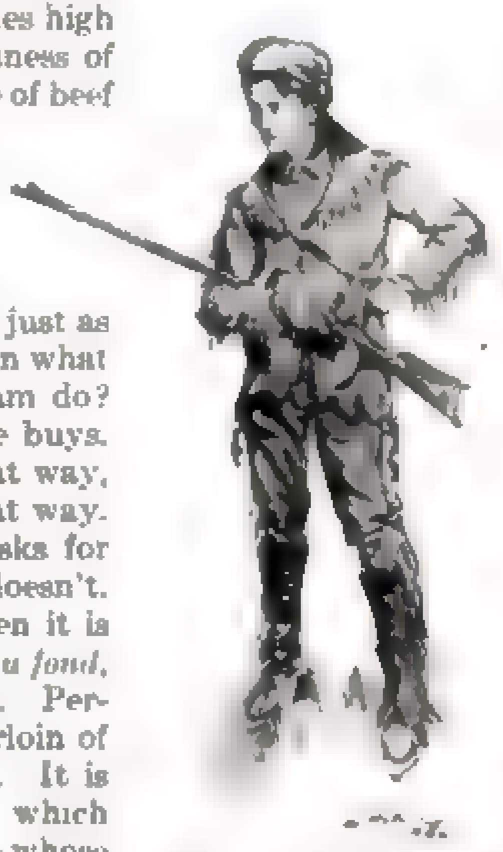
At least, Madam buys a sirloin steak and pays in the average market about twenty-two cents a pound for it; and she comes home a little out of breath from climbing three flights, and tells John that beef is awful high; that it costs a third more now to run the table than it did when she and John were married. "Do you think, John," she asks, with that little wrinkle in the forehead which women get after they have been married a while—"do you think you could raise my allowance a dollar or so a week? I just can't set the table any more with the ten dollars" (or fifteen dollars, or twenty dollars, or a hundred dollars) "you have been giving me." She hates to do this—hates it until she flushes red.

John feels in his pockets for the fifty or sixty cents she needs to pay for her sirloin steak—real sirloin; just as good as the Joneses would have; and they keep an automobile, too—but the cubic contents of the pocket have not grown a third since he was married; in fact, his salary is lower than it was ten years ago. Vacantly he says, "I wish I could give it to you, but there's the rent, and it's higher, too—everything is higher now. I declare, it makes me worry a little bit sometimes, these days."

And John—which is you, innocent consumer—goes downtown to do it all over again.

Now, Madam, wholly because she is in America, the land of Opportunity (see Uncle Joe Cannon's last speech, or almost any nice speech along in the fall time), and because the Joneses keep an automobile, must have her steak from the loin of the beef. Uncle Henry has not been able to breed a steer that is all loin, but he has done the best he could. It is from the middle third of the upper half of the six-hundred-pound dressed carcass of this expensive young corn-fed beef that Madam must have her meat. That is to say, she concerns herself only with 27.8 per cent. of the entire carcass. The retailer may, for all of her, throw the rest of the carcass into the alley. She does not know what the rest of the carcass costs. What she knows is that the Joneses have an automobile, and that they eat sirloin steak, and that she is just as good as the Joneses any day. Why, she knew that Jones woman when she —— But let us call Madam up on the carpet, and ask her about this beef which is thrown away—nearly 73 per cent. of it.

It has never occurred to Madam that the butcher isn't going to throw away that beef until he has been paid for it; nor does it occur to her that it is herself who pays for most of it. Yet she pays, according to Uncle Sam's figures, from 63 to 70 per cent. of the cost of the whole dressed carcass. In round terms, she pays two-thirds of the whole price of the carcass, and gets one-third of it. In other words, Madam throws away just one-half of what she pays for. It makes her wrinkle up her forehead when you tell her this. It is no use to tell her this. No matter what you do or say, Madam, because she is American, and because this is America, and because times are what is known as "prosperous," is going to keep right on doing what she has been doing.



Your Dad's Dad Moved Out into the Wilderness, Long Rifle in Hand

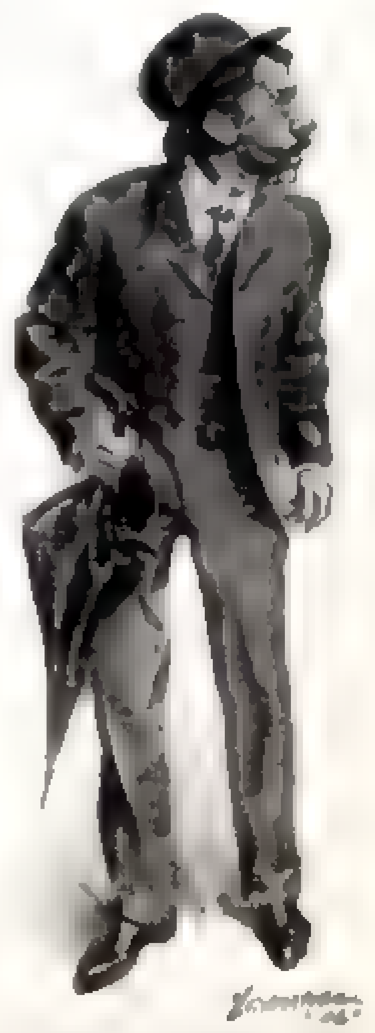
And still, we were about to call the consumer innocent!

But Madam gets into the game. She joins a woman's club and becomes esoteric in this question of the steer. Madam President, at the Woman's Club, produces a diagram from the packer, and yet another diagram from the retailer, both showing the carcass of the steer divided into considerably more parts than ancient Gaul.

Madam President explains that the round steak costs the retailer at the yards market on the basis of 25 per cent. of the entire carcass. If the retailer bought the round alone he would pay seven cents for it. The loin, 16 per cent. of the carcass, would cost him sixteen cents; the ribs, 9 per cent., fourteen cents a pound. The plates (which Madam President explains are the lower sides, running from the first principal meridian east to the front edge of the steer, and extending north and south to the ends of the ribs) cost the retailer only two and a half cents a pound, although making up 15 per cent. of the entire carcass.

No butcher in any neighborhood where there is an automobile can sell this "plate" beef at any price. Usually he sends it back to the packer, who allows him about two and a half cents a pound for it, barrels it and then sits down and waits for the United States Government to open up a market with Norway, where he could sell those plates at six cents if he had a chance. The shank amounts to three per cent. of the carcass and it costs the retailer three and a half cents a pound. The flank, four per cent., costs two and a half cents a pound wholesale; and the retailer has to pay three cents a pound for the suet, three per cent. of the carcass. The chuck (Madam President explains that this lies between the roasting ribs and the neck, running from the spine southward to the top of the plates, or midway, about latitude 45° of the steer) is 25 per cent. of the steer carcass, and it costs the retailer six cents a pound. Now all these per cents., Madam President explains, figure up one hundred per cent. The packer's prices for the different cuts vary according to the market and the quality of the beef.

Usually the retailer will buy a carcass or a half-carcass of dressed beef, undivided; and he will pay around seven, seven and a half to eight and a half cents a pound straight through. He, therefore, has to take his own chances of getting rid of the suet, the plates, the chuck, the shanks and the neck, if there is



We Add to the Price of Our Own Beefsteak When We Stand Open-Mouthed as Mr. McGoorty Goes Whirling by in His Red Machine

Madam Goes Over to Her First-Class Shop and Asks for First-Class Beef

any, as well the rump steak or part of the round. This latter the retailer probably makes up into rolled corned beef with a string around it, and having got a lot of salt into it, he sells it by the pound, getting perhaps fourteen to sixteen cents a pound. Pretty much all the other cheap cuts he is obliged to sell for less than he gave for them. The Woman's Club makes up the balance.

The concrete ever outweighs the esoteric. In pursuit of knowledge, the club adjourns to the local grocery store, where they sell everything from arsenated green pickles to fresh beef. The retailer is a good-natured man, and he has one of his men lay down on the block a half-carcass of a dressed steer. He shows the ladies that this is a young animal, not over a year old, because the "buttons"—little white cartilaginous spots on top of the ribs and just under the skin of the back—are so soft that you can push them in with the thumb; whereas, were this a two-year-old you could not do this, and whereas, at four years of age, these buttons would have become quite rigid. The proprietor also points with pride at the fat of this beef, evenly distributed, marbled—result of skill in Uncle Henry's breeding and feeding in the corn belt. Next in order he comes to the automobile tract of the beef carcass.

"The loin, ladies," he says, "runs from the hip forward along the spine. The tenderloin is a cigar-shaped contrivance that lies along the top of the ribs on each side of the spine—that is the tender part you find on the east edge of your beefsteak when you eat it. Now, if I pulled out this whole tenderloin along the spine, I couldn't sell you a sirloin or a porterhouse or a pin-bone steak at any price. This is the pin bone here."

"It's an awful funny little bone" says a neophyte. "What's it doing all alone by itself, down there in the side?"

The proprietor points out that this mysterious pin bone is a part of the hip bone, running forward into the ribs district. "This pin bone," he says, putting his finger on it, "is high tide in beef cutting. Right here lies the best steak in the steer, but it is only a very few inches wide in all. Most people will not buy it because the bone makes so much waste; yet this flat pin bone comes right at the thickest part of the tenderloin.

"Running from west to east, ladies," he continues, "first comes the round steak, which of course none of you will eat; then the sirloin, which has tenderloin in it; then the pin bone, here in the middle; then the porterhouse, very choice, and with a wide tenderloin; then come the club steaks, these nearest to the neck; and the loin has here tapered out until the club steak has no tenderloin at all to it.

"Of course," concludes the retailer, "you ladies are not interested in the inferior portions of the carcass."

Perhaps the Block Man Cut Off More Bone that Day Before He Weighed the Steak—Perhaps He Did Not

No, they are not. The Joneses are not.

Just being here with the club, Madam concludes to buy a steak for the loved ones at home. Be sure she gets it out of the loin; and be sure, also, that the block man, if the eye of the boss is on him, is very skillful in trimming off the bone before he weighs the steak. It is astonishing how little bone a skillful man can cut off with a dozen strokes of the cleaver before he weighs the steak. After it is weighed he can hit the bone much more regularly. Madam pays for that bone which she cannot eat; because she has to give that butcher his money for those inferior portions in which she was "not interested."

Madam President learns by inquiry that the retail butcher is charging for porterhouse steak twenty-four cents a pound, pin bone the same; sirloin twenty-two cents a pound; ribs for roasting eighteen cents for first cuts, and fourteen cents for the ribs nearest the shoulder. Just for curiosity, and because she is president of the club, and so engaged on what she calls industrial conditions, she learns further that the retailer wants ten cents a pound for chuck and six cents a pound for plates, if he can get it. He charges twelve and a half cents for rump steak, fifteen cents for the upper round steaks, twelve and a half for the poorer round. The neck he does not consider marketable, and most of it goes into the waste can—or maybe into the chuck cut.

A plainly-clad woman comes in and finds mutton twenty-five cents a pound, and even the lowly hog out of touch, and she asks for a shank of beef. True, the block man weighs it in at a nickel a pound, twice what he gave for it; but if he didn't give that woman about two pounds for one pound she would take her trade somewhere else. The proprietor points out this interesting fact. He refers delicately to his trouble in disposing of suet and plates, and other things which are absolute loss to him. "Ah, ladies," he waves a deprecating hand, "those packers! Those packers rob us poor retailers." The Woman's Club adjourns with the conviction that whoever may be guilty for high beef, it certainly is not the proprietor of this nice store; no indeed.

A Plainly-Clad Woman Comes in and Asks for a Shank of Beef

One member of the club was the wife of a traveling man. Unseen by the proprietor she handed the block man a quarter. Perhaps he cut off more bone that day and the next before he weighed the steak—and perhaps he did not. The wife of the traveling man did not know that she was bidding for special privileges with all the insistence of a democracy which wants, as rapidly as possible, to become a system of class and caste. She did not know that she was as guilty as the rebating wholesaler, the rebating railroad, or the combining packer. It was not written in her philosophy that she was living far along in an evolution no longer concerned with buckskin tunics or even cassimere trousers.

At table, Madam and John talked things over in the light of this expedition of the Woman's Club. John tells about things as they used to be when he was a boy. "I used to go downtown for ma," says John, "when I was a kid, and get the meat for the family at Davis' butcher shop. I just asked for fifteen cents worth of 'steak,' and I reckon he gave me what he had, and we took what we got. I put it in the basket and carried it home to ma. Sometimes I asked for a 'boiling piece' or maybe a 'nice roast'; but I seem to remember that steak was just steak in those days."

Perhaps thirty years ago, when John was young, the local butcher saved out the porterhouse for the judge or the leading merchant. To-day we are all in the judge and merchant class. Moreover, we do not put the steak in a basket and carry it home. Madam demands that the retailer shall keep a nice red wagon, and a good team, and a sassy boy to deliver the steak at the wrong flat, and a telephone to correct the boy's mistakes, and a girl to run the telephone. Yet Madam wrinkles up her forehead, unable to see just how she pays for all these things when she buys her short, thick, scientifically-constructed, expensively-raised, judge-and-merchant beefsteak for herself and John.

There are a great many other things which this very lovable sinner does. There is a vast difference between her table and that of John's mother. A still wider gap exists between this table and that of ma's ma. Who is to blame for it? You and I, our wives, civilization—innocent consumers who are not innocent after all.

At each epoch of the swift history of our steer a vast curtain was rung down, never again to be raised; a new world took the place of one past and gone forever. The pictures of those days are wiped from the blackboard of time. The civilization of to-day has come, all men inter-related, inseparably, a vast lockstep march, hands on shoulders, one stepping with another, marking time—hep! hep! hep! at the command of the drill sergeant of the day.

The future? What does beef cost in Germany?—what in Great Britain? Those prices will be our prices before long. It took those countries hundreds of years to become old. We do in a decade what they did in a century.

In a decade we shall be old. Indeed, we are old to-day. We are no longer a new land, a young country, a place of easy opportunity, of easy utilization of a vast and unappropriated raw wealth. This is the turning-point. We are just now passing from the young to the old. Changes in our economic conditions have been as steady and as inevitable as the thinning of the hair, the blearing of the eye, the stooping of the shoulder, which come as youth passes. High beef? Yes.

Cows will continue to seek their level, going from cheap countries to high-priced countries, just as they did in the days of the trail drover. The farming pace will grow swifter every year. The farmer will every year become more and more a college man, more skillful, more resourceful, more scientific. Where now he raises one crop a year in the North he will raise two. Between the rows of his cornfields he will plant some other crop. He will restore the fertility of the soil thus drained. He will raise twice or three times as much food product as he does to-day. He will not merely throw corn to steers. He will feed a balanced daily ration made up of a dozen ingredients He will be a pedigreed farmer. He will raise pedigreed corn on pedigreed land, and he will feed it only to pedigreed cattle. Land will reach still greater prices and be divided into smaller parcels. Beef will cost more very much more—no one knows how much more—to send fatted to the market.

The future beef-supply of the world will presently be raised in that part of the world comprised by the middle portions of the United States. It will be the best beef the world ever saw, the most quickly matured, the most scientifically made beef the world ever saw, beef built to fit the demand, the whim of the public. It will be partly grazed and partly corn fed, the steer always seeking its level in price over short-haul or long-haul differences in locality. The beef of the world will come from parts of Kansas and Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and also from Kentucky and Pennsylvania and New York. The oceans of cattle will settle back in a slow wave eastward; and these cattle will be very, very high-priced.

The world will be supplied with beef from this district, provided, however, that the world still continues to eat beef. You can crowd traffic up to a certain point in prices, but push it beyond a certain price and your traffic cuts in two. People will only stand for so much rise in the cost of any product. When the steer costs too much to raise the farmer does not raise him. If beef is going to cost you and me more than we can afford to pay for it with our present salaries, then you and I are not going to buy beef, but are going to eat something else, as they do in Germany and Great Britain. Then, methinks, we will all agree that America is no more. In other words, the higher goes the price of beef, the lower goes the scale of the average citizen, the plain person, the innocent consumer.

We sum it up that, if we were pinned down to specifications, we might almost say that the chief discoverable fact reached in the study of the steer is this: that the high price of beef is attributable most of all to human envy. This is not to say that we can abolish human envy, for human envy in America means only human ambition, human striving and American progress. But why put all this fault on Madam? Poor little Madam, with the pucker in her forehead, and the little, little bill, folded tight and thin and small, down in the bottom of her purse—I have seen that, and maybe you have; and unless something happens we'll have chance to see it oftener this next fifty years. Is Madam alone to blame? No. Madam and her envy are far more excusable than John and his cowardice. And the cowardice of John, husband of Madam, has very much to do with those bad features of a complex civilization which were once easily remediable but which have now become difficult of change.

John is so abjectly weak and cowardly as to believe that business is the great end of life, that the making of money is the only success in life. That is sweet and fit in this America! Very well. If we admit that, then let us kick no more on the high price of beef

But some do kick. "I tell you that these corporations dominate your business, and that because of that domination your business has been unprofitable for years." Was that the speech of a long-haired socialist? No, it was only the speech at a cattle convention of a sunburned cowman, all his life engaged in raising steers. It was a speech given at one of those cattle conventions where there was conceived and carried through that great rate bill which to-day is so much in the public eye. In the same cowman's speech were other things which might almost be taken to-day as direct inspiration for the revolutionary attitude of President Roosevelt in regard to swollen fortunes and an income tax.

Isn't that Enough to Make the Vested Interests Hold Up Their Hands in Holy Horror?

The Aeolian Co.

Announces the new "Model K"

Pianola

At $215

Terms $15 down ; $7 a month

THERE are many persons who have desired to own a Piano-player, but have not cared to pay the prices heretofore asked. They would not have been satisfied simply with **any** Piano-player, but they wanted **the best** instrument of its kind — which was equivalent to saying the Pianola. Yet the Pianola has always been held rigidly at the price of $250.

Now a new style of Pianola is announced, the "**Model K,**" at a lower price than the Pianola was ever sold before, and, best of all, on monthly terms which bring it within the reach of all.

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Can you picture in your mind the great pleasure that the possession of a Pianola will bring into your home life, — for your entire family, for your guests, for yourself? Think of being able to play in your own home anything in the entire range of piano literature, everything with which Paderewski or Rosenthal dazzles a great audience. The treasures of Chopin, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Liszt, the favorites of the old Italian and German operas, the latest bit of rag time or Broadway hit, — all are equally at your command

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Special Advantages of the "Model K" Pianola

It has the "Metrostyle," without which leading musicians say they would not give serious consideration to any Piano-player.

It has the "Melodist," a device for bringing out the treble, while the bass is subdued, or vice-versa

It has a metal tracker-board, the lever system of expression devices, is extremely easy to pump, and takes up less space in front of the piano than any of the well known Piano-players.

Finally the "Model K" is a genuine Pianola, "the standard Piano-player of the world," and is made by the Aeolian Co., the largest house in the musical industry.

A new book on the "Model K" Pianola is ready for [illegible]. It tells all about the instrument, [illegible] pleasure it will bring [illegible] the home and something about the music. It will be sent for the asking

The Aeolian Company

362 Fifth Avenue, New York City

"I am free to admit," said the cowman, "that our rapid advance as a nation in material wealth is perhaps partially due to corporate organization and enterprise; but are we better off? What is our national wealth to the individual citizen if he owns none of it? The question is not whether the wealth of the nation is increased, but whether the happiness and well-being of the citizen is advanced."

How strange and old-fashioned that sounds! It might have been the talk of dad, or dad's dad, in cassimere or buckskin. It might have been Patrick Henry It might almost be Theodore Roosevelt.

"Gentlemen," went on the cowman, "this Government was created to make the common, individual man the supreme object of regard. Our fathers did not endure hardships and privations that we might be the slaves of corporations. In the Old World the individual, the every-day man, was nothing. His labor availed him little. Our fathers' idea was that in the New World a new day would dawn for humanity. All men were to be free and equal, free to direct their own labor and to reap the fruits of it; free to make their own living and to live on what they made.

"Ordinarily, I am strongly opposed to the principle of Government control. I am of the old American school in politics. I do not believe it is the province of Government to help anybody or hurt anybody. All we ask of the Government is protection. The American people were to own this country and nobody else was to have this right; nobody but the common, every-day, individual man, and this individual man was to have it only for his lifetime. He was not to entail it even upon his own son."

Isn't that enough to make the Vested Interests hold up their hands in holy horror? And isn't it advance warrant for President Roosevelt's income tax?

"Yet to-day," quoth the cowman, "so far as the individual is concerned, he is a suicide, civilly dead. My fellow-stock-growers, in the face of the record of the last two decades, I say we must get back to our fathers' idea. Individualism must be again built up here. Heart must again be put into the common, individual man. It is he who does the work. Let it be understood now that we mean that this Government must be owned by the people and not the corporations."

Whether or not the American lower classes — and we might as well abandon the fiction that there are no classes in America — will cease to be cowards is something which we might answer by studying the history of France, England, Russia, the history of all the Magna Chartas. Personally I think that John, the American husband of Madam, is not so much a coward as were these others. If this be treason, and if this be Socialism, at least the corporations and the inordinately rich men of to-day can hear it without putting their ears very close to the ground. The social unrest is not difficult to discover.

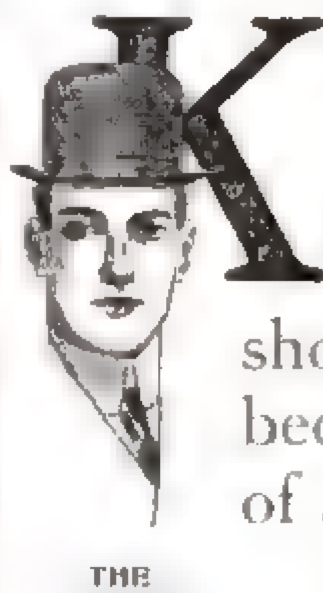
It has been up to John all along. Jones, the neighbor of John, in his fourth new automobile, says this is a fine age, splendid age, never was a better; and that if John hasn't an automobile it is John's fault. No, the fault should be located in slightly different fashion. It is John's fault that he feels that he must have that automobile; and that he will sacrifice something worth a great deal more in order to get it.

Because, after all, every governmental and industrial question comes up to the individual. Each one of these questions is answered in the individual heart. If answered out of manhood, out of a good theory of personal living, it will be answered right, and it will be answered finally. John has not been answering it right, here in America. And, in the phrase of the street, he has no kick coming if he is paying too much for everything he eats or uses.

When John has combed his hair and taken his seat at the morning breakfast-table he has forgotten the picture of dad in his cassimeres, or dad's dad in his buckskins. That is to say, he has forgotten a part of the self-reliance, the independence of thought, the refusal to be led by the nose, which gave dad and his dad before him sand enough to take this country for their own. John forgets that picture, and turns over the pages of his morning newspaper, hunting for pictures of the latest Senators and millionaires who have gotten into the divorce court. John reads over with glee the prosecution of Standard Oil. He is not averse to governmental action which shall "restrict inordinate wealth." Yes, but all

The first Derby made in America was a C & K

Easter Hats for Men



THE CHANGE

KNAPP-FELT hats are especially appropriate for the Easter season, the time which most men celebrate with a new Derby. The Easter hat should be of the best quality, properly becoming and well-fitted — no single item of a man's get-up is so conspicuous.

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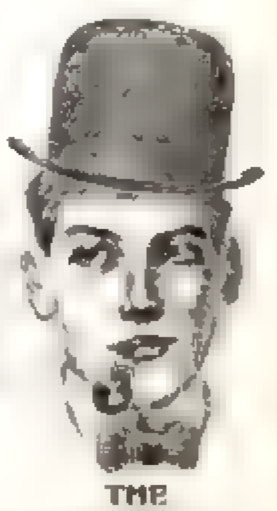
The opportunity to select, from a variety of smart shapes of exclusive C & K design, a properly becoming Easter style which will reflect the individuality of the wearer is an advantage not afforded by any other make of fine hats.

Hatters who sell Knapp-Felts are among those who take pride in furnishing to their customers properly selected, well-fitted hats of unusual value. Knapp-Felt De Luxe, the best hats made, are Six Dollars — Knapp-Felt, the next best, are Four Dollars, everywhere.



THE ADJUTANT

WRITE FOR THE HATMAN

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.

840 Broadway, New York

the while John is perfectly willing to take that inordinate wealth for his own, in any fashion in the world, if only he can get it. When John's dad got comfortable he leaned back and lived a little. John won't. He wants an automobile just as red as Jones'. Poor coward! He forgets that beyond independence, beyond freedom from any man's thumb pressure that is to say, beyond just good, plain, common, horse sense Americanism—there isn't a thing in the world worth having. It wasn't the Beef Trust that raised the price of beef on John's table. It wasn't Mr. Rockefeller who did it, nor Uncle Sam No use regulating Mr. Rockefeller. His inordinate wealth—which every human intelligence knows he never earned—was gained through the cowardice of John, the innocent consumer. If that innocent consumer be pinched, suppose he try regulating *himself* for a while!

We are cowards, we innocent consumers. We have bowed down to the dictum that business is business, and that business is all. We have accepted the belief that the making of money is the great good to be reached by any man; and having accepted that, we have accepted all the corollaries, all the conclusions of the premises.

If we elect men to office as our servants, and then read with silly smirkings of how these men have set themselves up as our masters and not as our servants, then we have no right to whine. If we have asked Nero to immigrate to our shores, if we have invited Nicholas to put his foot on our necks, we have no right to whine. We are to blame for our own nightingales' tongues eaten on Fifth Avenue; and the pity is that we want these bird tongues for ourselves. God pity us for fools! There was not enough cowpuncher left in us, not enough linsey-clad pedestrian left in us, not enough buckskin left in our brains to keep us from envying red automobiles.

God knows we had our chance here in America. There never was a land in all the world such as this which produces and has produced the great American steer. It was a land of plenty. There exists nowhere on the face of the globe any land of half the natural resources, half the wealth in soil, water, forests, minerals, climate, air, mountains, freedom, men. And you and I, John, we poor American cowards, guilty consumers, threw it away, because beef wasn't good enough for us, and we wanted nightingales' tongues.

In two years we could remedy every one of our own troubles if we really wanted to do so. We cannot do that by blindly voting the straight party ticket of either of the two great political parties of to-day. We cannot do that by selling our vote or by selling our personal attitude, our personal view of life. We cannot do that by contenting ourselves with our balance of trade and the great numerical extent of our national automobiles. We cannot do it by continuing in our aping of Jones or our envying of McGoorty. We cannot do it by indorsing the doctrine that great wealth indicates the survival of the fittest. We can do it by standing on the ancient doctrine that the strong should live. We ourselves are strong if we will but know it. It is in our power to vote split tickets and to take every inch of that America which belongs to us.

Shall we do these things? This "social unrest" which the Vested Interests so sincerely deplore these days would seem to indicate that possibly John is waking up; that possibly the sad little pucker in Madam's forehead is getting to his soul, that the sight of that tiny little tight-folded bill in the bottom of the purse can in nowise be repaid by the sight of any number of thousands of automobiles of Jones'.

But if not, then let us go back to our lockstep! Let us hold to the salary of twenty-five per and the third flat up and the short, thick beefsteak as good as that of Jones, and the other things in cheap imitation of Jones. Let us join the weak, the envious, the unfit, the cowardly. Good sirs, guilty consumers, between our high-priced meals let us march in the honorable and much vaunted lockstep of this glorious American civilization! More Joneses with automobiles than the world ever saw! More divorces, more nightingales' tongues than the world ever saw! More cheapening of virtue, more depraving of national stamina than the world ever saw! Volume of trade increasing! Bank balances piling up! The most general and widespread prosperity the world ever saw! Ah, close up! Fall into line in the lockstep, and mark time at the order of the warden of the jail! Hep! Hep! Hep!

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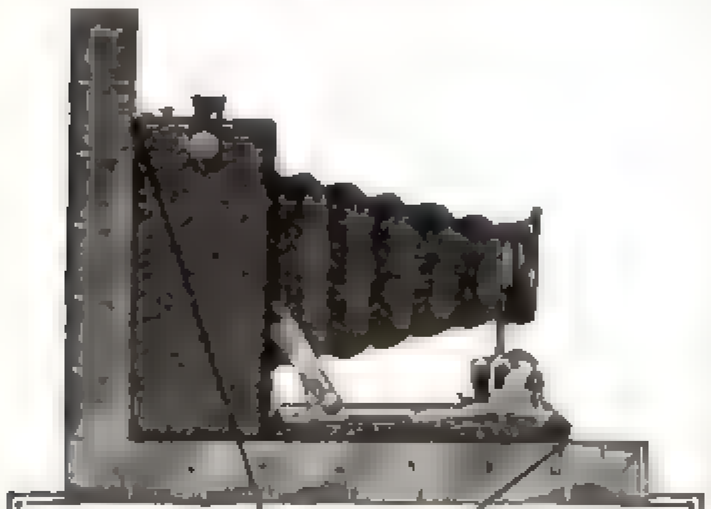

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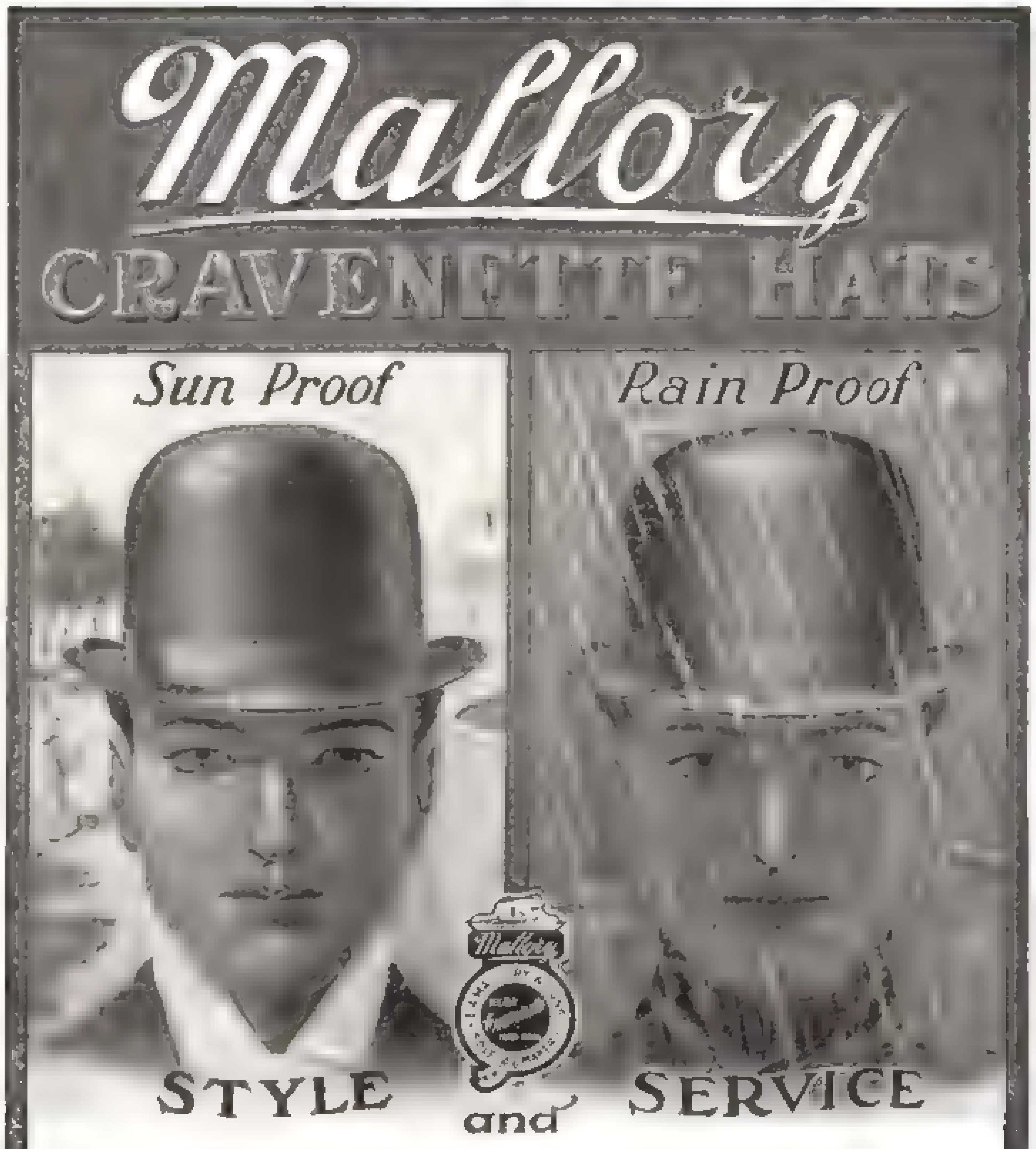

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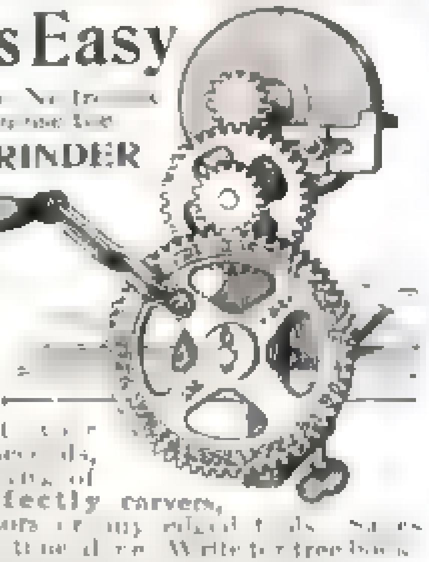

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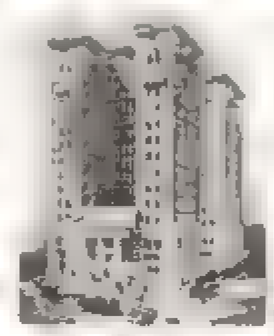

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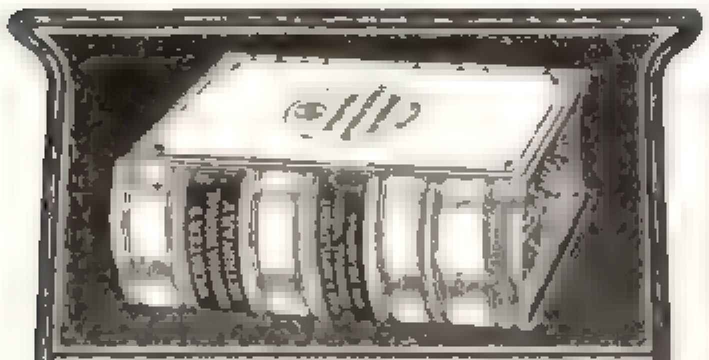

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BROOKS MAGAZINE SYNDICATE, St. Louis, Mo.

The Senator's Secretary

THE last, sad, official rites have been performed over Leslie M. Shaw. The President and his Cabinet associates have embraced him and wept copiously on the lapels of his frock coat. He has been handed his high hat and asked solicitously what his hurry is. He is now merely a former Secretary of the Treasury, a candidate for President and a citizen of Iowa, whose heart will always beat true for dear old Denison, that village whence he came and whither he will return when his years begin to decline, for he wants it known of all men that his years will do all the declining in his case. He will decline nothing

The Secretary also wept copiously at his last Cabinet meeting and at the function that marked the incoming of George Bruce Cortelyou as Secretary of the Treasury. That alert gentleman was on hand a few minutes before the appointed hour in case of accidents.

Tears rained from the Secretary's eyes. His voice was broken with emotion as he shook hands with his faithful subordinates and directed the attention of the reporters to a neatly typewritten statement which announced to the waiting and breathless world that he was going to New York, temporarily, to assume the presidency of a great trust company, name and address given, and could be found there between the hours of nine and four each day, in case a grateful party should care to offer him the nomination for President in 1908; or, even if the party is not grateful—and it is the sad truth of history that parties never are—he could swallow his pride sufficiently and in time to take the nomination from an ungrateful party, rather than not get it at all.

Mr. Shaw's Listening Ear

It is no violation of confidence to state that, in taking this step, Mr. Shaw feels he has gone as far as he can, consistently and with dignity, to call attention to his peculiar fitness for that nomination.

It is now distinctly up to the people. They are the ones to choose. He will be there, at his desk, laboring in the busy marts of trade, but if the call comes he will answer it. In fact, he will have an ear-trumpet or two projecting from the window, so the faintest murmur can be heard.

It is well within Mr. Shaw's knowledge that no man can make himself President by the mere wishing for the place, nor is it seemly to engage in a mad scramble for this nomination for the greatest office in the world. Rather, in his opinion, should those fitted for the task await the summons, but in case there should be any confusion as to the exact place where he will wait, those with the summons are respectfully advised to take the third elevator and get off at the glass door on which his name will appear in neat, readable type. A gentlemanly attendant will be found in the lobby who will give the proper directions.

It is not without a proper pride that Mr. Shaw points to his achievements during his incumbency of office. No Secretary of the Treasury ever made so many speeches throughout the country, thus keeping the people in touch with their treasury, but carefully repelling any advances to touch it that may have been made.

With the shift of Cortelyou to the Treasury, George von L. Meyer, with an ambassadorial experience that was not complicated by any adventures in the field of letter-writing, and with a reputation for a generosity that borders on prodigality when it comes to campaign contributions, became Postmaster-General. In addition to these qualifications, Mr. Meyer has, once or twice, had the Honorable Henry Cabot Lodge in the king row in Massachusetts, which has made it expedient on Mr. Lodge's part to help along Meyer's cause at the White House. Occupying as he does the rather parlous position of bosom friend to the President, Mr. Lodge is as bosomly as possible on occasions like this, for he just naturally hates to be disturbed.

Nearly every Monday morning, because there is nothing else to write about on Sunday, some enterprising correspondent prints the story that at last, at last, Secretary Taft will be made Chief Justice of the

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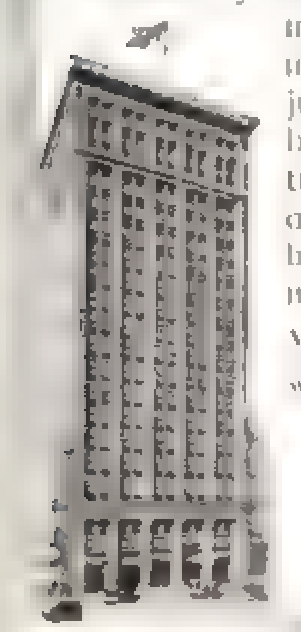

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Supreme Court, for, finally, Chief Justice Fuller has told the President he will retire. Secretary Taft looks at the great heaps of Philippine matters and army matters and Panama Canal matters on his desk and wishes it were true. The big Secretary of War is in a very perplexing position. His temperament is judicial. He would like to be Chief Justice. His brothers want him to remain where he is and be a candidate for President.

Meantime, if Chief Justice Fuller has any intention of retiring he is keeping it religiously to himself. He is the only one to decide. He can stay as long as he likes and he has a most dignified and important position. He may be ready to step down, but he hasn't wigwagged anything to Taft about it, so far as Taft knows.

Another favorite Monday-morning story is the retirement of Secretary Wilson, who has been at the head of the Department of Agriculture for ten years. Congress has been trying to get something to the disadvantage of Wilson for a long time. Congress does not like the way Mr. Wilson does some things. Wilson, each time, puts a fresh wrap in his legs around his chair and sits steady. Congress is whispering now about something that will help Wilson out, and some people are anxiously awaiting results.

If Wilson does go out probably Pinchot will get the place. The President would like to give it to him, but there is Wilson, with ten years of service behind him, cemented to the job, and the President deprecates the use of high explosives—in some instances.

Colonel Roosevelt as a Shovel Man

When the latest Panama Canal whirligig was whirling the Senators got off in corners and chuckled. The Senate is afraid of the Panama Canal. The first enthusiasm has died out and the Senate thinks the country has taken over a task that is impossible. With that kind and charitable spirit that is always observed by the elder statesmen of the Republic, that unselfishness and consideration that is always shown whenever there is any danger ahead, the Senate, and the House, too, for the matter of that, have decided to let the President go ahead and get all the glory. Far be it from Congress to deprive the President of any of the credit for digging the canal. Far be it from those patriots to subtract one jot or tittle from the rewards that must accrue to Colonel Roosevelt, and far be it from them, also, to accept any responsibility. The canal is the President's pet project. He shall have it all to himself. Congress will appropriate what money is needed. Then let the President go ahead and dig the canal. Surely. Let him go ahead and dig it—but if he doesn't, Congress can and will say: "Why, how unfortunate; but, of course, none of the responsibility is ours. We did nothing, you know, but appropriate the money the President has asked."

With this charitable end in view, several little bills were presented clamping the whole project to the President, putting it squarely up to him, and now the Congress is waiting for developments.

They think the President is riding to a fall. Not one of the patriots would lay a straw across the President's path!—not a single one; but, if he does fall, how can they help it?

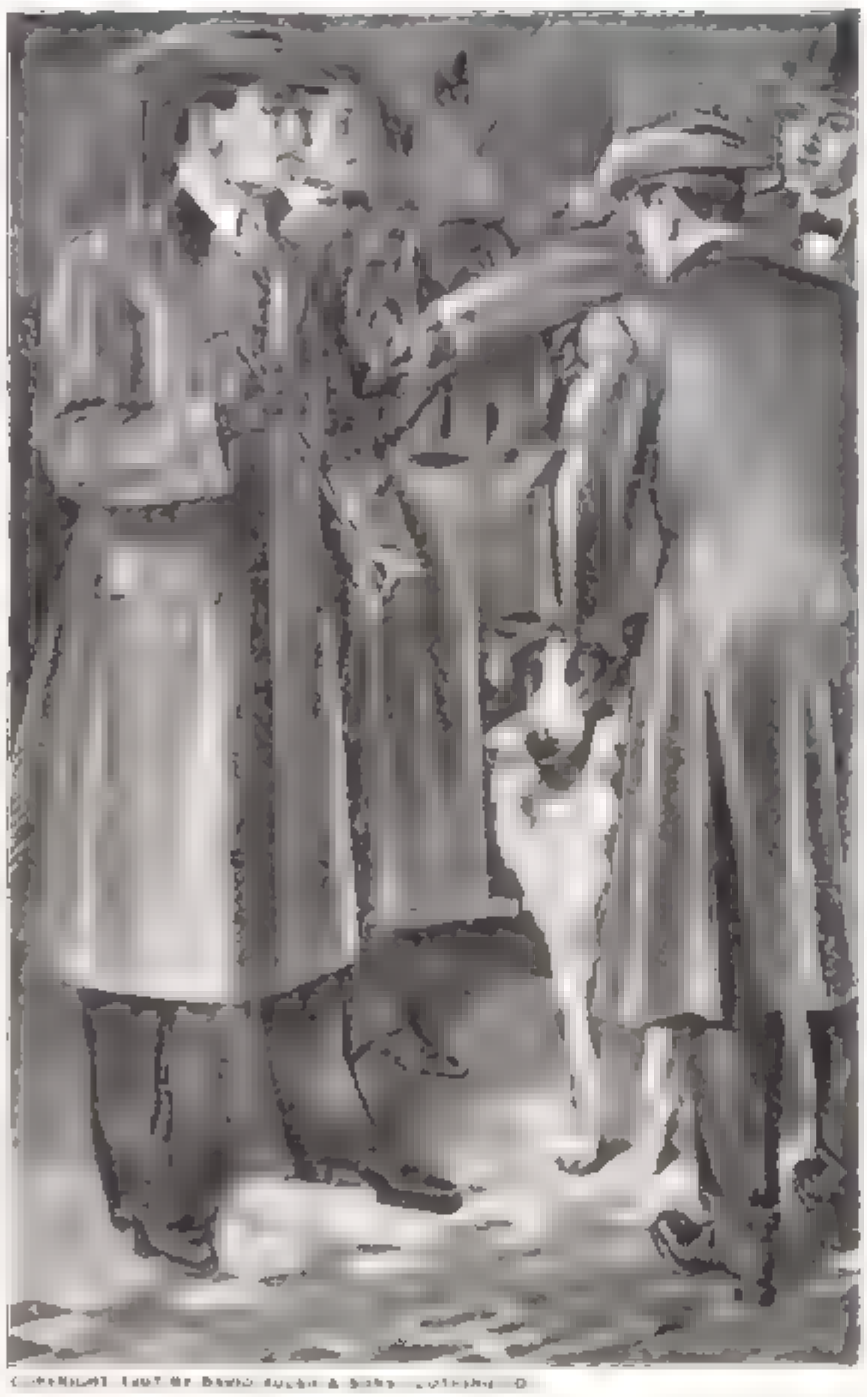
The hullabaloo over the canal contracts did not amount to anything. The contract system was the pet of Shonts and Stevens.

But the President and Secretary Taft were getting coy about contracts, anyhow. Stevens wrote a letter to the President from Panama that assumed to be dictatorial. He said he would resign if certain things were not done. Undoubtedly, he was the most surprised man in the universe when the President cabled him: "Resignation accepted." Then the canal was put in the hands of the army engineers, which is the last possible turn in the kaleidoscope. Army engineers cannot resign.

Silver Tongues Below Par

Meantime, Joseph Clay Stiles Blackburn, Senator from Kentucky, who retired to the Blue Grass on March 4, is to have a canal commissionership. Mr. Blackburn is a statesman of the old school. He is a silver-tongued orator who relied on his silver tongue to keep him in power in Kentucky and awoke one day to find that silver tongues are below par down there.

Adler's Collegian Clothes



THE SPRING STYLES are now ready, and leading clothiers are showing the correct designs in overcoats and suits, prices $12.50 up to $35.00. The Collegian models will appeal to all men who admire gentlemanly, refined looking clothes. ¶ If you care to know something about the merit of Collegian clothes just compare a suit or overcoat with any other make and you'll see that the style and the quality of these garments put them in a class by themselves. ¶ Be sure of this label if you would be sure of the clothes.

Collegian

STYLE BOOK FREE on application. It will post you on what to buy and what to pay. Shows the newest ideas in young men's apparel for Spring and Summer.

David Adler & Sons Clothing Co.
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American Gentleman SHOE

For Your Easter Wear

There is no more important detail of your attire than shoes—especially with Easter, the formal opening of Spring, so close at hand.

You will find nothing smarter or more correct than this new American Gentleman Oxford. Note the distinction of the clean cut lines, the fashionable dull mat buttoned top and the shapely toe.

The superiority of this—like all American Gentleman Shoes—is not only in appearance—it covers every detail, inside and out.

The shoe shown is the No. 1109, American Gentleman special patent leather, blucher oxford, mat top, welt sole, Tribune last

$3.50, $4.00, $5.00

Send for new Shoelight. Free—You will be interested in the new shoe styles.

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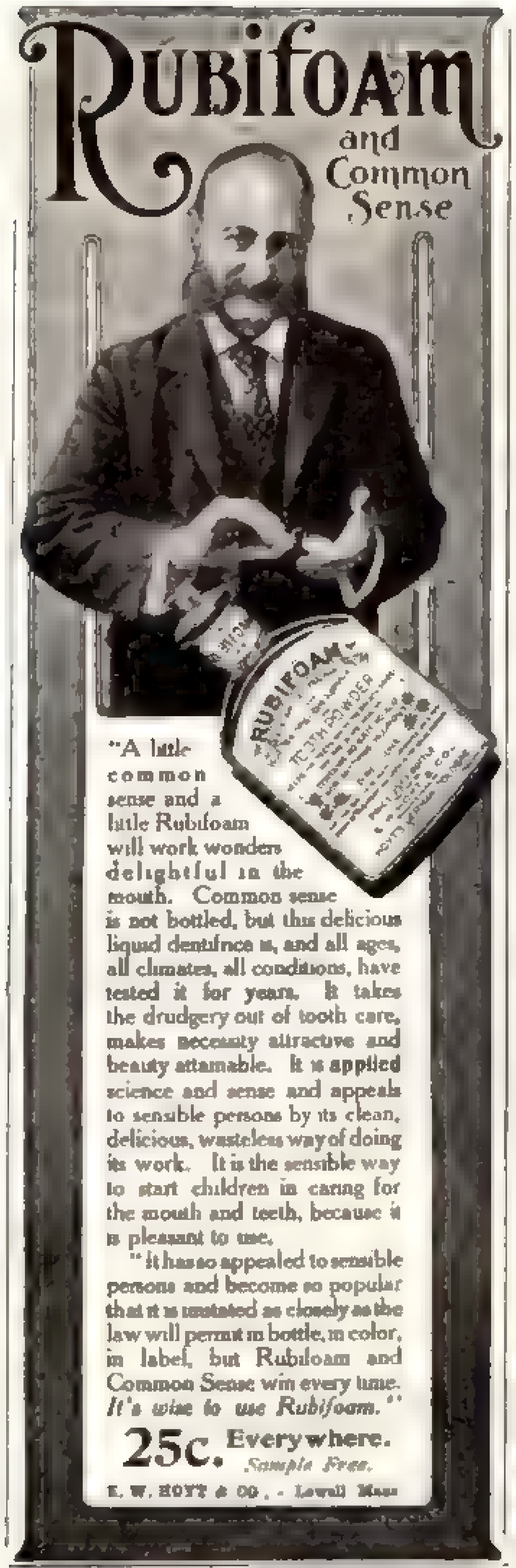

"A little common sense and a little Rubifoam will work wonders delightful in the mouth. Common sense is not bottled, but this delicious liquid dentifrice is, and all ages, all climates, all conditions, have tested it for years. It takes the drudgery out of tooth care, makes necessity attractive and beauty attainable. It is applied science and sense and appeals to sensible persons by its clean, delicious, wasteless way of doing its work. It is the sensible way to start children in caring for the mouth and teeth, because it is pleasant to use.

"It has so appealed to sensible persons and become so popular that it is imitated as closely as the law will permit in bottle, in color, in label, but Rubifoam and Common Sense win every time. *It's wise to use Rubifoam.*"

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Artistic Homes

is the color scheme

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5 C — LIBRARY of 14 books — including **Secrets of Shorthand Speed** — this week for 5 (five) cents; next week 6 cents. Price last week 4 cents. **The Stenographer** (Estab. 1890), **Philadelphia, Pa.**

He had to have a job. Moreover, he was minority leader in the Senate, having inherited that place, as a courtesy, when Senator Gorman died.

Not without wisdom as to the progress of affairs in Washington, Mr. Blackburn took what goods he had to the right market. The Democrats in the Senate, or some of them, wanted to call a conference on the Japanese school trouble in San Francisco when the Immigration bill was up. Was a conference called? Not while Joseph Clay Stiles Blackburn was on the spot, and he was there continuously. His firm friend, the President, was anxious to get through the bill, and Joseph Clay Stiles Blackburn could not see the necessity of conferring with his brother Democrats with any telescope he had within reach. There was the little question of Reed Smoot, also, where he helped out the Republicans.

One doctrine that is accepted at the White House is: The laborer is worthy of his hire.

Ground and Lofty Tumbling

Everybody on the Senate side watched with amazement the ground and lofty tumbling the House did on the Ship Subsidy bill. The project of a ship subsidy has been before Congress for years. It has been put forward in all sorts of shapes and, finally, a bill went through the Senate which was a sort of an entering wedge. Nobody was very keen about it in the Senate, but over in the House, when the bill was jammed out, there was a cyclone in a minute!

After some days of discussion a vote was taken. Littauer, of New York, was in charge of the bill. He saw the vote was close and rushed to the clerk's desk before the announcement was made. He discovered the bill was beaten by a narrow margin.

Being a handy man, Littauer changed his vote from "yes" to "no" and then moved to reconsider. John Sharp Williams, leader of the minority, moved to lay that motion on the table. If the Williams motion had carried the bill would have stayed dead. Littauer was sharp enough to make a party question of it, and the Republicans voted down the Williams motion.

Then Littauer got a vote on his motion to reconsider, and while that was being recorded he shooed a lot of weak-kneed Southern Democrats, who had voted against the bill for record purposes on the first roll-call, out of the House. He got some others who were opposed to stay out, and he passed the bill on the final vote, having first carried his motion to reconsider. And, strange to say, there are people who assert that Littauer is merely a rich man in Congress

Answering G. W.'s Farewell

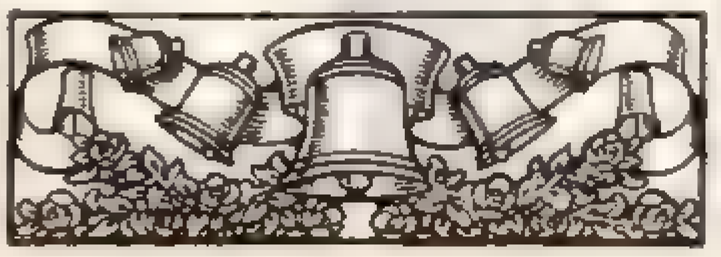
When Senator Burkett, of Nebraska, was reading George Washington's Farewell Address, with great declamatory effect, Senator Bacon, of Georgia, came in. Bacon is the great Democratic Foreign Relations sharp. He is the guardian of the minority in all affairs that relate to other countries. He keeps the Ship of State off the rocks many times in the course of a year, and when it comes down to discussing fine points in treaties he can put a construction on a comma that will take him a week to explain.

Bacon sat down at his desk and listened. He heard the words "foreign entanglements." That was enough for him. He began to make copious notes of what Burkett was reading with a view to answering his speech, for there can be no foreign entanglements unless Bacon is tangled in them himself. Burkett finished. "Mr. President," said Bacon, rising majestically in his chair.

"What are you going to do?" almost shouted a Senator sitting near him.

"Answer Burkett," said Bacon, turning around.

"Great Heavens, man, that was Washington's Farewell Address," and Bacon sat down, terribly disappointed.



New Wrinkles in Clothes

AREN'T these clothes "the *stylish* duds!
Wouldn't I be a credit to a fashion show?
"New wrinkles" I was looking for.
And I've found 'em — by the dozen

A week ago — when my suit was new — it looked as well as the [illegible].
But yesterday the weather was damp
And to-day you see me
Went into my clothier's this morning and asked him what he could do.
And he said —
"Nothing!"
So — I went across the street and saw some Kaufman Garments — $15.00 to $18.00 — guaranteed!
And here are some of the things they are guaranteed for
— up-to-date fabric patterns
— up-to-the-minute, design — cut — fit — finish
— [illegible]
— *shape permanence*
Of course the fabric patterns are easy

So — it is "up to the clothes makers" to shrink the fabrics.
They know this and do their best but "their best" isn't always very good, and — sometimes — it is pretty poor — as to [illegible] of the clothes I have on.
But the Kaufmans use a *special* shrinking process.
Every bolt of cloth that comes to the great Kaufman Tailoring Establishment is treated with what is known as The Kaufman *Pre-shrinking* Process.
And this takes every bit of the "shrink tendency" out of the fabric before it is made up into Kaufman Garments.
This is why Kaufman Garments — at $15.00 to $18.00 — always hold their shape.
This is why wearers of Kaufman Garments always look well — are always "stylishly dressed."
Kaufman Garments wear better because *Pre-Shrunk* fabrics do not "wrinkle," "chafe" nor "get thin" in odd corners.
But only the Kaufmans can give you this assurance.
Other clothes makers [illegible] give you *shape permanence* — at any price — no matter what they say — because

Kaufman Garments $15. to $18.

For all clothes makers buy from the same mills. And all weavers make up the same patterns in different grades of fabric the same season. While as for designs — cut, fit and finish — these are all after the same fashion plates each season. And all clothes makers give you the same styles. But the "*shape permanence*"
That is quite another matter.
For all fabric fibres are elastic and wool is particularly so. It will *shrink*.
And unless this "*shrink tendency*" can be overcome somewhere between the sheep's back and your back, why, it will surely [illegible] clothes and make trouble.
No matter what [illegible] — no matter what they [illegible] the *[illegible]* [illegible] "shrink tendency" is taken [illegible] your clothes will [illegible] — as [illegible].
Spinners won't shrink yarn, because they sell it by the pound and shrinkage means loss of weight.
Weavers won't shrink their cloth, because they sell by the yard and shrinkage means loss of length.

they are not allowed to use the only process that takes all the "shrink tendency" out of cloth.
The Kaufman "Pre-Shrinking" Process is owned and controlled by the Kaufmans and they will not allow its use outside their own big tailoring establishment.
[illegible] pay $25.00 or more for *uncertain shape* in clothes, when you get *shape certainty* for less money? The mark to look for is —

This Garment Made and Guaranteed by
Chas. Kaufman & Bros.
CHICAGO

"The Best Dressed Man in 1907" is shown in the new Kaufman Style Book — ask Kaufman dealers for it.
Or — write to Chas. Kaufman & Bros., Chicago.

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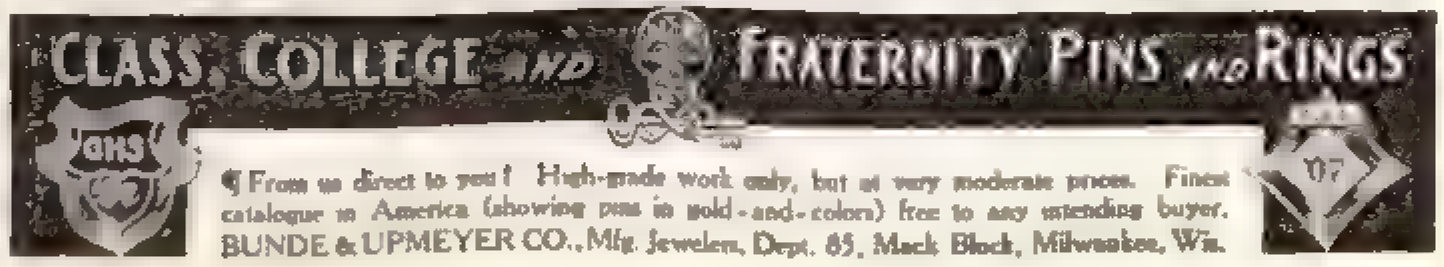
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HAIR TEST

A FAMOUS surgical-instrument maker of Brooklyn, New York, has produced a new Ready Razor—the RAZAC—a safety razor that is *safe*. A simple silver-plated holder all in one piece. A blade adjustment that will suit any face—blades of Swedish razor-steel, rigid and firm as a surgeon's knife and brought to a *temper* and *edge* quite impossible with flexible blades. Repeated hair tests are made in perfecting each RAZAC blade. Apply a hair to one yourself and note the sharp clean way it is severed.

Anyone can use this little instrument. It will clean the face of every vestige of hair and stubble—simply, quickly, pleasantly, and leave it as smooth as the palm of your hand. A clean, cool shave, no matter how tough or wiry the beard. No stropping, no honing. No trouble at all.

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THE NEW READY RAZOR
Nothing to it but Shave

You can't get away from the plain facts about the RAZAC no matter how you are now shaving—whether at the barber's, at home with the regular razor, or with one of the old-model safeties.

The price of the RAZAC is $3.50. Try it for thirty days and if at the end of that time for any reason you are willing to part with it we will refund your money. Good drug-stores, cutlery and hardware dealers want RAZACS faster than we can make them.

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SENSE & NONSENSE

The Trousers of the Great Grover

AT THE time Grover Cleveland was running for President my brother and I had a heated quarrel over politics. Being a few years my senior, he thought he could make me come to his way of thinking. He was a Republican and I was a Democrat, and he vowed he would never speak to me again if I voted for Grover Cleveland. The argument ended, however, and we shook hands, after I had told him why I must vote for him.

Being left orphans, we had been brought up apart, by relatives, and my brother had not known until that day why I felt such a deep-seated regard for Grover Cleveland.

When I was only five years old, a lady, who was a personal friend of Cleveland, came from Buffalo to visit my aunt, with whom I lived, and during her stay she mentioned the fact that Grover Cleveland's closet was just full of trousers which had hardly been worn. My aunt made the remark that she wished she had some to make over into pants for me.

Being said in a jest, it was not thought of again until nearly a month after this lady had returned to Buffalo, when one day a *large* express package came to my aunt. On opening it she found ten pairs of trousers of excellent material which Grover Cleveland himself had sent me. Each pair made three fine pairs of pants for me.

I would have been ungrateful, indeed, had I not voted for the generous man whose ample trousers had yielded threefold under the scissors for me. —*F. E. B.*

One Kind of a Simple Old Fellow

FREDERICK WEYERHAEUSER, of St. Paul, who is held by many people to be richer than John D. Rockefeller, because of his enormous holdings of timber lands, is a quiet, retiring man, who deprecates stories about his vast wealth and who holds himself to be a simple old fellow with no business sense at all.

An interviewer went to see him to ask him about his wealth. "Why, my boy," said Weyerhaeuser, "I am not a good business man. I am getting fooled all the time. Anybody can take me in. I bought a horse a few days ago. The man who sold it to me told me it could trot in two minutes.

"Well, I took it out on the track and it did trot in two minutes and I gave the man the money. I thought I had a great horse until I found the track it trotted on in two minutes was a half-mile track instead of a mile track, and it was a four-minute horse instead of a two-minute horse. See how simple I am."

When Russell Didn't Insist

EDWARD L. RUSSELL, one of the vice-presidents of the Mobile and Ohio road, asked Private John Allen, of Tupelo, Mississippi, who was the wit and story-teller of Congress for years, to go on a trip in Russell's private car. Allen consented. The car stopped at Tupelo, and Allen got aboard.

After they had been riding for a time, Russell took a box of cigars and held them out to Allen. "John," he said, "will you have a cigar?"

"No," Allen replied; "I am never going to smoke another cigar as long as I live. I quit last night forever."

Russell put the cigars back on the table. They rode for a few miles and then Allen said:

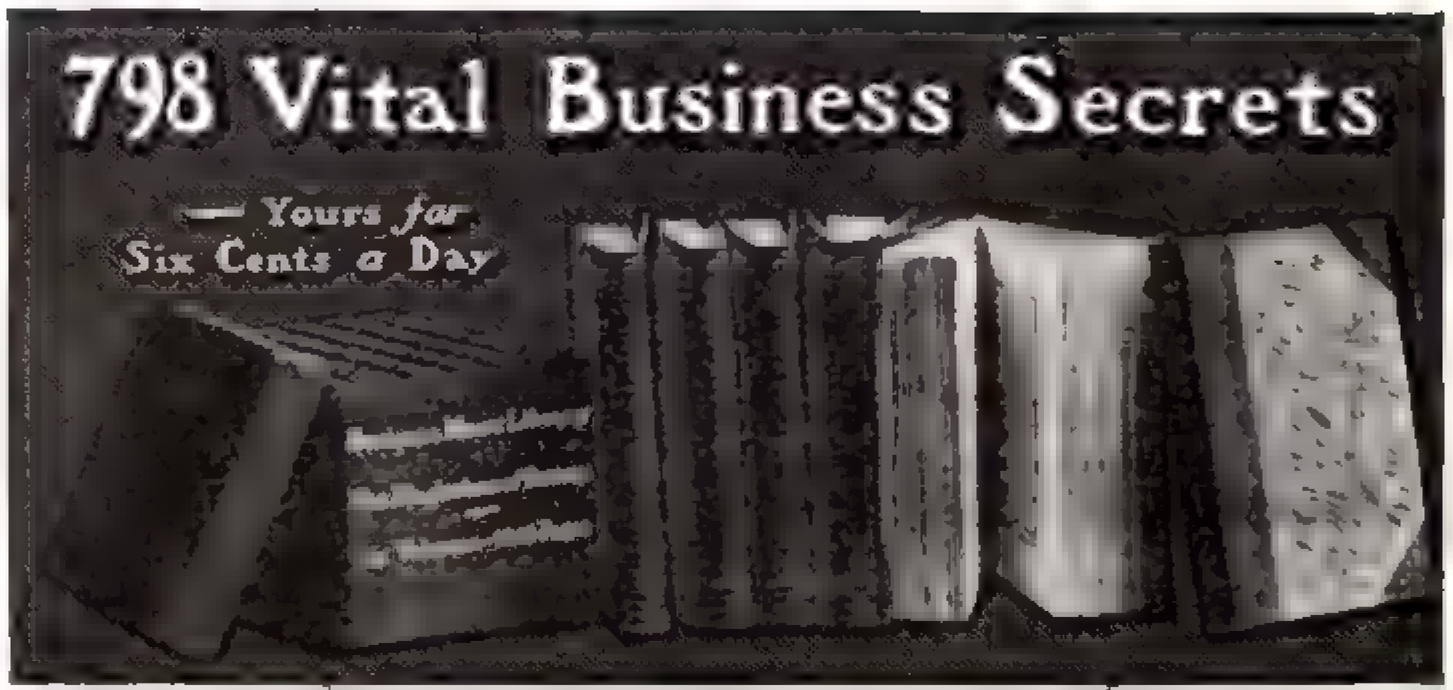
"Say, Ed, you are failing mighty fast, ain't you?"

"Why, no, John," replied the startled Russell. "What makes you think that?"

"Oh, I've noticed it for quite a time, and to-day especially. You are failing fast. You used to be persistent about things, and go ahead, and have your own way, and stick until you had accomplished something; but now you are sort of pindlin' and don't hang on any more. You are in a bad way, Ed."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Russell; "I hadn't noticed it. What do you base all this on?"

"Why," said Allen, "fifteen minutes ago you asked me to have a cigar and you haven't said anything about it since."



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How to Sell Goods
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—How to train, develop and coach a sales force
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—How to meet objections and how to be a good "closer"
How to work the "big stick" plan of selling goods to [illegible]
—How to handle wholesalers and retailers to the best advantage
—How to judge a good salesman — how to hire, and how to [illegible]
—How to analyze your proposition and pick out its selling points
—How to make the consumer influence dealers to buy your goods
How to get out of the ranks of the clerks and become a real salesman
And hundreds of other vital pointers and plans for clerks, city salesmen, traveling salesmen, retailers, wholesalers, manufacturers, mail order houses and advertising men.

How to Buy at Rock Bottom
—How to trap a lying salesman
—How to close big transactions
—How to prevent extravagant purchasing
—How to [illegible] and make quick decisions
—How to know to a nicety what stock is on hand
—How to [illegible] pound [illegible]
—How to keep track of promises, agreements, deliveries, etc.
How to play one salesman against another, and take advantage of every opportunity to get a lower price
—How to devise a simple system which will bring to your notice at a glance all sales, prices, etc., about a given article
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And other priceless pointers beyond description, that every business man big or little, employer or employee, ought to have constantly at his finger tips.

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—How to judge credits.
—How to collect by mail
—How to handle "touchy" customers.
How to be a good collector — and how to [illegible]
How to organize a [illegible] and collection department
—How to weed out [illegible] buyers from the safe ones
—How to know every day the state of your accounts receivable
How to get quick, accurate [illegible] a customer's ability to pay
—How to write [illegible] letters that bring in the money without giving offense.
—How to organize your own collection agency and force worthless debtors to pay without suing
—How to judge of foreign credits and how to collect money or supply from foreign countries
—How to devise a simple and effective system of insuring prompt and periodical collections of all accounts
And valuable information of [illegible] for credit men, collectors, accountants and every business man interested in this side of the department.

Priceless Business Secrets

The Business Man's Library is, in reality, a complete correspondence course in the [illegible] of the great Master Minds of Business. In no other way can you get the valuable information which this Library will give you, save through the slow and costly school of Experience. For what we offer you here is solid Business Experience, collected, classified, condensed and crystallized for you at a cost of thousands of dollars.

What the blue print is to the [illegible] worker, what the compass is to the mariner, what the map is to the traveler, what the experiment station is to the farmer, all this and more the Business Man's Library is to the Business Man.

To the man in a private [illegible] it is welcomed as a guide and constant adviser. To the man in charge of other men either as employer or [illegible] these business secrets which he might never have the opportunity to find out for himself — and to the worker — the man who has hopes above his present position, it shows the short road to better days, better salary, more power, eventual success. Every man in business, employer or employee, every man with a hope and an ideal, needs this Business Man's Library, for it will help him to turn his day-dreams into actual achievement.

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Seventy-eight big, broad men — not mere writers, but National Business Men whose very names inspire respect and admiration and confidence — are the authors of the Business Man's Library. Alexander H. Revell, founder and president of the great house bearing his name; Sears Roebuck & Co.'s Comptroller; John V. Farwell & Co.'s Credit Man; Montgomery Ward & Co.'s Buyer; Sherwin-Williams Co.'s General Manager. These are only a few of the big business men who have contributed to the Business Man's Library.

These seventy-eight men give us not only the intimate secrets of their own success, but priceless business information, working plans, methods, statistics, tabulations, systems, hints, pointers for [illegible] places in the world of money where few are permitted to enter.

The six substantial volumes of the Business Man's Library which these men have written are published in a handsome de luxe edition as [illegible] be. Beautiful new large type, fine, hand-made deckle paper, one edge of gilt, two edges plain, half English morocco binding — these are indeed a set of books for the Library or Desk of which to be proud. This is your money-laden opportunity — they can be had by any man who can spare only six cents a day.

Big men in these concerns have bought these books for their desks — and these are only a handful selected at random from thousands and thousands of purchasers.

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National Cash Register Co.
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Jones Dry Goods Company
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Nelson Morris & Company
Columbia Phonograph Co.
National Biscuit Company
American Can Company
Goodyear Rubber Company.
Adams Express Company.
Arbuckle Brothers.
Barnhart Bros. & Spindler.
Montgomery Ward & Co.
Morgan & Wright
Cudahy Packing Company
Otis Elevator Company
Bell Telephone Company
Western Electric Company.

The United States Government has bought three sets and many leading universities have purchased sets for their libraries and to be used as text books.

How to Manage a Business
—How to keep track of stock
How to train and TEST employees.
—How to hire and direct employees.
—How to figure and charge estimates.
—How to check deliveries and mistakes.
—How to detect and eliminate needless items of expense.
—How to get the most out of those under and around you
—How to size up the money making possibilities of new ventures
—How to get up blanks, forms and records for all kinds of businesses.
—How to devise a perpetual inventory system that will tell you every day the value of all material on hand.
—How to turn a losing business into a profitable one — how to make a profitable business more profitable
—How to devise a simple time keeping and pay roll system that will tell you the exact earning value of every employee
And countless other things, including charts to plan an organization, plans and forms that every man in an executive position needs in his daily work.

How to Get Money by Mail
—How to write ads
How to begin a letter
How to turn inquiries into orders.
How to formulate a convincing argument
—How to get your reader to ACT at once
—How to write trade-winning business letters
—How to cover territory salesmen can't reach
How to keep tab on results of all mail work
How to key ads, circulars and all mail sales
—How to secure attention and arouse interest by letter
—How to prepare an enclosure for a business getting letter
—How to keep complete information about mail customers at your finger-tips
—How to supplement the efforts of salesmen with live, business getting letters
—How to answer, file and follow up inquiries from advertisements and those which come in the regular course of business
And page after page of practical, working details not only for mail order firms but particularly helpful for those NOT making a specialty of a mail order business.

How to Stop Cost Leaks
—How to detect waste
—How to make an inventory
How to figure "overhead" expense
—How to systematize an entire factory or store
—How to cut out red tape in a simple cost system
—How to keep close watch on material and supplies
How to apportion the right number of men to a specific job
—How to decide between piece work, day wages and bonus systems
—How the "trusts" reduce their costs to a minimum — how to apply their methods
—How to formulate a simple but effective cost-keeping system of your own.
—How to keep tab on the productive value of each machine and employee.
—How to figure depreciation, burden, indirect expense, up-keep, profit, loss, cost
—How to know EVERY DAY all the little details that may turn into leaks and losses of time and money
And chapter after chapter of priceless plans for practically every kind of business in which an accurate cost system is essential to solid success

ADD to the help which this Library will bring you the help which you will get from SYSTEM, which stands pre-eminent the monthly magazine of business. [illegible] pages in every issue of SYSTEM, and you cannot afford to miss a single page of it. SYSTEM will show you how to start a new business, how to win trade for it, establish prestige, create profits, minimize wastes, keep down expenses, stop losses. Better, SYSTEM will show you how to accomplish more, make more, in your present daily work. SYSTEM has 300,000 regular readers. It has helped many of them to better salaries, bigger profits, that would have been impossible, undreamed of, without SYSTEM. Won't you let SYSTEM and the Business Man's Library help you?

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The Suit's Testimony

By Himself

JUDGE—look at me now!

See the way my lapels bulge—Notice the unevenness of my shoulders—how they have fallen away—See how broken and lumpy looking I am in front—Don't you think from the way I'm twisted here and distorted there that I'm about the worst looking Suit you ever saw in your life?

Yet there's good material in me, Judge.

If I had been properly cut and made up, you wouldn't see me in this terribly twisted Condition—not much.

But I wasn't!

Between these two prisoners my present Condition was assured

For the Tailor there cut me altogether improperly, then hustled me through a lot of inexperienced hunger-driven operatives who "slammed" me together any old way.

And when I came from their hands, I was *badly* made—I felt it

I should have been carefully taken apart and made over by skilled tailoring experts—then I might have had a slight chance of being a good suit.

But no—that would cost money

I was thrown to Old Dr Goose—the Hot Flat Iron—for his work is cheap

He stretched me here and shrunk me there—till every thread and strand of Fabric ached and ached.

But he made me *look* the part of a well-made suit like thousands of other improperly cut and poorly tailored suits he has so "doped"

—To soon Come to the state you see me in now, Judge—disgraced and dishonored.

Now that's the Charge I have against the prisoners.

I might have been made into a suit that would hold its Shape for Life—

How do I know?

Because there are clothes so made—

"Sincerity Clothes" is their name.

You won't find a "Sincerity" Suit in my condition—not in a thousand years—For "Sincerity Clothes" are made right from Start to finish

"Sincerity Clothes" are designed and Cut by the most expert and knowing tailors in America.

Then they're tailored by expert needle-workers who Sew Shape and Form permanently into the Fabric.

When a "Sincerity" Suit is made, it is rigidly inspected—the few slight alterations that may possibly be required are made by expert needleworkers—not by Old Dr. Goose.

All these things Cost money of course—

A "Sincerity" Suit cost the "Sincerity" Makers more money to make than it Cost the prisoners here to make me—

But—here's the *most remarkable part*—A "Sincerity" Suit doesn't cost the wearer a Single Cent more than I and my class of Poorly Mades cost him—

All first grade ready-to-wear dealers carry "Sincerity Clothes," Judge—If you want to be sure, see that this label is in the Coat—it insures Style, Service and Satisfaction.

SINCERITY CLOTHES
MADE AND GUARANTEED

Getting On in the World

STEPS AND MISSTEPS ON THE ROAD TO FORTUNE

Made His House Pay

AFTER we were married and housekeeping in our little flat we had exhausted all our savings in getting a start. We were not satisfied long with paying rent and living on one floor, and longed to be alone in a house of our own. To own a house, however, on a weekly wage of eighteen dollars and nothing else in the world seemed quite out of the question. We couldn't quite forego this dream, and often looked at a cozy little house on a side street in the same town as we walked by, picturing ourselves living in it.

The house was uninhabited, and there was no sign on it To Let, and the idea presented itself to me to look into it, even though I had no remote chance of purchasing. I did so, and found it belonged to the building and loan association of that town, who wished to sell and would not rent it. The price they put on the house and lot was twenty-two hundred dollars, and they stated they would require four hundred dollars down to give me immediate title to the house. I canvassed my friends, and found one who would loan me two hundred dollars. I again went to the building and loan people, and offered them the two hundred dollars down, title to remain with them until the four hundred dollars was paid. This was agreed to. I then paid eight dollars to my friend for the money at four per cent. for a year, paid it down at first payment on the property, and immediately moved in. I further agreed to take ten shares in the building and loan, which, together with the interest on the money borrowed of it, made my payments come to twenty dollars a month.

The property was somewhat dilapidated, although sound on the whole, and a great deal of my spare time was used in painting it, laying a cement cellar, setting out a privet hedge around the front lawn with sundry bushes to take away the bareness of the grass plat, and fencing in the rear yard, as well as papering most of the interior. The work all being mine, the cost of these improvements was ridiculously small, but the effect on the property was startling. It made an attractive place out of a very dingy one. In two years' time we decided we would like to sell, and began looking for a purchaser. The first party who called wanted a different style of place, but he advised a friend of his who was looking for a house to see ours, and it just suited him. He agreed to pay us the sum in cash of twenty-seven hundred dollars, or five hundred dollars more than we had paid for it, and, after repaying the original two hundred dollars and canceling our debt with the building and loan, we had a handsome profit for our two years' venture in real estate on an initial outlay of eight dollars. —*A. B. P.*

Sauce for Gander

THE majority of people imagine that, when a great department store advertises that it will sell goods at what apparently is a loss, it is done for advertising purposes and to attract a crowd which, perchance, may purchase some other article on sale which will show a profit. According to an explanation given by the head of a large New York department store of a recent much-heralded sale of a famous English sauce at a price lower than the manufacturers could make it, nothing further from the facts could there be than this common opinion.

"Every department in this house," said the manager, "has a head who is under contract to produce a profit from the goods under his charge, and if, at the end of a year, he can show no such profit there is a vacancy to be filled by a more competent executive. The department heads, within certain lines, are allowed to do pretty nearly as they please in order to produce results. Many of them work together with sometimes startling success, as in the case of this sauce sale. On that occasion the ability of the store to sell a standard article under its cost of manufacture and still make a profit came about in this way:

SELF-CONFORMING

KINGFLEX HATS

are the most comfortable and stylish hats made. Most comfortable because they are self-conforming just where they touch the head, fitting it naturally, without binding. "It's all in the band." Made from selected furs, combined with our new process of stiffening, the fine stiff brims and crowns are fashioned in the smartest styles for spring wear. The elegance of finish and many styles from which the discriminating gentleman can suit his taste have made the Kingflex Hat

The Crown of Fashion

everywhere. **Kingflex Hats** cost $4.00. **Werdna Hats** are self conforming and are made from the finest selected f[illegible] and trimmings that can be put into a [illegible] [illegible] cost $5.00. Ask your hat man for **Kingflex Hats** [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] style and finish. Send for our [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] spring styles.

163 Hampden St THE GUYER HAT CO. BOSTON, MASS.

Originators of Self-Conforming Hats

BOSTON KINGFLEX NEW YORK

The Sign of Equality = $3.50

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Every dollar coined has a real value. Every pair of ABBOT shoes made is the greatest possible value for three dollars and a half.

ABBOTS or dollars their value is fixed. ABBOT quality never falls below its fixed value. Every pair equals the full price asked—that means absolute certainty of service in return

The ABBOT SHOE $3.50

is a shoe for every day—everywhere. It is good to look at but better still to use. Well in fashion, but not extreme—its value is put where it does the most good.

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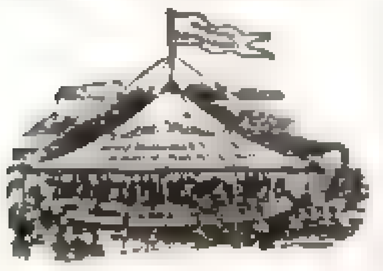

is frequently made by owners of our famous Merry-Go-Rounds. It is a delightful, attractive, big paying, healthful business. Just the thing for the man who can't stand indoor work, or is not fit for heavy work. Just the business for a man who has some money and wants to invest it to the best advantage. They are simple in construction and require no special knowledge to operate. Write for catalogue and particulars.

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Rider Agents Wanted

In each town to ride and exhibit sample 1907 bicycle. Write for Special Offer.
Finest Guaranteed 1907 Models $10 to $27
with Coaster-Brakes and Puncture-Proof tires.
1905 & 1906 Models all of best makes $7 to $12
500 SECOND-HAND WHEELS
All Makes and Models, good as new $3 to $8
Great FACTORY CLEARING SALE.
We Ship on Approval without a cent deposit, pay the freight and allow TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL.
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"The head of the women's underwear department was approached by the manufacturer of a new style of corset, who was very anxious to get it on the market. The corset was all right in its way, but it was brand-new and its manufacturer knew just as well as the department head did that it would be a mighty good thing for him to have the corset go forth under the direction of a famous firm like ours. He didn't know it, but the corset-maker was a chance that had been looked forward to. After a lot of affected indisposition the underwear head said to the manufacturer:

"'I will put these corsets on the market, give them a good show and advertise them thoroughly at the price you have put upon them if you will sell our grocery department one hundred gross of —— sauce at —— a gross.'

"'But I am not in the line of getting that sauce,' exclaimed the astonished manufacturer.

"Then he was told that he could go into the market and buy the sauce the same as any one else, and that it was only upon those terms that his corsets would be handled. He agreed to the proposition tentatively and the next day came back with a very long face to say that the price at which the sauce was desired was four cents a bottle less than it could be produced by its makers. This information he said he had received straight from the New York agents of the London concern.

"The head of the underwear department listened to this explanation and then said: 'You desire to get your corsets before the public and we will place them in that position provided you carry out your promise to sell the grocery department of this house the sauce named at the price agreed upon. We are not interested in what it will cost you to get the sauce; we know how much it will cost us to handle your corsets, and we know at what price we can handle the sauce satisfactorily. You can follow out the arrangement or leave it.'

"The corset man saw a great light, and he went into the market and bought the sauce at what represented to him the cost of getting his goods upon sale.

"When our grocery head put the sauce on sale, at a profit to us of two cents a bottle, which was still two cents lower than cost, there was a great howl from the wholesalers, and we even received a letter of protest from the English firm, but the transaction was legitimate. The corset man got his wares pushed at a small cost and made money, the grocery department's books showed a good profit and a great reputation for cheap selling on the deal, and the underwear department turned the production of a new and desirable article to its own credit and profit. And every dealer in that sauce will stake his reputation on the assertion that we couldn't sell under maker's cost without a loss." —*C. C.*

Opening Up a New Field

A FRIEND leased a piano from a concern in my town, and he was required to insure the piano against fire in favor of the owner. At the time he told me about it, and it gave me an idea. I was in the fire-insurance business. I called to see the head of the company from whom my friend had rented the piano.

As I thought would be the case, the piano owner had paid little attention to the fire-insurance end of the leasing of his pianos, and would accept a policy from any company that the lessee happened to present. Therefore, I was able to make an arrangement as follows: In the lease the owner was to insert a clause to the effect that the piano was to be insured in a certain company, namely, the one I represented. In consideration of this I agreed to pay him one-quarter of the amount of my commission on the policy.

This arrangement proved very satisfactory to both parties, and I soon had contracts with nearly every piano dealer in town. Of course, all the premiums, and necessarily the commissions, were small, but the bulk of business soon made it pay.

After I had worked out the piano end of the scheme I turned to new fields. I ascertained that nearly all the installment furniture houses required fire insurance written in their favor on furniture sold on the monthly payment plan. I was able to make good contracts with the furniture concerns, and to-day find that this branch of my business is growing large and profitable. —*T. B.*

DID you ever stop to think that one of the greatest inventions of the greatest inventor — Thomas Alva Edison — is something to amuse? The Edison Phonograph, a scientific instrument, is the greatest plaything a nation ever had. We will bet that there are two million people listening to Edison Phonographs to-night — two million people, some of whom might otherwise be less agreeably entertained.

The Edison Phonograph is talking and singing in nearly every civilized language. Edison touched the button that turned on music, song and sunshine and flooded the world with entertainment. It is heard everywhere but in your home. Why don't you repair this omission? Several stores in your town can show you how.

We will be glad to send Free to anyone who asks a booklet illustrating and describing the various styles of Edison Phonographs.

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THE delight with which you heard the first Record on your Edison Phonograph returns with every new Edison Record that you buy. Every month twenty-four new Records are added to those which are available for your enjoyment. They are on sale at all Edison stores on the 27th of the month. The new records for April are especially good.

Go to your store the day they are ready and hear them. You will not leave the store without at least half a dozen to try on your Phonograph at home.

THE APRIL LIST

On Sale at All Edison Stores on March 27th.

9506 Gambrinus Polka (Bial) .... Edison Concert Band
9507 Let It Alone (Williams) .... Ada Jones
9508 Captain Baby Bunting (Helf) .... Byron G. Harlan
9509 Angel's Serenade (Braga-Hasselman) Harp Solo .. Charles Schuetze
9510 Farewell, Killarney (Edwards) .... Irving Gillette
9511 The Precious Name (Doane) .... Edison Mixed Quartette
9512 If Anybody Wants to Meet a Jonah, Shake Hands With Me (Hoyt) Arthur Collins
9513 National Fencibles March (Sousa) .... Edison Military Band
9514 Far Away (Richmond) .... Harry Anthony
9515 When Bob White is Whistling in the Meadow (Rosenfeld) Harlan & Stanley
9516 If You Want to Pick a Fuss, Wait till the Sun Shines (Furth) Bob Roberts
9517 The Silvery Brook Waltz (Braham) ... Edison Symphony Orchestra
9518 That's What the Rose Said to Me (Edwards) .... Louise Le Baron
9519 My Kickapoo Queen (Reed) .... Collins & Harlan
9520 Ida-Ho! (Von Tilzer) .... Billy Murray and Chorus
9521 Popularity March (Cohan) Banjo Solo .... Vess L. Ossman
9522 The Tale the Church Bell Tolled (Van Alstyne) .. Harry MacDonough
9523 How Matt Got the Mitten (Original) ... Ada Jones and Len Spencer
9524 The Bowery Grenadiers (Kelly) .... J. W. Myers
9525 Sunbeam Dance (Rolfe) Bells Solo .... Albert Benzler
9526 Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do (Burt) .... Edward Meeker
9527 Flanagan on a Broadway Car (Original) .... Steve Porter
9528 When the Roses Are in Bloom (Nattus) .... Edison Male Quartette
9529 My Mariuccia Take-a Steamboat — Medley (Original) Edison Military Band

THREE BOOKS FREE

If you wish to know what each one of these Records is about, write for April Supplemental Catalogue and the April Phonogram. If you wish a list of all Edison Records write for Complete Catalogue. Not [illegible] forget [illegible] way, but all three will be mailed any time after March 27th.

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Among all rugs Kashmirs stand out everywhere for beauty and wearing strength.

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Wearing-strength — Kashmir rugs outwear other rugs at twice the cost — not sometimes but **every time.** They can be turned over and used on the other side — two rugs for the price of one. Sizes from 27 x 54 in. to 12 x 18 ft.

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NO MATTER where you live, we will build or buy you a home and you can pay for it in monthly payments, which will average about the same as you now pay for rent.

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Since our plan has been in operation it has proved a splendid success.

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Valentine's School of Telegraphy,
(Estab. 36 years.) Janesville, Wis.

Wall Street and That Man Roosevelt

(Continued from Page 5)

abused. And who is convinced by this denial—which bricklayer and which bank president? It is also noteworthy that in his contentions—wherein the business plans and schemes of the Big Men have been touched—the Supreme Court of the United States has upheld the Administration.

Second. He did not arouse discontent. It never slumbered profoundly, to begin with, and then it was impolitic to let it be known that a few people could make millions over night, even though the entire country was unprecedentedly prosperous.

Wages are high, but so are all commodities and the necessaries of life. The increased cost of living falls heavily on the wage-earner whose wages have not risen commensurately, though, to be sure, he has been able to work more days a year than in hard times. It may not be logical to be discontented, but it is human—as human as envy and as useless. For labor to desire shorter hours and more pay does not come from the rampant spirit of Socialism, nor from the deplorable imbecility of the working classes, but from the deplorable fact that civilization in large measure consists in finding ways to live more easily, and get more material comforts. The man who does not desire material comforts is a barbarian and, to boot, an ass.

Let there be no fear of degeneracy from excessive love of luxury; what was luxury to George Washington is almost discomfort to a good mechanic to-day, and William the Conqueror lived as nobody but a hobo would live in this effeminate age.

If labor has become arrogant, it is not because Roosevelt has encouraged it—recall his remarks to certain labor leaders at divers times—but because labor is also permitting itself the crime of stupidity, so frequently committed by the capitalistic class.

Capital has rights; so has labor; each one has his "doxy," and the other fellow is all wrong. But, if not unduly protracted, stupidity is a crime that brings its own punishment, and the world at large is not much the worse for it.

It will take at least a generation of square dealing to eliminate mutual distrust, and the willingness to arbitrate differences arising from the necessarily different points of view. A succession of Presidents who will remember that their duty is toward all the people—not the rich nor the poor, not the employer nor the employed, but toward all the people, rich and poor, employer and employed, capital and labor—will do a great deal. Incidentally, it is well to bear in mind that there is no record since the dawn of civilization when the rich man was oppressed. Absolute equality before the law is all that Roosevelt insists upon, not being a dreamer. But, as Mr. Dooley observes, in this country a man is the equal of another if he doesn't watch out.

Third. If confidence in our business institutions and practices has been unsettled, whose fault is it? Whose fault is it if a bank president overtrades in wheat or a bank cashier embezzles—the depositor's? Whose fault if insurance officials graft—the policy-holder's? If directors of railways use and abuse inside information—the investor's? If a corporation can show a clean bill of health, how does it suffer from any "investigation" which is not instigated by rivals and does not reveal legitimate trade secrets? The investigated usually have money; *they* can afford to carry their case to the highest court in the land. How can they be persecuted to death?

Who is Between the Millstones?

But allowing that such discontent exists, and that it was caused by the man in Washington, who has suffered? The laboring class? It is now receiving the highest wages on record. The Big Men, and the corporations, whose mouthpieces and autocrats they are? General business? Let us see.

In the five and a half years that Roosevelt has been President, notwithstanding the orgy of stock gambling which raged in 1901, or before Roosevelt, and culminated in the Northern Pacific panic and was punished by the depression of 1903, and notwithstanding the desire of the Big Men to have the country receive an object-lesson

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fills the bill—everybody's bill and *your bill.* It fits the needs of every business. It completely covers the field of bill, charge and order work.

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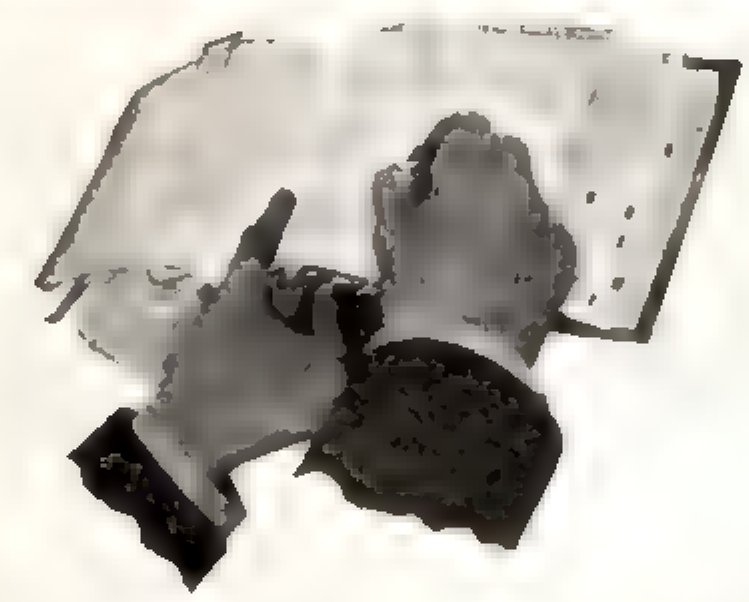

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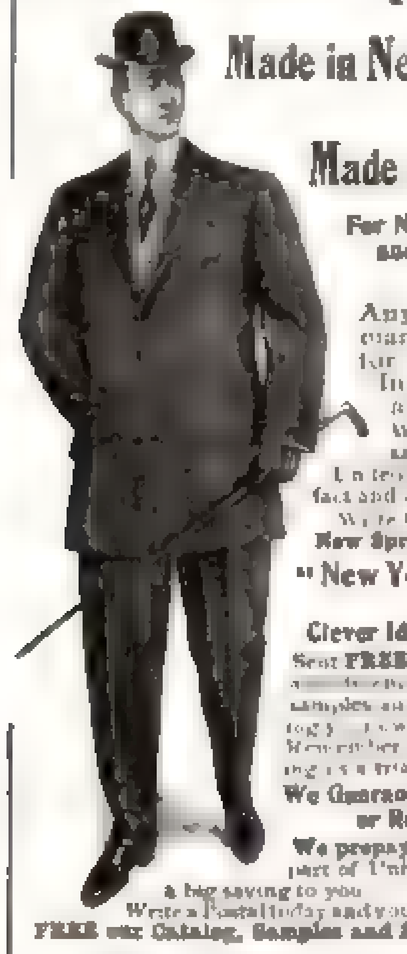

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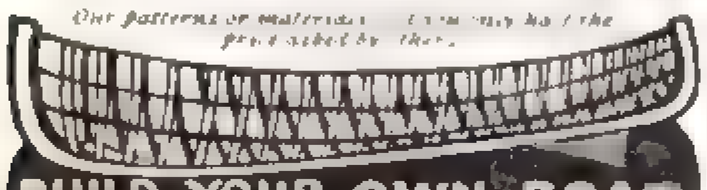

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on the calamities of Rooseveltism in these fateful five years, with Roosevelt rampant and against the rich, and Socialism raging in our midst, etc., this country has done more business than ever before.

If Rooseveltism continues to arouse discontent, and the country will do in the next five years what it has in the last five, in a business way, there is no telling how soon Mr. John D. Rockefeller's pitiful fortune will lose its proud position, and that of Mr. Rogers or Mr. Harriman or of a half-dozen other oppressed men move up a few pegs. Consider Rooseveltism, ask the magnates, and then continue to shudder as you study the record-breaking railroad earnings, and the bank clearings, and the wail that we are doing too much business for our capital, too much prosperity!

Fourth. Mr. Roosevelt is an athlete. It may be that the big stick has swung rather frequently for a dignified executive. But indiscriminately? What about the subsequent developments, the revelations? If he has been misinformed there has been no damage done, unless to his reputation. But point out the big mistakes? Be fair; compare the hits and the misses. What is the proportion, and how bad were the misses, and how good were the hits?

Fifth. The Big Men still remember the anthracite strike. It was then that, by his revolutionary and dangerous intermeddling and unconstitutional advocacy of arbitration, Roosevelt confirmed their worst fears. To be sure, misguided public opinion approved, and the miners shouted themselves hoarse over their accomplice's action. What the Big Men knew was that coal mines were private property. If an owner does not wish to mine coal he has the inalienable right to be idle, and the public has the inalienable right to eat its food raw, and, in addition, freeze to death. This is the very keystone of the Constitution. It is, moreover, sound business sense, the proper way to treat customers from whose pockets come the dividends. All successful merchants doubtless pursue such methods.

The contention, of course, was that the companies had the right to transact their business as they saw fit, without interference from the law of the land. As for the Higher Law and the law of common-sense, that has nothing to do with a corporation's legal right, including the right not to make money if it does not wish to. That fell deed of Roosevelt's was the entering wedge. It was very disastrous to the injured mine owners. Let us prove it by statistics.

Before the strike, in 1902, Reading common stock, which had never paid and never earned a dividend, sold at 54¼. Then followed the calamitous interference, Socialism stalking amid the corpses of guiltless millionaires, labor intolerably arrogant, three years of unchecked Rooseveltism, etc., so that the same stock in 1906 was paying four per cent. dividends and selling at 164, and such ignoramuses as H. C. Frick buying it by the tens of thousands of shares. Delaware, Lackawanna and Western stock stood at 231 in 1902, and 560 in 1906, also paying bigger dividends. We might speak of the other anthracite-railroad stocks, but we won't. The disastrous effects of paying more wages to miners and Federal interference are clearly enough shown.

Overdoing—a National Trait

Sixth. Whenever you endeavor to pin one of the Big Men to some specific proof of that man Roosevelt's disastrousness they fall back on the contention that he has set an example which has let loose an epidemic of anti-corporation fever. The truth is that we are an emotional people. The contagion of example is so well known as to require no demonstration. We always overdo things. It is a national trait of ours, as many national heroes have discovered to their sorrow, and future heroes would do well to seize the psychological moment for dying. Go out in the street and see thousands of people, rich and poor, male and female, wearing the same shaped headgear, the blind devotion to style and fashion. You see it in books, in pictures, in everything that has been a "success." Why not in politics?

The desire to imitate Roosevelt springs in large measure from that same trait and impulse, with this serious difference, that what the Big Men call the spirit of Socialism is but the awakening of the too-long dormant desire for fair play and square dealing. The Big Men have found out that in the last nine years of unexampled

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How many million dollars' worth of silk is imported into the United States annually?
How old is George Bernard Shaw?
How many kinds of block signals are there in modern railroad practice, and what are they?
Which of Verdi's operas are greatest? How do they differ from his popular "Il Trovatore"?
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national prosperity the civic like the business, conscience went to sleep. Americans were too busy making money to heed the still, small voice; they preferred to answer the telephone and book orders. The bosses found the same state of affairs in politics. The organization was the voice of God. But to-day in New York, ask Odell, a Republican, or Murphy, a Democrat, about the sheeplike mob and the indifference of the voters to moral issues on election day. Interview Governor Folk, of Missouri, on the asininity of talking to voters on matters of academic interests, such as honesty and other iridescent dreams. Poor LaFollette, of Wisconsin, with the railroads against him; see how they punished him. And the sad case of Hughes, who was opposed by the corporations and by the horny-handed who wanted Hearst, and the helpless voters of New York State exiled him to Albany. In Wall Street, as in politics, the Big Men cannot realize that there is a change, whether it be permanent or transitory. Must the appeal to the pocketbook always be the one hard-headed, practical appeal to hard-headed, practical Americans? Must the Government favor the employer so that he can give employment to thousands who otherwise would starve? Because certain things—like buying public utility franchises for a mere song, or giving rebates—were done in the past, to the great profit of a few, must they continue to be done? The Big Men answer: "Yes! Because that has made us a great nation, a rich people." And they believe it, and they do not believe that the mob was about to hurl a bomb at their heads when that man Roosevelt gently but firmly removed the fuse before the bomb was half-filled. What the mob is now throwing is much verbiage and a little mud, neither of which is fatal. And the mob, always potentially dangerous, often misled, at times sanguinary, sees the policeman with the big stick, and hears him say to the little group of Big Men: "Move on there and give the crowd a chance to go forward, or I'll run you in." And the little group says things and shuffles to one side; and no explosion from the mob. Strange, is it not, that not one of the Big Men realize this? Roosevelt has told them so publicly and in private. Thousands of less wealthy rich men realize it.

They persist in the delusion that if it had not been for Roosevelt they could have gone on undisturbed. So did the politicians believe that decency was nonsense, and the pork barrel and partisan feeling invincible.

Scarcely six months ago, with many horrible examples before him, Edward H. Harriman increased the Union Pacific dividend, and began dividends on Southern Pacific. He is an unimpressive-looking little fellow, with a most impressive audacity and a reputation for great ability. It looked at the time as if his action was either the biggest gambler's chance ever taken by the greatest capitalistic aggregation in this country, or else it was worse than effrontery—it was crass stupidity, willful blindness to danger signals all about him. He knew that he would be "investigated," and he should have avoided the centre of the stage like a plague spot. He knew the condition of the public mind, and the ideas and ideals of that man Roosevelt. He knew that wages were going up and that shippers along his line drew attention to his high rates, so that sensational evidence of his road's prosperity was highly injudicious, to say the least, from the usual sagacious standpoint of men like him. Why did he do it, and why did only a few of his associates—and that few the richest—know that he was going to do it? Was it to reward the patient investor for the eight years of unbounded confidence in Harriman's ability as a railroad manager and integrity as a financier? Did the discriminating public shriek: "Well done, good and faithful servant"? or "Thanks, your Majesty"? Nay; THE SATURDAY EVENING POST won't print what the public said. Who else criticised—the stock gambler who was left in the cold, the short who was nipped, the socialist ranting against plutocrats? Yes; and also conservative bankers here who bore in mind the losses of the San Francisco disaster, and who were even then beginning to prepare for a scarcity of money for legitimate purposes, and an inevitable contraction in general business. Also bankers and investors in England and France and Germany and Holland, who—so blighting is Rooseveltism!—did not like such methods under such circumstances.

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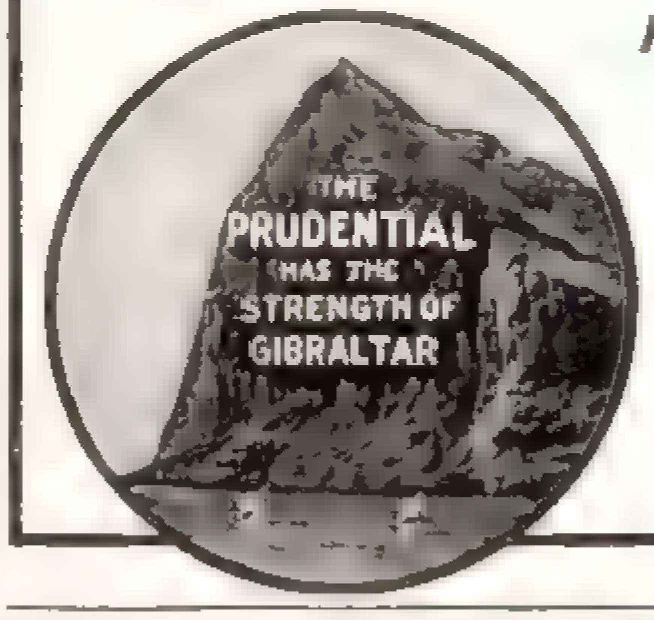
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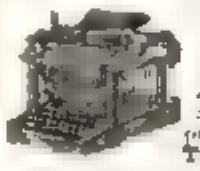

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But Mr. Harriman did not seem to care. That indifference of his to public opinion was proof of the possession of a high spirit and a great brain. The clamor over the Union Pacific dividend incident had not died out when came the Stuyvesant Fish episode. There are two sides to that story—as there are to all stories—but there was the same indifference to public opinion, the same proof of high spirit and great brain.

How long will it be before Harriman and some of the other Big Men realize that Everybody is bigger than Anybody—realize it, I mean, without first losing money? How long will it be before their exhortation of to-day, "You will make money following me!" will cease to be used by them? The practical side of the Golden Rule—golden in the sense it was meant by Him who gave it to us, but also in the shape of good, hard-minted gold—how long before it appeals to those to whom the ethical side now appeals only in their homes or above Fourteenth Street?

Why must there be two consciences—one for private personal uses and half asleep, and the other for business use and that stark dead? Is the inability to study their own careers and methods dispassionately, and their fellow-citizens' intelligently, a sign of wonderful brains?

Do They Know Roosevelt?

Lastly, do they know Roosevelt the Man? Have they real insight into his character? How do they size him up, psychologically? If he can harm them, as they say he can, should they not know him thoroughly and act accordingly? Does not a general reconnoiter before he gives battle? They made the mistake once of fighting him by lobbying; it was silly; they obviously did *not* know him. That they cannot view their own affairs, their methods and their ambitions, from his point of view is natural, excusable, of not very much importance to any one outside of their own families. They refuse to see in him what his friends assert is there. And his friends cannot see him as the Big Men see him.

Roosevelt the President is not half so interesting as Roosevelt the Man, for the reason that it is his principles, his thoughts, his actions, rather than the performance of official duties, that appeal to most of us. Is he a cross between St. Paul and St. Vitus, a great Moral Force, or an animated danger? The things his friends and his foes say of him! The Enigma, the Lawless, the Apostle of the Square Deal, the Meddlesome, the Great, the Half-Baked, Omniscient, the Restless, the Big Stick, the Impulsive, the Greatest since Lincoln, the Most Interesting Personality Alive, the Puzzle of the Age! Suppose we consider, in the next article, that man Roosevelt and Wall Street?

Hiring Some One Else

FOR a number of years I was employed as stenographer for a county official. My hours being short, I made a practice of doing outside work, largely among lawyers and politicians. During a political campaign I was asked by a candidate if I could get out three thousand circular-letters for him within a week.

This appeared at first thought an impossibility; but, after some planning, I took the contract at the time specified, the price to be ten cents per letter.

I then went to a large shorthand and typewriting school and secured permission to post a notice in one of the hallways, stating that I would furnish a typewriter and pay five cents each for all perfect copies of a circular-letter of twenty-five lines.

The next day I had more applicants than I needed and, selecting twenty who had been in school longest, I sent a rented typewriter to each of their rooms, with a copy of the letter. In less than a week I had all of the three thousand letters neatly written, and cleared nearly one hundred dollars as my profit. I found the students were glad to do the work, as it furnished them some remuneration for practice work they would otherwise have done at school.

Since that time I have bought an interest in a public stenographic business, and have often used students for this kind of work. We are making headway in a modest way, and I have found, as an old capitalist once said to me, "the way to make money is to hire some one else to make it for you."

—*J. C.*

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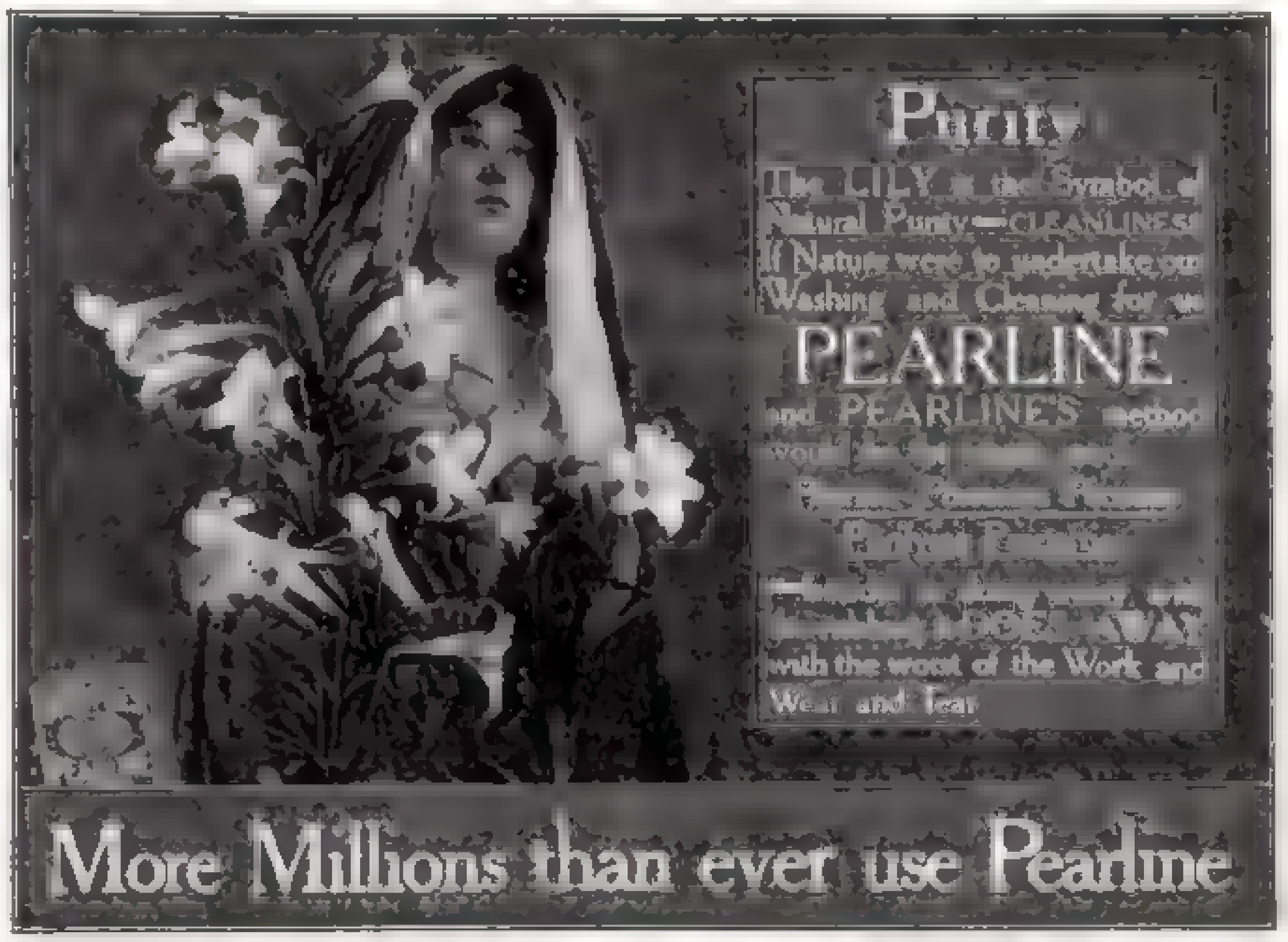
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THE BIBLE AS GOOD READING

(Continued from Page 10)

it; as witness Major Burnham, the famous American scout, who, so far as deeds prove anything, is the most daring man alive today. On the other hand, consider Murat, Napoleon's famous marshal, who was vainglorious to a ludicrous point, but who was as brave as he was vainglorious.

Gideon was a good deal of a doubter. He could not make out how he, with the poor material he had among the deteriorated Hebrews, could prevail over the well-equipped Midianites. And he asks miracles to prove it; and so you will remember that the dew fell only on the fleece and none on the floor around it, which was dry. Even that did not satisfy him, and he reversed the process, and the dew fell on the floor and none on the fleece.

How Gideon Chose His Men

He was convinced at last, and gathered the Israelites about him. But they were too many, and everybody that was afraid was sent back. That test lost Gideon twenty-two thousand soldiers and rid him of twenty-two thousand cowards. Ten thousand remained. But Gideon needed tempered steel for this enterprise; he couldn't take anybody with him who was too nice, on the one hand, or too slovenly, on the other hand. So he took them down to the water to drink. Those that bent down on their hands and knees he excused, and those that lapped water with their tongues like a dog he took. That gave him *three hundred men* — three hundred men against the "Midianites and the Amalekites and all the children of the east lay along in the valley, . . . and their camels were without number as the sand by the seaside for multitude."

But they were picked men that Gideon had. All the chaff was winnowed out from among them. It was the same situation when a handful of high-grade Greeks utterly overthrew the enormous hosts of the Persians. It is the same situation that all men find everywhere. Do we not see it in politics, where a small band of pure, true, brave men can put to utter rout an immense number of baser quality?

Then came the strategy of the blowing of the trumpets and the breaking pitchers and the lights suddenly revealed, with the result of confusion, dismay, flight in the hostile camp and the resistless onslaught of the Jewish warriors.

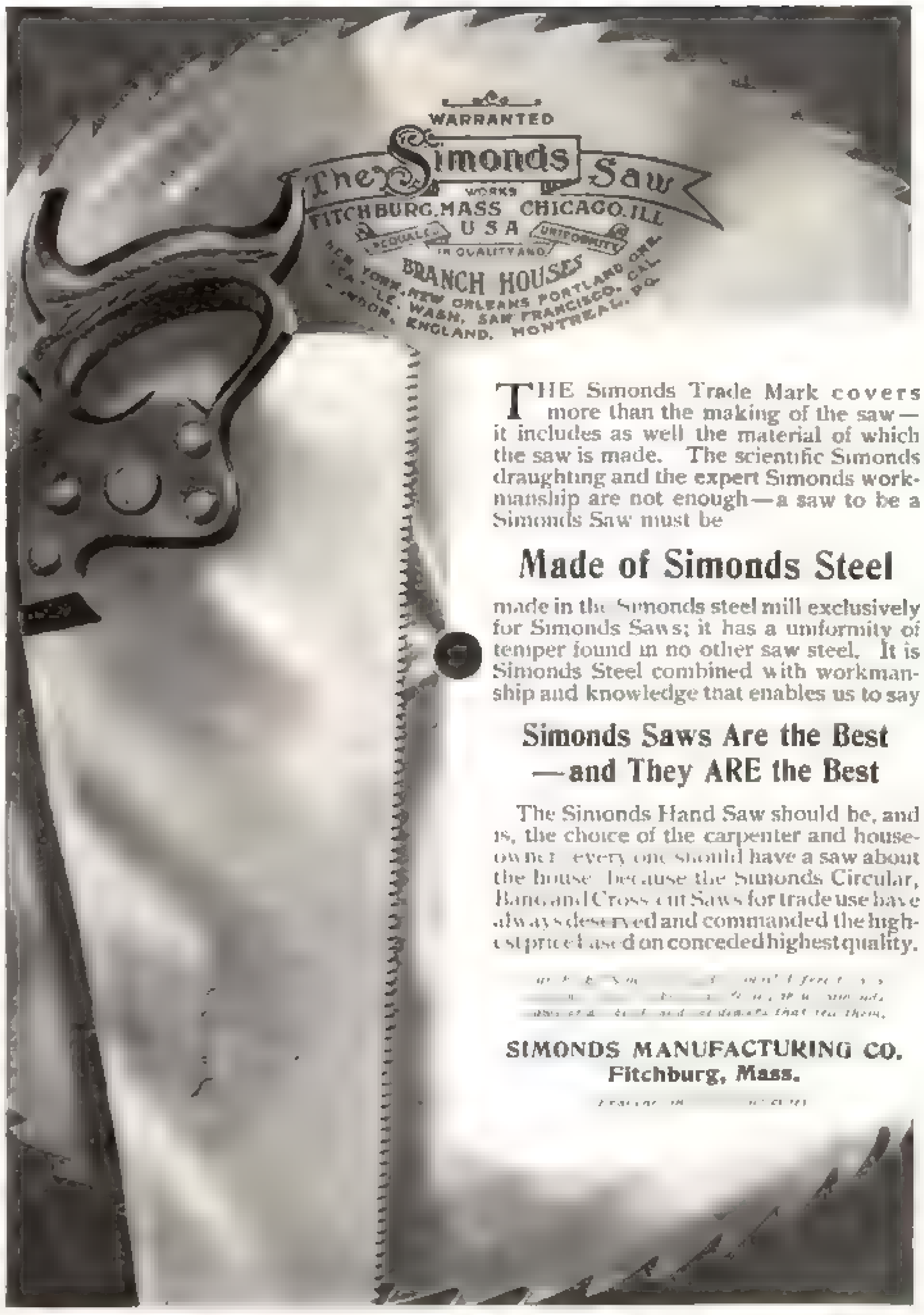
I am sorry that we cannot talk for a little while about Esther. And the story of Daniel is almost as charming as that of David. But you can't describe these rare and engaging narratives in a single paper. Indeed, I am at loss how to close — so many examples in the Bible as "good reading" contend for choice.

Everybody is interested in oratory. Some of us may think we are not. But let such a scoffer at the power of speech fall under the spell of a master of the art and he changes his mind. So, let us take the master effort of the most finished orator of ancient times, and possibly of all time — of course you know that I am referring to Paul's oration on Mars Hill. We hear this perfect example of the art of oratory read to us and get very little of its meaning, none of its beauty, and absolutely no idea whatever of the power with which it was spoken and of its almost hypnotic effect over Paul's difficult audience. It is hard, of course, to get it to you in cold type. But, perhaps, we can get some notion of it.

Paul, the Orator of Athens

In the first place, then, remember that Paul was a man of finished education. He had been very decidedly a man of the world. There was little that anybody could teach him. It is easy to see how, after his conversion, he became by common consent the leading advocate of Christianity. He went about preaching the gospel with inspired eloquence and with a logic that no man before or since has equaled.

This was the state of affairs when he came to Athens. The Athens of that time was in her decadence. She had reached the height of her achievements in the time of Pericles — heights so lofty and made by her genius so brilliant that they yet flame before our eyes across the centuries. In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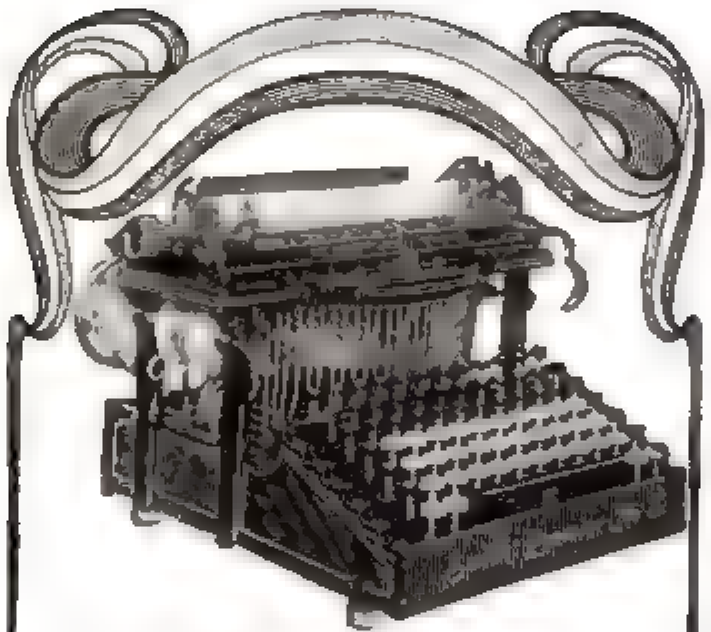

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Paul's time Athens was the centre of a super-civilized, overeducated, decadent people. The Athenians believed in nothing, and, like all agnostics, were really superstitious about everything. The Bible says that

> All the Athenians and strangers which were there spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell, or to hear some new thing.

So when Paul came among them they were interested, curious, amused. Here was "something new" at last. So they asked Paul to exploit his doctrines, and, of course, he consented. That's what he was there for. They took him to the Areopagus, saying:

> May we know what this new doctrine, whereof thou speakest, is?
>
> For thou bringest certain strange things to our ears: we would know therefore what these things mean.

Paul understood his audience. He waits till there is absolute silence—until you can "hear a pin drop," as our saying has it. And then quite naturally, as though he were uttering the most commonplace truism imaginable, he began his immortal address, as follows:

> Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things you are too superstitious.

Then he paused. That sentence fixed them—absolutely chained their attention. He struck them at their weakest point; for, although they were the most superstitious of creatures, they prided themselves that they were not superstitious at all. After a moment, when he had let this thunderbolt of a sentence penetrate into their very souls, he went on proving the statement by example—(and here the rules of the art are perfectly observed; you must support each statement by an illustration). So he continued:

> For, as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, TO THE UNKNOWN GOD.

Undoubtedly this sentence was delivered with a little more earnestness, but still not much. It was a mere matter of fact. But he delivered it with a little more earnestness; so that the following sentence, which was to be spoken with fervor, might not be too abrupt. For the next sentence captured that audience.

> Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you.

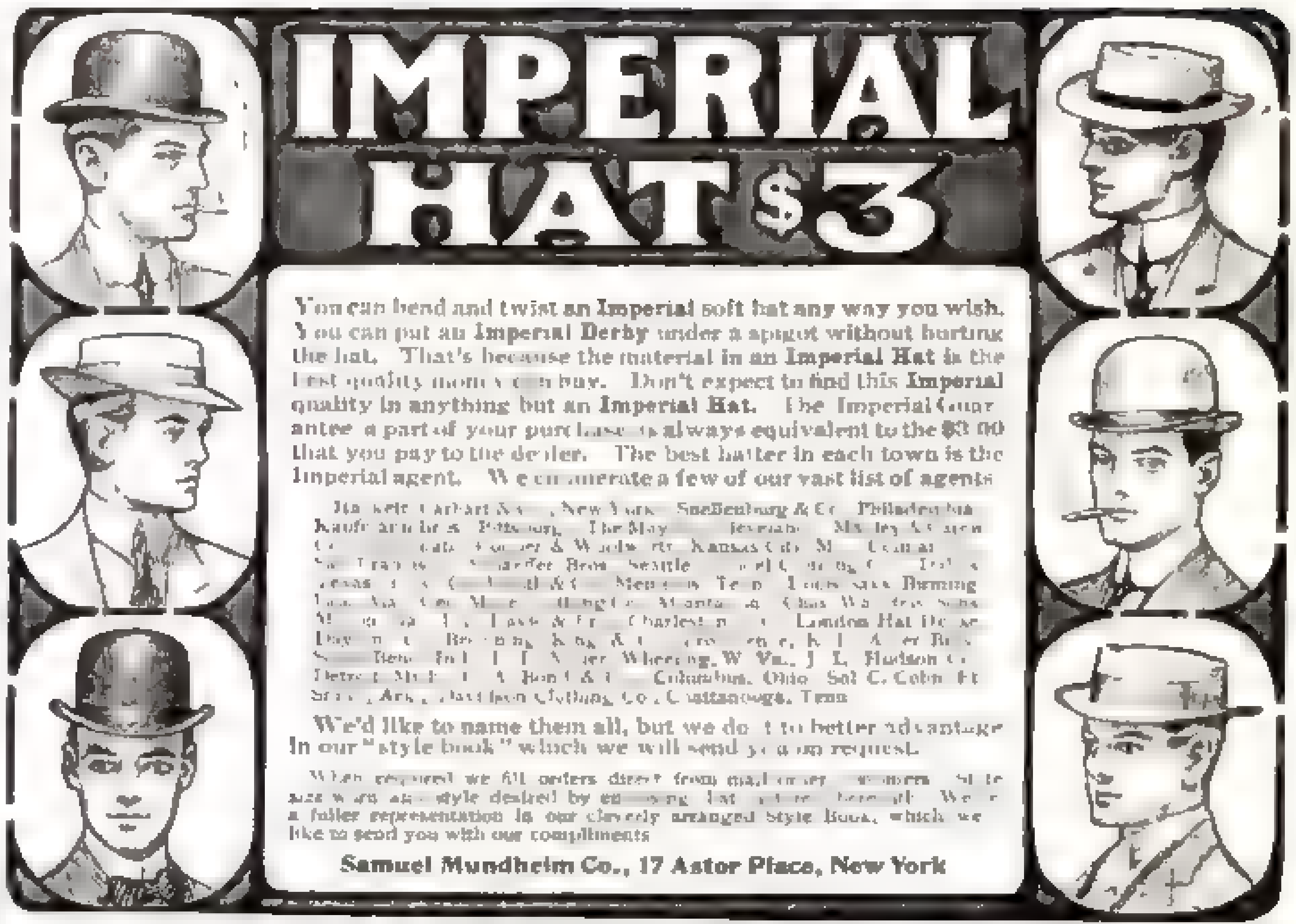
This was not shouted, we know very well; but we also know that it was uttered with an earnestness and a physical and nervous power which was all the more overwhelming because not violent. In three sentences he had caught their attention, challenged their pride, illustrated it, and reached the climax of his exordium.

To describe the remainder of this oration would be merely to repeat it. It is the shortest important speech ever made, excepting only Lincoln's undying Gettysburg address. In less than one hundred and fifty words he put the argument for and assertion of the living God, of salvation and of the resurrection of the dead. And in doing this he even included a quotation from the Greek poets. It is all very simple, powerful, convincing.

When he had closed, some mocked. But others said, "We will hear thee again on this matter." So Paul accomplished what he came to Athens to do. He had planted the seed. He had aroused interest. He had spoken words that his hearers could never forget—words that would be in their minds when they went to rest, and in their hearts when, awakening, they arose from their couches.

I recommend you to read, just as a matter of entertainment, the whole story of Saul's conversion and, as the renamed Paul, of his travels, adventures and final end. And if in the search for "good reading" you want a little very solid, very sensible and very beautiful ethics—philosophy that passes that of Emerson, both in its charm and in its truthfulness (and that is saying a good deal)—then read the twelfth of Romans.

The Bible is the most quotable book in all literature. You may take Shakespeare and Dante together, take Milton and Horace, put in the Koran and Confucius, and then boil them all down, and the quotable things in all of them put together are but a fraction of the sayings in the Bible that fasten themselves on your mind.



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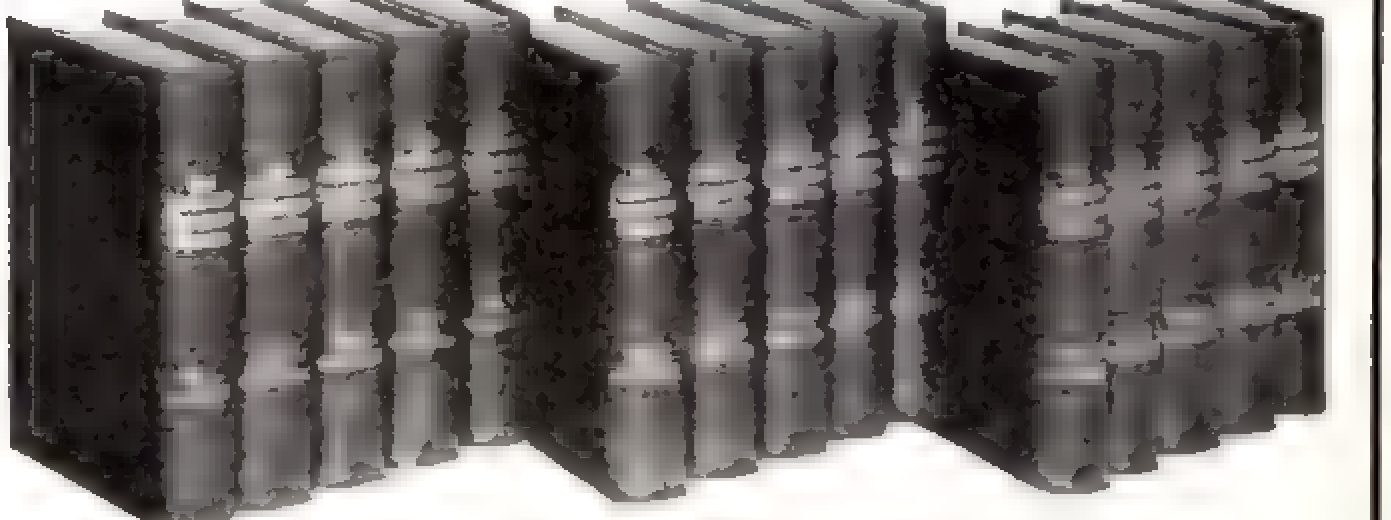

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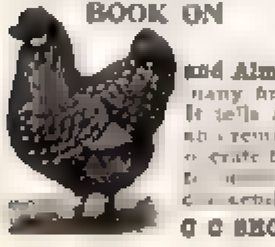

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The Man Among the Drums

(Continued from Page 8)

Julian and me. Then, at the door—the very door where I had last seen poor Trent—I paused. I had suddenly remembered that Julian thought his father had long been dead.

I went back to my chair and reread the story of the man's death. Badly written as it was, the scene was dramatically put before one. And I thought how little we had guessed, he and I, when I saw him for the first time in his trench at the theatre with his drum before him, beneath what far, wild footlights he would beat out his last march.

At last, as I always ended by doing, I went to Madam Winship and read her the account and told her what I knew. She was moved by the story, but not from her original position. Julian must not be told. He had suffered a good deal, years ago, when she had told him of his father's death, and all that suffering was not to go for nothing, nor was he to be put through it all again, darkening the happiest part of his life. I was to put the paper into the fire. For the first time in my life I displeased her. With the scissors lying upon her desk I cut out the paragraph and put it in my pocket.

"Nicholas!" exclaimed Madam. "You promise to do as I wish?"

"I cannot promise that, Madam," said I respectfully, but as to an equal. "I think some recognition is due this man!"

She called me back as I was going out and asked me to wait, anyway, until after the betrothal. "He has told me, Nicholas, he means to ask her to be his wife, to-night after the dinner. Whatever you mean to do—against my desires and the General's, Nicholas, and forfeiting our friendship don't drag him down into that misery until he has her love to comfort him."

I bowed and left her. Very well I knew it was not his pain she dreaded half so much as the miscarriage of all their proud plans for him. She could see the boy in a fit of sorrow acknowledging his father, and she could see Lord Bayesterton gathering up his ewe lamb and departing thence.

Well, the dinner came off handsomely. Meriel Bayesterton was there, beautiful, chin-in-the-air, and happy. The prime minister, in all his beribboned decorativeness, took Madam Winship down to dinner, the General leading off with the Duchess of Freess. There were about thirty at table, and very high and grand they were. It looked to me like a chess table set up for Julian, and these were the pieces with which he was to win or lose the game of life. The mere loss of a pawn in the gambit down there in South Africa, drumming out his death agony on a drum to keep up the spirits of a broken line of defense, was nothing to these kings and queens and knights and castles.

What happened during those hours of feasting it matters not. But what happened after the servants had been sent out, only I remaining watchful in my corner, before the ladies went upstairs to leave Julian to his masculine well-wishers—matters a great deal. There had been toasting at the early part of the dinner, and much uninteresting and interesting talk during the elaborate courses. You know how suddenly the voices at a table will sometimes pause together, as if attention had been called to listen to one man's voice, and will, curiosity satisfied, break out again all together. Just so to-night, the prime minister's voice cut a swath of silence about him as he was saying something about heredity. It seemed the great man had not much regard for the theory as an infallible law.

"Look at me—my father loved country-life; I detest it. I am never happy away from town and my work. Look at Staltshire there—why, one couldn't drag his father out of his library."

There was a good-natured laugh at the young Marquis who had, they say, done little bending above the printed page. It was during this kindly mockery that his lordship looked at Julian with a new interest.

"Upon my soul, Winship, I am at a loss to bring you in as an example. For, oddly enough, I don't know what your father's tastes were."

The clear, cool voice of Madam Winship interfered. "Julian's father was a musician," she said softly.

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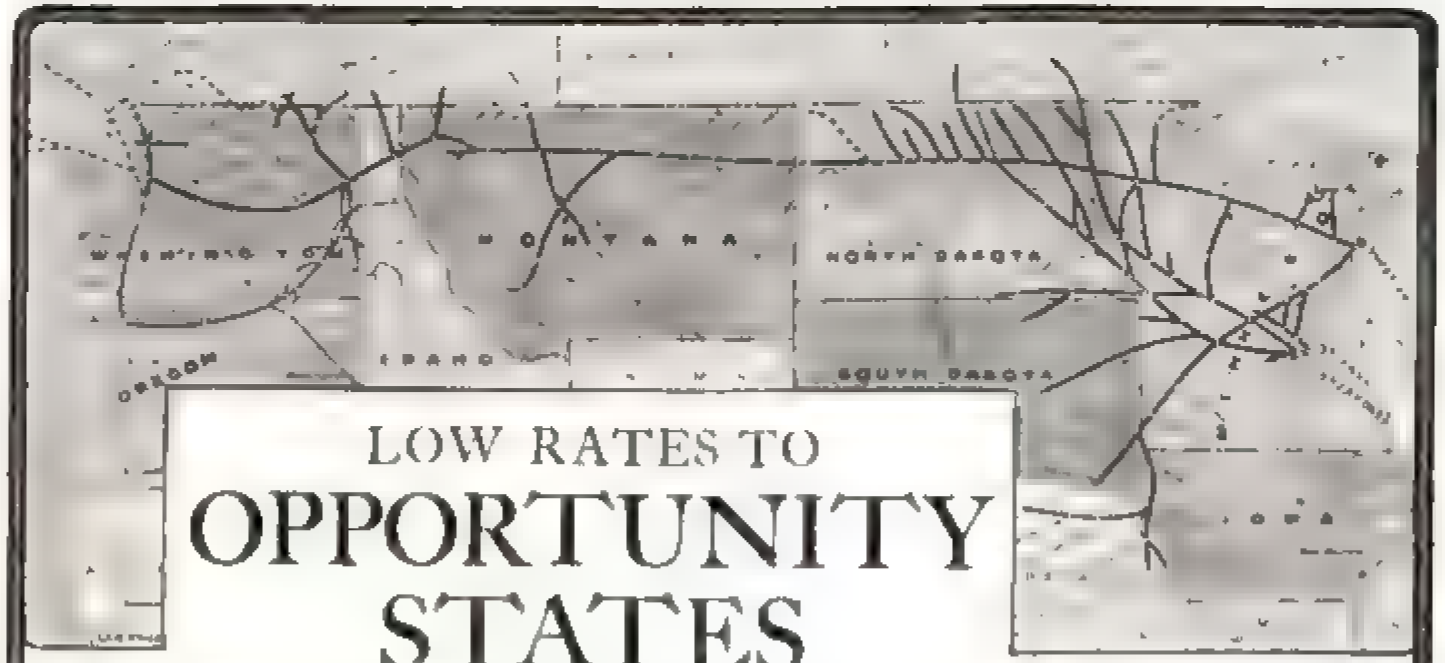

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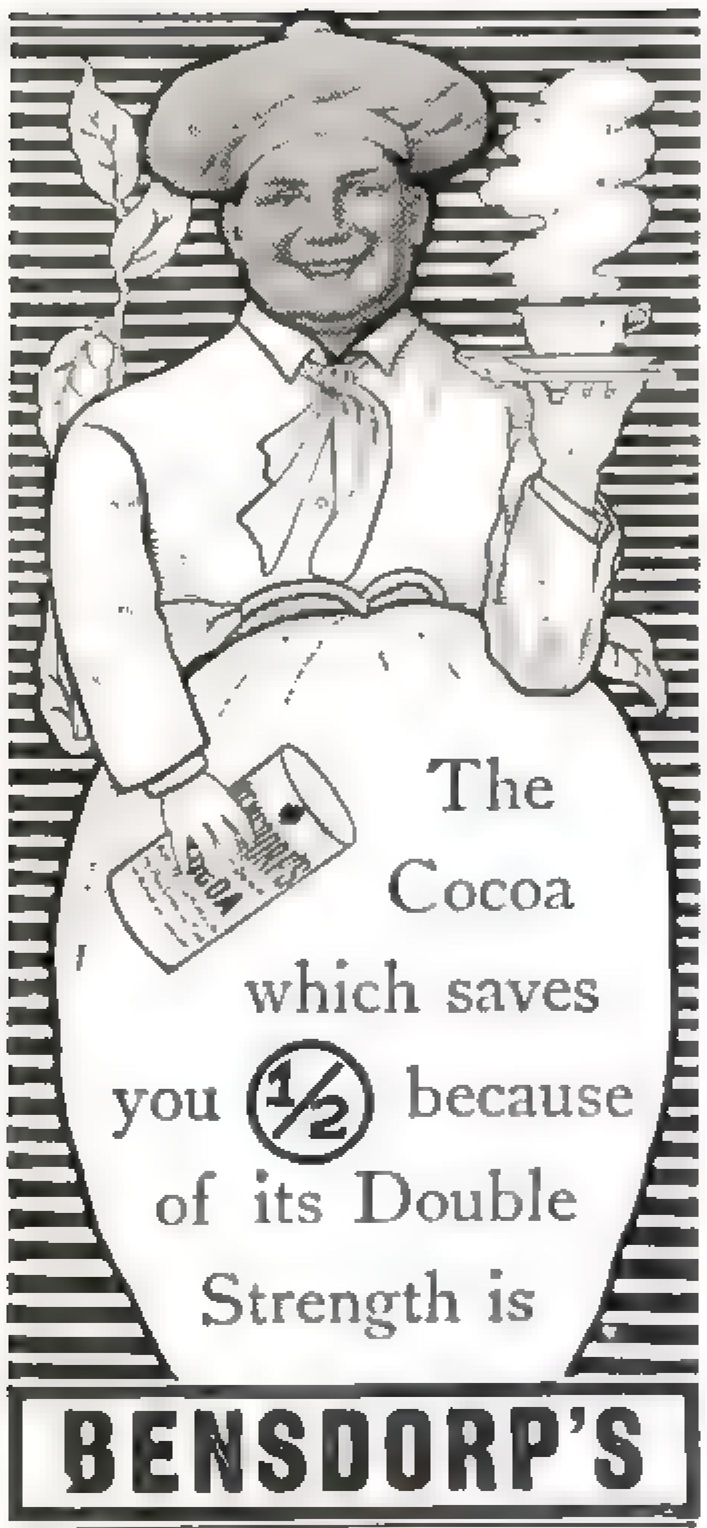
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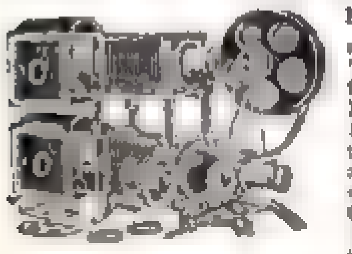

His lordship turned to her, as, indeed, she had hoped he would, for Julian's face had gone white and his mouth had tightened. "A musician!" exclaimed Bayesterton in great surprise.

"Oh, a most impractical man, my lord," declared Madam Winship, smiling. "But," with a delicate shrug, "having enough money luckily to indulge his taste without the usual pecuniary annoyances of an artistic career."

"To be sure," said the prime minister. "Now there's another example—Winship isn't musical, is he? Of course not. As for talking about inheriting disease, we are getting past that theory, too, I hear. As for inheriting traits from one's grandfather or great-grandfather—mere chance, my dear Madam Winship—mere chance."

Then Madam motioned for the ladies to rise, and in a moment every one was on his feet. I saw Julian get slowly out of his chair. And then, suddenly, he put up his hand. "I want to speak to you all," he said, and with the first words the red rushed into his face and a sort of fury against himself possessed him, so that his words burst out with a sudden anger that transfixed every one in the room.

"I want to right an old wrong and tell an old truth—here—at once—I won't live with my lie another hour. I am not Julian Winship. I am Julian Trent. And, God forgive me, I have been ashamed of the father who gave me the name, when all the while it was for him to despise me. He was a musician, but a poor one—a miserably poor and unhappy man. He played the drums in the theatre to earn money for me for me who was ashamed to confess him. He played the drums in a cheap theatre, do you understand?" cried Julian, bringing his hands down upon the table with a crash "And God bless him for the brave, true gentleman he was and make me worthier to be his son!"

There was an instant's absolute silence, save for the tinkling of two glasses before him, still trembling together from his blow. I saw the red flush fade out of his face and his eyes went straight, with a big, clean question, to the face of the girl he loved. Then the voice of Lord Bayesterton boomed out: "By the Lord, Madam, I wish I had a son like that!"

I saw Staltshire make a jump to Julian's side and catch hold of his hand, and the boy gripped it hard, for he seemed to know whose it was, although his eyes never wandered from his sweetheart's face.

Her father's voice drew her look for a moment, and then suddenly, and with a glowing smile, she put her hand in Julian's before them all. And there he stood, both hands held fast, his face shining with happiness, and the rest of the folks suddenly began to cheer like fools.

Well, as Madam passed me, going out, with her arm around the girl, I put the clipping of the newspaper in her hand in token of my surrender. For the man among the drums had received his tribute and could sleep well beneath his sculptured badge of honor.

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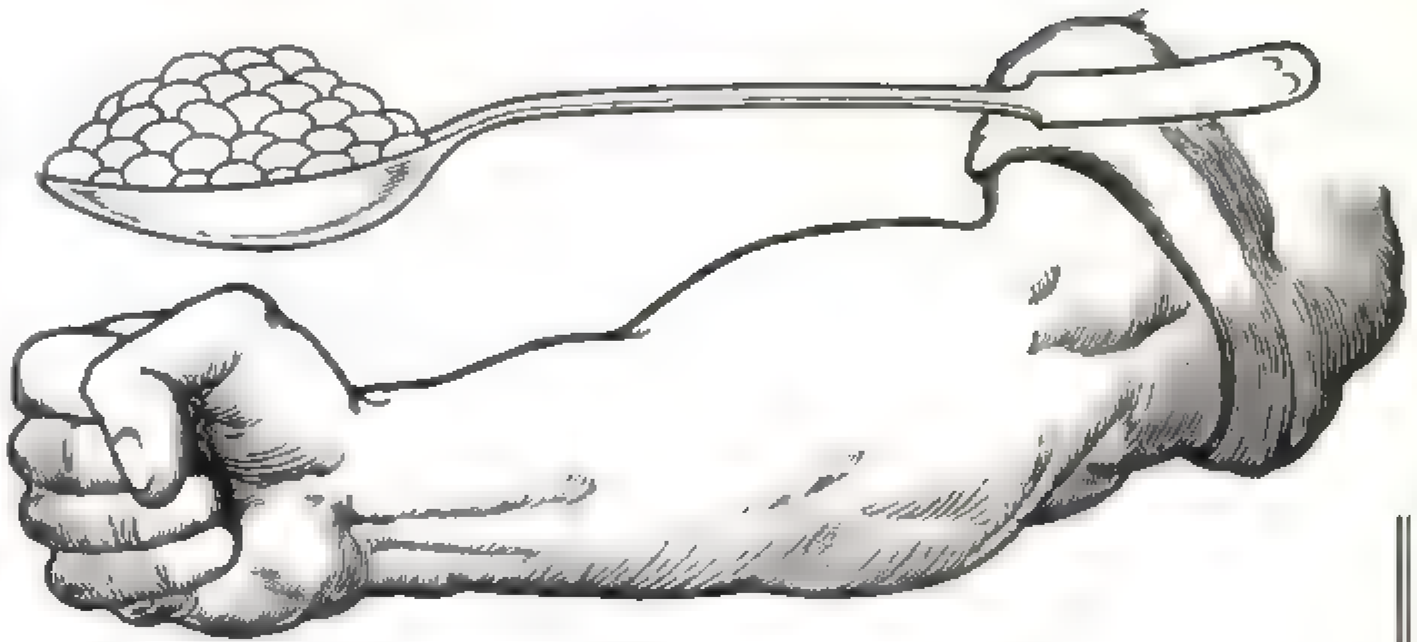
At the end of the first month I had paid for the machine and had a comfortable balance in the bank. To-day I have one of the largest blue-printing shops in this section of the country. —*D. P.*



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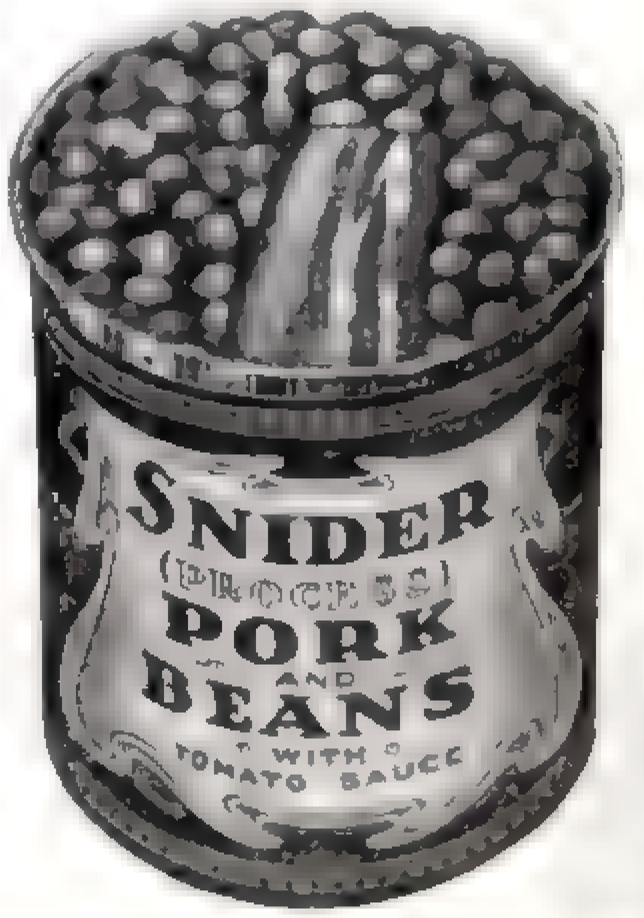

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The Cave Man

(Continued from Page [illegible])

"Can I bear to see you happy—happy with Penrhyn?"

"It seems I'm not to be happy!"

"Then Heaven help me—if my path crosses yours!"

"What I meant was that—since you are determined to say good-by—you'll have to let go my hands!"

He looked down at her palms which he held as a child might hold them. Then he blushed like a child, and let them fall.

"Bugaboo!" she laughed. "To think I ever was afraid of you! You great big bear! You huge boy! Hasn't any one ever called you Jim?"

He shook his head. "I once told you I'm a very serious person."

"If it will make you any less serious, I'll call you Jim."

"Then it is good-by—Judith!"

Somehow he had got hold of her hands again. Mockingly she lifted their united palms between them, and held them up to his gaze. He loosened his grasp, and her hands slipped gently out of his.

She stood a moment, as if not quite knowing what to do with them. Then, with a sudden impulse, she caught the tips of his ears and drew down his head until his cheek lay upon hers.

"Good-by, Jim," she said. Then she laughed and added the rest of the poetical line: "'Take keer of yourself.'" What she might mean by this she did not make known, but fled from him and paused only when she had passed out beyond the musicians toward the arbor. Then "May! May!" she called, and her voice rang clear and gay through the twilight. "Don't you hear?—The music!"

Sears and Penrhyn came out and joined her.

"They don't hear!" she cried, still on the wing of wilding gayety. "Look at them! Or rather, don't look at them!" She took first Penrhyn and then Wistar by the shoulder and swung them about. "Daddy! Will you get them? In such cases, I believe, it is always the stern parent who intrudes."

"Why intrude?" said Wistar. "Isn't that the most important rehearsal of all? Let them be happy in it—music, moonlight, love!"

"Right you are!" said Penrhyn. "Come, everybody; we'll do the rehearsing for them!" He took Judith by the arm. "You are the bride," he said, and led her up to the rakish Bishop. Turning to Wistar: "The best man, I believe," he said. "Mr. Sears, you give Judith away!" Then he bade the musicians play the wedding march.

The measured strains rose softly on the evening air. Penrhyn took his stand beside Wistar, and Judith, taking her father's arm, stepped lightly toward them, mocking the conscious demureness of a bride. Then she joined Penrhyn, and stood with him as if before the altar.

Wistar fixed his eyes upon Sears, and then on the bridal pair. "There you see it!" he said, with vehemence suppressed: "the end of your unholy alliance! She has a sense of honor like a man. You *can't* make her suffer what she will suffer with that ——" He fell silent; but his fingers, clenched behind his back, contorted with agony.

"Don't!" pleaded Sears, his face haggard and ashen.

"There is one way to prevent it!"

The old man shook his head and turned away.

A ghostlike form sped toward them from the arbor. "Stop, stop!" May cried. "How horrid of you! This is *my* wedding!"

Peals of musical laughter fell upon the spacious evening air, and Penrhyn shouted for a waltz. With the first measure he seized Judith, and together they glided over the even turf. As they passed Wistar she swung free and held out her arms to him.

He caught her, but, as he did so, he stopped short.

Over the wall by the roadside Andrews had raised his pale face, spiritual in the moonlight. Even his brick-red side-whiskers shone with the mellower hues of stained glass. Slowly and unsteadily he clambered up, until he stood on the wall. With one arm he clutched a maple sapling, and swept the other before him to command silence.

The little party stood dumb.

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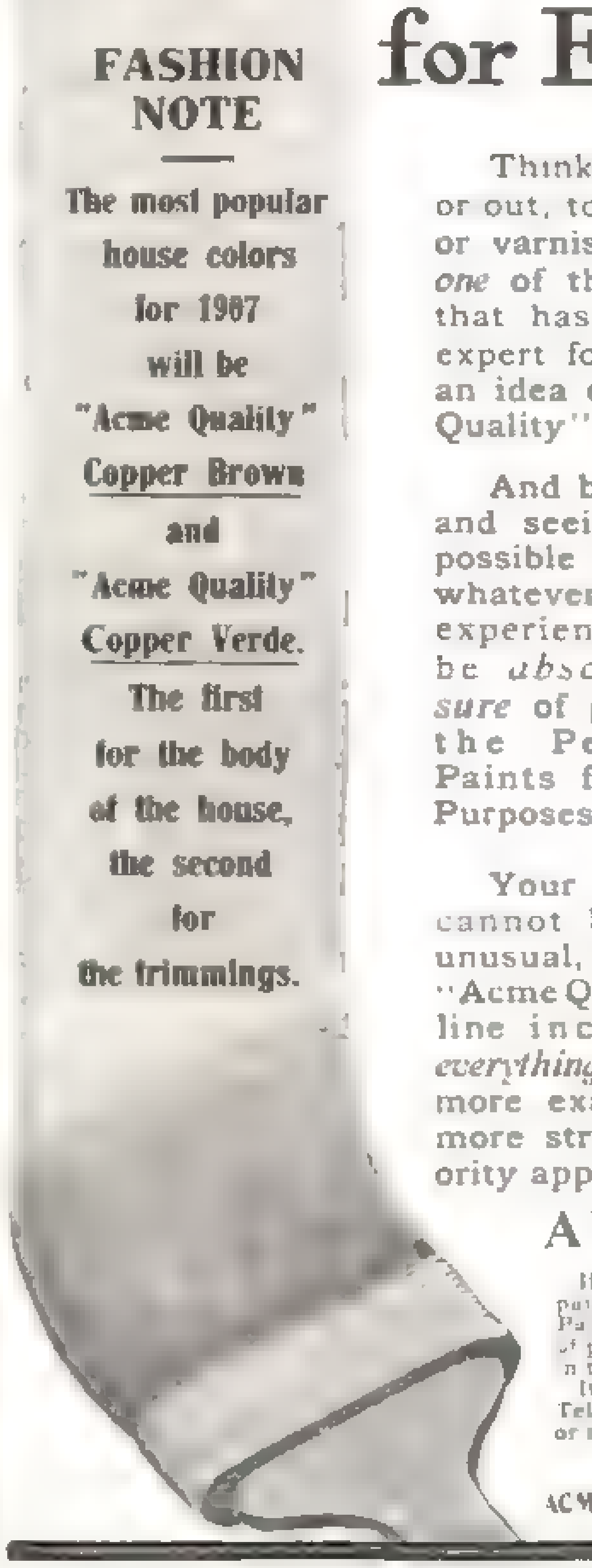

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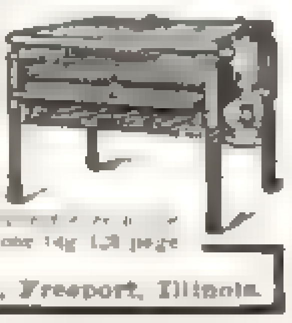

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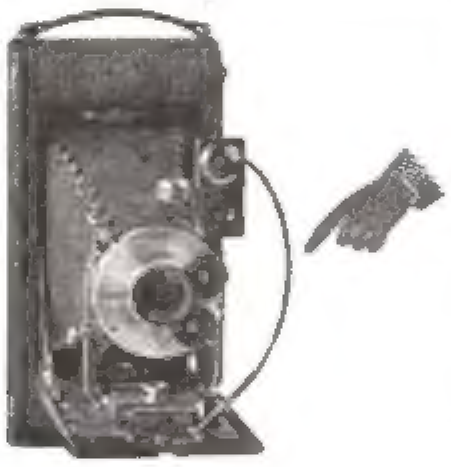

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"Ladies 'n' genulums," he said in a voice which, though husky with drink, was all the more ghostlike and awful. "I'm not the handwriting on the wall. I'm a voice up a tree! You're all weighted in the balances, and all found wanting."

XXXVII

IT WAS Penrhyn who first found words. "Down out of that!" he cried, at once alarmed and angry. "Get down, or I'll throw you down!" He strode toward the wall to make good his threat.

Wistar caught his wrist in a grip of steel. "You can't bully him," he said. "I know the man! You've got to humor him or he'll be violent." Then: "Come down out of that!" he commanded.

Andrews turned his eyes upon him in hazy recognition: "Old Wistar, is it? You a honest man? You make me tired! You a trust-buster? 'Long came the trust, and gobbled you up like a pop fly at short-stop. In two shakes, James Wistar, trust-buster, was the ablest trust-manager in these United States. Then what happened? You want to be the whole shebang! Penrhyn won't let you, so now you're crying baby. Going home to slide on your own cellar-door, heigh? Shame on you, Wistar!"

Penrhyn, at first relieved, now became jubilant. "Hear, hear!" he cried.

Andrews swept the company with a watery eye. "Trusts is all right, genulums! Us laboring men got our trusts—that's the unions. Why shouldn't youse have yourn? Fair play 'n' no favors, I say!"

"You're quite right," Wistar said, "but that'll be enough from you, Andrews."

"No! No!" cried Penrhyn. "More! More!"

Andrews warmed to his audience. "Wistar is a good man," he said. "Trouble with his goodness is that it's the kind that don't pay. Now, there's our neighbor on the other hill there. Wistar ought to go to Sunday-school to Rockefeller. There's the boy that understands the blessings of the trust! Trust eats up its rivals? No matter! 'Mur'can Beauty rose never could 'a' been so big and beautiful if they hadn't cut off the little buds to make the big ones grow bigger."

At this citation of the author of the elegant simile Judith's eyes opened, and she looked inquiringly at Penrhyn.

"See, genulums! Never could 'a' been so beautiful, and not half so 'Mur'can. 'Mur'can Beauty rose—that's the trusts. Little buds—that's the independent makers. Snip 'em off! Snip 'em off!"

A glance from Judith had taught Penrhyn caution. Andrews knew that Wistar was undeceived; but he could not know that there was another whom it was even more important to keep in the dark.

"Cut it out!" Penrhyn cried, again savagely domineering. "Cut it out, I say!"

"You can't turn him off," Wistar said. "The quickest way is to let him run down. Highly instructive, I find him!"

"Wistar ought 'a' gone to Sunday-school. Then he would 'a' learned that the man who tries to do good to hisself without doin' the trade as a whole—— You know what I mean, Penrhyn. You're the man to do the trade, and do it good!"

This time Penrhyn strode past Wistar and reached the wall.

Andrews clasped the tree in both arms. "What you got to say about it? You're a slick one! Wanted to get Wistar into the trust. How did you go to work?"

Penrhyn caught hold of him, but was not able to budge him from the tree.

Andrews burst into injured tears. "You bribed a poor, weak working-man to crack Wistar's safe and steal his papers! Was that right to me, I ask? Make me rob him as was allus my friend!"

Penrhyn desisted as if struck by a blow. For a moment there was silence—a silence so deep that the chirping of crickets was heard.

"Is this true?" Judith said, looking from Penrhyn to her father, and then to Wistar. The only answer was from the crickets, querulous and accusing.

Perceiving the consternation, Andrews came to Penrhyn's defense.

"But *I* don't blame him! It's all been for the good of the industry. When hist'ry of aut'mobile is written, it'll be un'versally 'knowl'g't Stanley Penrhyn an' Livingston Sears put the world on wheels! The old one has the ideas, and looks so tony they think him good as pie, and he smiles in his

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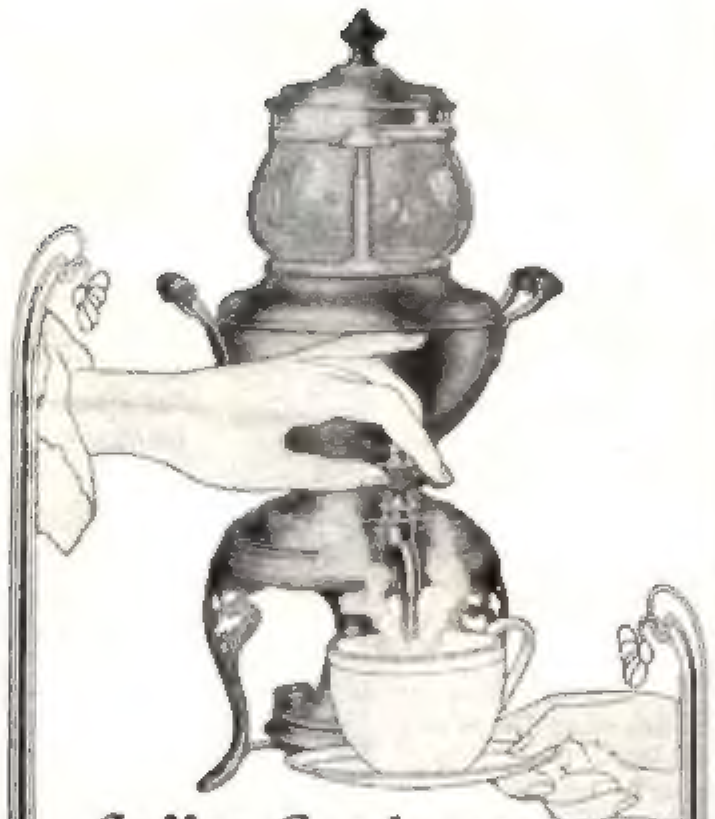

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sleeve while the young un does the crooked business."

Wistar's voice rose with the tones of authority: "Andrews!" he thundered. "Come down!"

The man limply obeyed. "I'm comin'!" he said. "I don't want to be no skeleton at no feast! Here they are, marryin' an' givin' in marriage." His eyes fell on the effigy of the Bishop, and he focused them with a quizzical leer, half-abashed in fear, half-humorous in comprehension, as a wise old crow might regard a straw man. He took an empty sleeve in his hand. "But it's a bad job, your riverence. If you'll pardon a plain man, she's too good for Penrhyn, she is. It should 'a' been the other one!" He shook his head solemnly. "Them two have been friends—real friends o' mine!" By this time Wistar had him by the wrist. Andrews laid his head on his shoulder and sobbed with emotion uncontrollable. "Only two friends I have in this world are Miss Wears an' Mr. Sister!"

"Come!" said Wistar, "I'll take you to the train."

"Leave me go home alone!" Andrews protested. He freed himself, and, commanding the idiosyncrasies of his legs, walked erect and firm toward the gate. Half-way down the steps he turned. "Good-by, Penrhyn," he said, "You went to Sunday-school!"

Wistar, leaning over the wall, saw him walk down the road, still erect and firm.

The thing which, from all motives, Wistar had so long and so passionately desired to have Judith know was now an open secret. Judith's loyalty to Penrhyn, if she remained loyal, would not be blind.

A sudden blight had fallen on the company, in which above everything Wistar felt an old man's disgrace before his children, a young woman's disillusionment in those she loved.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Letters to Jay Cooke

(Concluded from Page 12)

Baron Lionel Rothschild, who stood at the head of the London house, was a very democratic and approachable man. In 1873, when the second syndicate was formed to fund the six per cent. war bonds into fives, Senator A. G. Cattell, of New Jersey, was appointed by Grant to go to London and attend to the business in Europe. The Senator and his assistants and clerks were all quartered at Rothschild's bank, where luncheons with wines and cigars awaited them.

Rothschild said to Mr. Cattell: "Don't hesitate to come in and see me any hour of the day. Don't stop to knock at the door, but walk right in and, if I am momentarily engaged, sit down and smoke your cigar and make yourself entirely at home. By the way, Senator, I want you to become acquainted with my wife. I want to introduce you to her. Can't you come up on Sunday and see us? Drop in at any hour of the day that may suit your convenience and, if it should be at the dinner-hour, stay and dine with us *en famille*."

Cattell afterward attended a formal dinner in his honor at Baron Rothschild's mansion in Piccadilly. At this and other dinners in London he met John Bright, then so much admired in all parts of the North because of his devotion to the Union during the War. Cooke was brought close to Bright and Richard Cobden through his friend William Evans, of London. In August, 1864, Mr. Evans' son Frank, now Sir Francis Henry Evans, wrote to Cooke in response to a cheering letter:

"Throughout this sad struggle we have never deviated from perfect faith in the reëstablishment of your Union. All sincere and true-hearted liberal men of this kingdom look to the solution of their difficulties in the success of your great republic, and, though they are few in numbers, they are strong and self-reliant. To such men, foremost among whom is John Bright, the news you write will be most acceptable. I shall see his sister to-night and intend to read a portion of your letter to her. She is as much interested in your struggle and as ardent in her strong reliance on the eventual success of your great and glorious cause as her brother, and will convey to him at once the hopeful spirit in which you write."

Editor's Note—This is the second of two papers containing some of the most interesting of the late Jay Cooke's correspondence.

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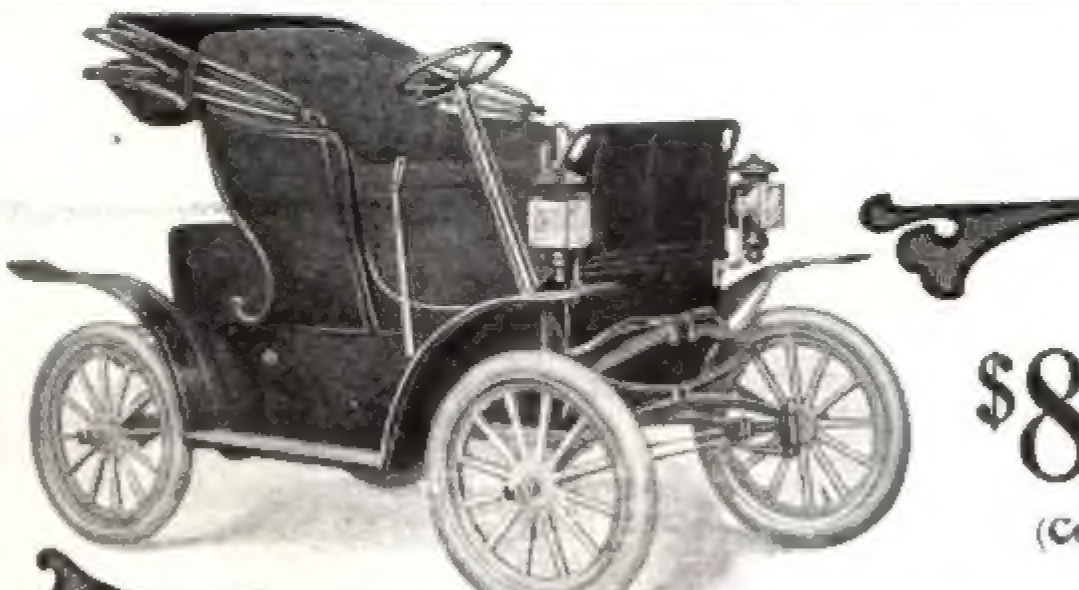

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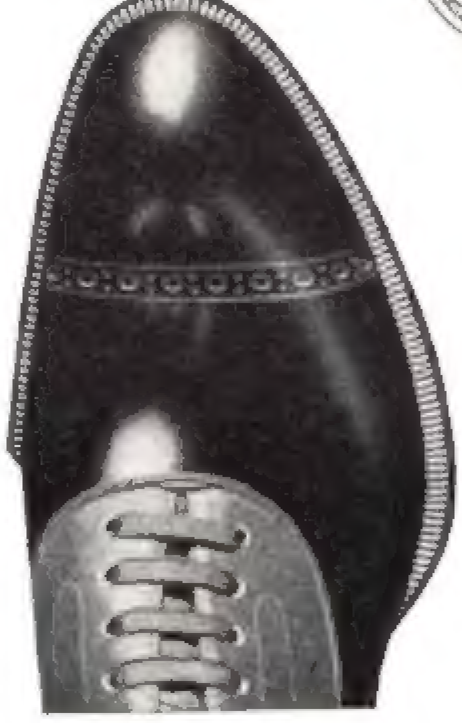

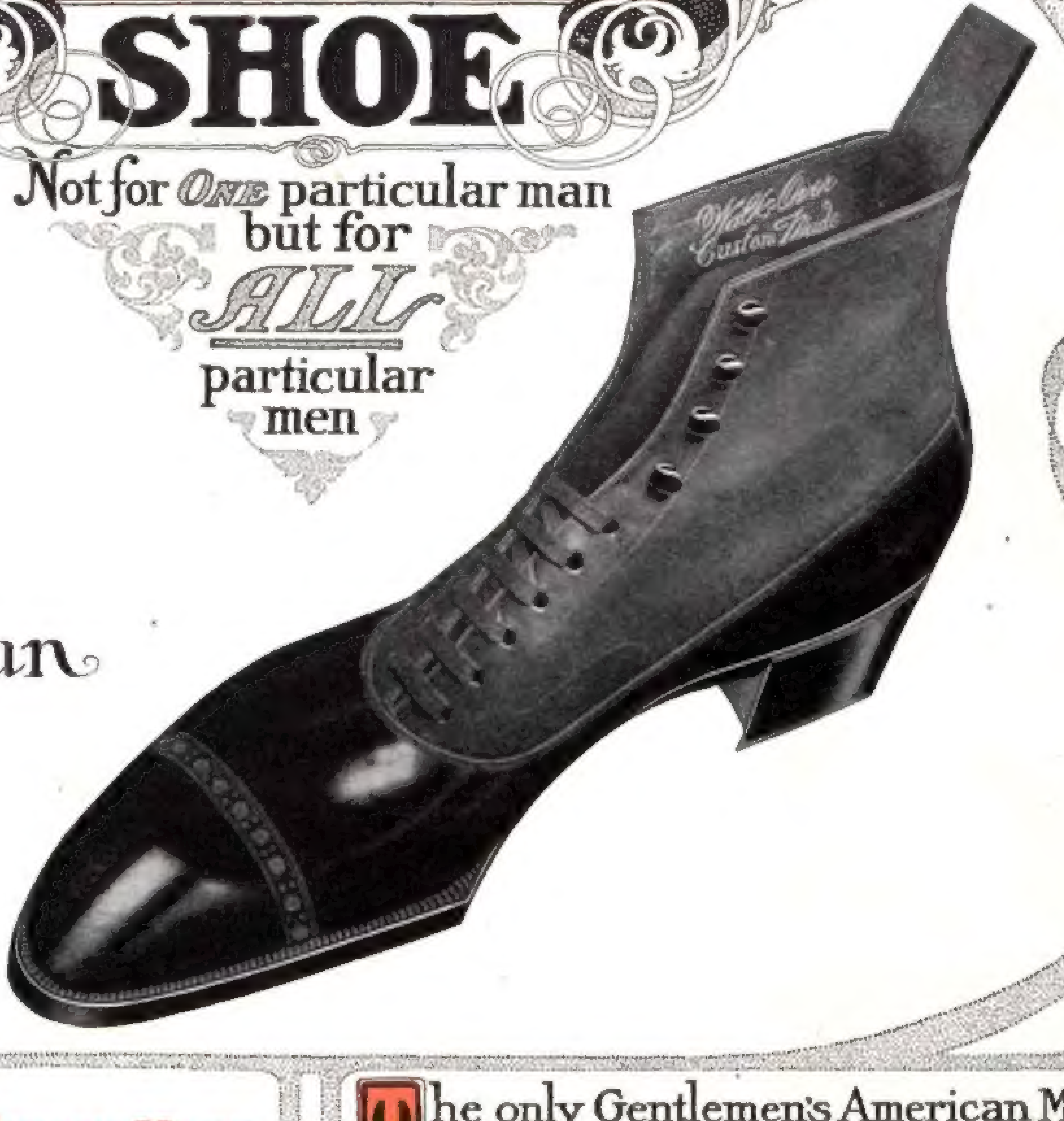

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